

H. CLYDE MATHEWS, JR.: ORAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN-DAY BAPTIST MINISTER

**LIFE IN CALIFORNIA, MISSIONARY TO THE RENO-SPARKS INDIAN COLONY,
OFFICE OF ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY, NEVADA POLITICS AND CIVIC AFFAIRS**

Interviewee: Clyde Mathews, Jr.

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Description

H. Clyde Mathews, Jr., was born in California in 1924. He received his education in public schools in California, San Jose State College, and the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. Mr. Mathews's work and professional experiences range from a job as storekeeper in a small town in California to a position as head of the Office of Economic Opportunity for the state of Nevada. For ten years, Mr. Mathews was missionary to the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony. In 1968 he was a Republican candidate for Congress from Nevada. He was been active in community affairs in Nevada for the entire period of his residence in the state.

Clyde Mathews is known to many people in Reno and throughout Nevada with reference to different facets of his varied career—as a minister, an educator, a political candidate, and an administrator of social services. To most of us, however, he will be remembered as an indefatigable advocate of the interests of minority members of the local community during a period of Nevada history when few citizens concerned themselves with such matters. He is one of those who cared, and whose life orientation is to involvement and service—often with regard to issues which are unpopular to the majority.

In his memoir, Clyde Mathews reveals himself as a child of the Great Depression, the son of an itinerant churchman from the Midwest, whose early life was spent among the small communities of southern and central California where his parents carried out their missions. It was in the context of the intensive poverty and labor struggles of the 1930s and 1940s, in the period when the “Okies” were the vanguard of the tide of migration into California, that he recalls the earliest formation of those values and concerns which were to guide his later choices in work.

The circumstances of his coming to Reno in the 1950s, and the first years of his ministry at Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, will be of special interest to all who have actively participated in the improvement of Indian and white relations in this community. Clyde Mathews's honest and uncomplicated recollection of those years, and his often ingenuous anecdotes, will provide a moving—and, in some instances disturbing—experience to those who may be familiar, but not so intimately involved, with the problems which existed.

A significant portion of the autobiography deals with the period in which Mathews emerged into active political advocacy, first on behalf of the Indian community where he had his mission, and then as a dedicated participant

(Continued on next page.)

Description (continued)

in the incipient civil rights movement of the late 1950s and early 1960s in Nevada. He provides a frank appraisal of this period—a chronicle of events seen from the inside and a sympathetic, though uncompromising, recording of impressions of legislative behavior and the role of political figures. Mathews's warm, personal tributes to John Dressler of the Inter-Tribal Council and to Eddie Scott of the NAACP and Race Relations Center affirm the fact that involvement, dedication to major social issues, and participation in mutually significant social tasks are the fundamental conditions for the resolution of the serious problems of human relations in our society.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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University of Nevada Oral History Program
Mail Stop 0324
Reno, Nevada 89557
unohp@unr.edu
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Publication Staff:
Director: Mary Ellen Glass

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

H. Clyde Mathews, Jr., is a native of California, born in 1924. He received his education in public schools in California, San Jose State College, and the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. Mr. Mathews' work and professional experiences range from a job as storekeeper in a small town in California to a position as head of the Office of Economic Opportunity for the state of Nevada. For ten years, Mr. Mathews was missionary to the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, Reno, Nevada. In 1968, he was a Republican candidate for Congress from Nevada. He has been active in community affairs in Nevada for the entire period of his residence in the state. Professor Warren L. d'Azevedo's introduction summarizes and evaluates the contributions made through Mr. Mathews' career and activities.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. Mathews accepted readily. He was an enthusiastic and cooperative memoirist through the nine taping sessions, all conducted in his office (Office of Economic Opportunity) in Carson City, between

October 10, 1967, and January 18, 1968. In reviewing his oral history, Mr. Mathews made no significant deletions, but added the account of his 1968 political campaign which appears on pp. 244-250, as well as a few explanatory notes all of which are included as part of the text. As a courtesy to Governor Paul A. Laxalt, Mr. Mathews requested that the governor review the script; Mr. Mathews informed the Oral History Office that the governor had read the memoir, including the additions referred to. Mr. Mathews also donated to the University of Nevada Library, Reno, his files of clippings, speeches, correspondence and other items referred to in the text of his memoir.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada (formerly a part of the DRI Western Studies Center) attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the reminiscences of people who have played important roles in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the University of Nevada, Reno, and the

University of Nevada, Las Vegas, library special collections departments. A copy of Clyde Mathews' oral history is also deposited at his request at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, Berkeley, California. Mr. Mathews' oral history is designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1969

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

The document which follows is a remarkable testament to the creative value of autobiography in the study of lives. In a real sense it is an excellent example of what the ethnographer conceives of as “life history.” It is a result of the intensive recording of the significant events and thoughts of an individual member of a culture from which one may harvest a wealth of insights about specific historical incidents as well as the patterns of life of many persons in the culture as a whole.

Clyde Mathews is known to many people in Reno and throughout Nevada with reference to different facets of his varied career—as a minister, an educator, a political candidate, and an administrator of social services. To most of us, however, he will be remembered as an indefatigable advocate of the interests of minority members of the local community during a period of Nevada history when few citizens concerned themselves with such matters. He is one of those who cared, and whose life orientation is to involvement and service—often with regard to issues which are unpopular to the majority.

Part of the fascination of autobiography is what it reveals about the emergence of a personality in the context of a particular cultural setting. We are all intrigued by the intricacy and unexpected turning points of individual lives which, like our own, seem to be frequently fortuitous and unpredictable in their course. The wellsprings of motivation, value, and direction seem mysterious as we try to trace the sources of any particular act or decision which we or others might make. What, for example, brought a man like Clyde Mathews to Reno, Nevada, and what were the earlier life experiences which created the vehicle and the momentum of his role among us as we have known him? These and similar questions inevitably occur to the reader of local “oral history.”

Clyde Mathews reveals himself in the following pages as a child of the great depression, the son of an itinerant churchman from the Midwest whose early life was spent among the small communities of southern and central California where his parents carried out their missions. It was in the context of

the intensive poverty and labor struggles of the 1930's and 1940's, in the period when the "Okies" were the vanguard of the tide of migration into California, that he recalls the earliest formation of those values and concerns which were to guide his later choices in work. For those of us who may wonder what are the factors in early experience which help to create the "missionary" orientation to life work and a profound respect for the human conditions in all of its aspects, these pages of Mathews' autobiography provide rich and remarkably candid insights into the retrospective world of a man who neither romanticizes or overstates himself, but sees himself as the product of a social situation.

The circumstances of his coming to Reno in the 1950's, and the first years of his ministry at Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, will be of especial interest to all who have actively participated in the improvement of Indian and White relations in this community. In a state which has such a dearth of detailed historiography, and in which records are either nonexistent or rarely systematically studied, the observations set down through oral history become major contributions to our understanding of social relations and events. Clyde Mathews' honest and uncomplicated recollection of those years, and his often ingenuous anecdotes, will provide a moving—and, in some instances, disturbing—experience to those who may be familiar, but not so intimately involved, with the problems which existed. Whether one fully agrees with his emphasis or interpretation or not, the fact remains that he is a sensitive man of his time probing his memory for what is meaningful and unforgettable to him.

A significant portion of the autobiography deals with the period in which Mathews emerged into active political advocacy, first on behalf of the Indian community where he had his mission,

and then as a dedicated participant in the incipient Civil Rights movement of the late 1950's and early 1960's in Nevada. His frank appraisal of this period, the chronicle of events seen from the inside, his sympathetic, though uncompromising, recording of impressions of legislative behavior and the role of political figures, provide the elements for the kind of history and accounting of public life which is abundantly needed. This reader was particularly impressed by a rare instance of unpatronizing public recognition of leading spokesmen of ethnic minorities in this state. Mathews' warm personal tribute to John Dressler of the Inter-Tribal Council, and to Eddie Scott of the NAACP and Race Relations Center, constitute affirmations of the fact that involvement, dedication to major social issues, and participation in mutually significant social tasks are the fundamental conditions for the resolution of the serious problems of human relations in our society.

The above comments have been stimulated by one man's account of himself in a way which makes some small part of the world he lives in more significant, and his own life more meaningful to others. What is important to the reader of an autobiography is the conviction of honesty, and of the sense of responsibility of the observer. In this, there can be little question of this document. Mathews' perceptions are clear and spontaneous. Few of us could hope to be interviewed at length and produce in the end so organized and straightforward a chronicle of our lives as we see them. Few of us have lived lives which touch so directly on the lives of many others around us in ways that enrich the understanding of events. If there were to be any suggestion for its improvement or extension, it would be that Clyde Mathews continue his recording of reminiscences and amplify his observations about events in the past twenty years of his life in Nevada.

This archival publication of the autobiography of a local citizen of Nevada is a product of the Oral History Project of the University of Nevada and its director, Mrs. Mary Ellen Glass. Mrs. Glass has been the founder and prime mover of this project since its inception in 1964. The present autobiography of Clyde Mathews is a major justification of her dedication, and this writer would like to pay her tribute for her contributions to the recording of Nevada history as living reality.

Warren L. d'Azevedo
Chairman, Department of
Anthropology
University of Nevada, 1969

MY EARLY LIFE AND CAREERS

I was born on August 20, 1924, in Hollywood, California, in the Hollywood Hospital. My parents have always joked about it because Eddie Cantor was in there at the same time for his first ulcer operation. My parents tell me that my birth was unusual in the fact that my mother was extremely heavy in weight and the doctors told my parents that they weren't sure that the child could be saved. During the time of birth the doctor came out into the waiting room and told my father that he would either have to save my mother or me, and that he was a Roman Catholic doctor and preferred to save the child; and my father said that he was a Baptist preacher and he preferred that he save both of us, so he was to go back in and do his best, and my father would stay outside and pray.

Two or three hours later the doctor came out and said that he had saved both of us, and that during the time of birth something happened that he couldn't explain; but that it was made possible. However, both of us required thirty days in the hospital before discharge. At that time my parents were

living in Sawtelle, California. My father was the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Sawtelle.

For a little background on my father, he was born in Stotts City, Missouri, November 19, 1893, the son of a Welsh zinc miner. My grandmother's parents were immigrants to this country from Scotland. On my father's side there was English, Scotch, and Welsh background. Mathews spelled with one "t" is a Welsh name. My father grew up in a farming and mining town in southwest Missouri, and went to grammar school and high school in Stotts City. At that time the high school was not an accredited high school, so later on, when he went to college, he had to go for five years to make up an extra year for having gone to a non-accredited high school. He became known as the "boy preacher" of southwest Missouri. He used to travel around on a mule, holding camp meetings, and would have as many as three thousand people attend outdoor revivals. One man heard him and became interested in my father and got him a scholarship to William Jewell College in

Liberty, Missouri, where he went to school for four and one-half years and was the houseboy for the president of the school. His roommate was a Japanese who was studying for the ministry from Tokyo, Japan.

When the war broke out, the first World War, my father tried to enlist, and they wouldn't take him because he was a pre-ministerial student; but he became the chaplain of the home guard in Liberty, Missouri. It was during this time that he courted and married my mother, Elsie—at that time her name was Elsie Stone. My mother's parents were from New Baltimore, Virginia. My grandmother and grandfather on her side had separated when my mother was two years old, and my grandmother moved to Missouri and later remarried, and all together she had nine children.

It was during 1917 that my father moved to Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, as a missionary for the then Northern Baptist Home Mission Society. He had not quite completed college, but it was because of the tensions of the war years that he felt compelled to go into the active ministry at that time. They lived in Scotts Bluff for one year, and they used to tell me that the coyotes would steal the garbage off the back porch, so it was a very rugged and bleak, desolate area of the country.

My father also was a kind of nurse during the great flu epidemic of 1917 in that city and was one of the few people who never contracted the flu.

In August of 1918 he came to Berkeley, California, to enter the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. It was while he was at this school that he became the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Santa Clara, California. He was pastor there until 1922, and he graduated from the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. He and my mother then moved to Sawtelle in 1923, and I was born in 1924.

My first memory of life is probably when I was four years old. I can remember one night having a terrible attack of some kind. I woke up and couldn't breathe and took the teddy bear that was in my crib and threw it across the room and hit my father in the face and woke him up. They called the doctor, and the doctor got there and gave me a shot of adrenalin, and by that time they said I was turning blue. But, as you can see, I survived. It was later diagnosed as asthma. I have a faint recollection of back before that, of visiting my aunts and uncles who were farmers in Missouri. And later on in life I found that I contacted a lung illness called histoplasmosis, which is peculiar to southern Missouri and is caught in a chicken house, and I presume in my uncle's chicken house. Probably this attack was the first indication of allergies that sprang from this disease.

My father left as pastor of the Sawtelle Church to another church in Los Angeles area, the Central Avenue Baptist Church on Alvarado Street. While he was there, he was given the job of putting four other small Baptist churches together into one, and the merged church was called the Roger Williams Baptist Church. It was located on West Adams near Vermont Street, and it was under his leadership that a new building was built. This was depression time, and my father obtained enough money from the Home Mission Society of the Baptist Church to build a church. In so doing, they were able to hire many of the church members who were out of work, not only to build a church building, but to provide a kind of poverty program for the members of the church.

I attended the Normandy Avenue elementary school, which is near the great Coliseum in Los Angeles for the first six grades of school. I can remember that I did well in everything but spelling, and that

continues. I also played the drums in the band and led the music for all of the assemblies that we used to have in that school.

Generally speaking, I was rather healthy and rather happy. I used to enjoy very much attending church and being with my father and mother. I was an only child at this time. The doctors had told my parents that they couldn't have any more children. I remember the special birthday parties that we used to have at the Clifton Cafeteria in downtown Los Angeles. I used to enjoy going to the Paramount Theater for the stage show and going shopping with my mother in Bullock's and the May Company. My father used to always comment on what an excellent memory I had because we used to take trips in the car and I'd go to sleep in the back seat, and any place that I woke up in southern California, I immediately knew where we were because I would remember the places from the times we had been there before.

My father used to always get a one-month vacation in the summertime, and we used to travel, primarily back to Missouri to visit with my mother's relatives and my father's relatives. I can remember traveling from Los Angeles to Missouri in an old 1929 Chevrolet when none of the roads on Highway 66 were paved. The worst road of all on that trip was always around Gallup, New Mexico, and as late as 1939 that part of the road was still the worst part of the road on Highway 66.

I used to attend summer camps with my father and mother, and all kinds of religious conventions. I can even remember that when I was in the sixth grade I heard E. Stanley Jones for the first time—the great Methodist missionary to India—and I was quite surprised that a lot of people didn't like him because they said he was a modernist. But even then, I thought he was a very wise man. One fact that I remember about myself

in relationship to my father at this time was that I was constantly asking questions about theology. What do the Baptists believe? What do Methodists believe? What do Catholics believe? What do Christian Scientists believe? And we used to have hour upon hour about it.

My father was a great story teller, and he used to tell many, many stories about his life as a young man in southern Missouri, especially about his old dog Dan, and about his brother, who was the most accurate rock thrower in southern Missouri and one of the great baseball players of that area. In fact, he was offered a contract with the St. Louis Cardinals one time, but his wife wouldn't let him take it because she wanted him to be a farmer, which he has been all his life.

Southern California provided a lot of cultural advantages. I used to go to the Saturday noon symphonies down in the Philharmonic Auditorium put on by the Los Angeles Symphony, which I enjoyed immensely. And I remember many times going to the sunrise services at the Hollywood Bowl. I remember one time my father was asked to lead a sunrise service for a group of movie stars, which they went to on horseback, thirty miles. We had a sunrise service, and I got to go along. I got a new pair of boots and some new riding pants, and we went thirty miles on horseback—fifteen miles up to the place where they had it, and fifteen miles back. This was *before* the regular Easter service, at our church and I can remember that my father was complaining after the Easter service that he could hardly stand up to preach on that Sunday because he hurt so bad from riding horseback. And I could hardly sit down in the audience because I was in the same shape. But it was a great time and I enjoyed that very much.

In that church my father had, we used to have concerts put on by WPA symphonies,

and we even had at one time a group of Greeks who knew how to do the Greek Orthodox Mass, with Gregorian chants. They were a special WPA project, and they came and put up their paraphernalia in our Baptist church, and put on a complete religious service in the Greek Orthodox fashion. I can still remember that with much enjoyment.

I was the first person ever baptized in the Roger Williams Baptist Church. It was on an Easter Sunday morning, and the church was not even finished. Everybody stood up on the bare floor, with no carpets and no pews, and the baptistery wasn't even complete, but we did it anyway.

My mother was a very warm, friendly, person. She had never been to college, but she had a good high school education and was a very strong person. I was very attached to her. She used to suffer greatly when my father would be caught in church politics, which is not unknown, and she was very sensitive to the criticism of people of my father. Of course, I used to pick some of that up and became very partial to my father's side in any of those discussions. I think one of the tragic things of all of church life is the kinds of things that can happen within a church that make it almost unbearable for a minister. I have seen that happen to my father, and used to question, with great questions of great longing, why it was that people who were supposed to be Christians could act so mean to someone that they loved.

We also used to, in some summers, go to the national parks in California. I can remember going to Sequoia National Park and Yosemite in an old 1929 Jewett and having to stop every mile on the way going up the hill to put more water in the radiator because it was boiling. But I can still look back at the time that we drove that 1929 Jewett through the Big Tree in Yosemite that you can drive a car through. I've done it many times since

in much more modern cars. I can remember we had a Model T, and old Jewett, and an old Chevy—my father had a friend at the Felix Chevrolet Company in Los Angeles who used to always get him the best used Chevrolets that would come in a couple of years old—and we had a '29, and a '31 Chevrolet. We had that last car when we moved to Fresno.

In 1936 we moved to Fresno, California. My father became the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Fresno—a very large church—fifteen hundred members—with a notable increase in salary. I should mention that, during the depression times in southern California, there were many days when we did not have any food to eat. At one time the church was \$750 behind in my father's salary, which was only \$200 a month. And some wealthy people in the church kept us going by leaving boxes of groceries on our back doorstep. We were always very concerned whether or not we should even take it, but we were so hungry at times that we did. Finally my dad went to them and told them that he just wished they wouldn't, and we made out some other way, but I don't know how that was done. But in going to Fresno—this was in '36—times were getting a little better. The salary was much better.

I should give you an impression that I had in the election of President Roosevelt back in 1932. My father was an ardent Republican, and he thought that maybe the worst thing that ever happened to the country was when President Roosevelt was elected. And it wasn't so much his politics as the fact that it brought beer back into being. I grew up in life with a great distaste for people who smoked and who drank beer, and I now smoke, but I still can't stand the taste of beer so—[he laughs]—I wonder how far back that goes.

Life in Fresno was much different than it was in southern California. At the beginning,

in 1936, it was much more fun; the church was bigger, the people were warm and friendly. Fresno was a smaller town and you got to know people better. I went to the Alexander Hamilton Junior High School in Fresno. I always got very good grades in school, except in English, and that was always related to spelling. I always used to take band instead of study hall, and I always had extra units that way. I played the drums in the band and I used to be the assistant conductor for the school orchestra. On graduation day I conducted a Strauss waltz for a graduation ceremony ("Tales of Vienna Woods")

While in Fresno, at the age of fourteen, I had a terrible time with hay fever and asthma and used to wake up at night with inability to breathe, so my father took me to the doctor. The doctor said he couldn't do anything for us but there was a specialist in Oakland who could. So we went to Oakland, and I had the full battery of skin tests and finally found that I was allergic to chicken, milk, eggs, butter, and wheat, and about everything else I could think of that any boy would like. I couldn't eat ham, orange juice, many things I had been eating. The doctor put me on a diet for two years and eliminated all of this that I had been eating. And in those two years I never had one attack of asthma. When I first went there, they took X-rays of my lungs, and he thought I had some kind of tumors of the lungs; and he sent them back to the Mayo Clinic because he had never seen anything like them. The Mayo Clinic sent them back and said, no, that they were calcium deposits from kind of a lung disease and that they didn't know what it was at that time. But, in treating my asthma, I had no trouble; I was very active in school. I used to play on the baseball team and was very active in church work, very active with the young people. And after two years, I was gradually allowed to go back on skim-milk,

a little bit of bread, and gradually built it up so that I can eat almost anything except, to this day, I cannot eat chicken; I have a violent allergy to chicken. No eggs either, and I have to sleep on a pillow that isn't feathered. A little later on I will tell you how we arrived at where that allergy came from.

I do remember that in Fresno there used to be three high schools that were primarily white, and one high school, Edison High School, that was primarily Negro; and I can remember in 1937, and '38, and '39, that there used to be big gang fights every time after Fresno High School and Edison High School played football. And while we still have that going on today, it's not new.

I attended Fresno High School, which at that time was connected to the Alexander Hamilton Junior High School. I had many friends. My closest friend in high was a Jewish boy by the name of Julius Cohen, and an Armenian boy by the name of Alexander Googoolian. Today I think he's a prominent attorney in Fresno. And another boy friend by the name of Bill Camy. He played the cymbals in the band, and I remember he was the comedian in the band. I used to tell the jokes and get him laughing, and then he'd start acting up. We would take trips down to Bakersfield or Taft or some place, and keep the whole band in an uproar with our humorous antics. I did not play football in high school; I did play on the junior varsity baseball team. I was a pitcher—not too good—but I had a lot of fun. I was very active in the young people's work of the First Baptist Church, and my social life at that time was primarily related to the social activities of that young people's group. However, I was a Boy Scout and worked up as high as a Star Scout in the Boy Scouts.

In 1937 my brother was born. I was twelve and a-half years old. It was kind of a

miracle—my parents didn't think that they could have any more children, and they did! And I named him—Paul David Mathews. I can remember that they called me at school, and I ran down to the office, and they told me I had a baby brother. I ran all the way back to the room in the halls, yelling at the top of my voice, "I have a brother!" And I had made an Indian-beaded headband for some reason, for him, on a loom that I had, with his name on it—David. His name was Paul David, but we always called him David. Today, he is the Assistant District Attorney of Washoe County in Reno, Nevada.

A year and a half following that, my sister was born—Martha Elsiebelle Mathews. She is now married to a college professor and living in Courtland, New York. She has AR, BD, and MST degrees and is an ordained minister. Soon after her birth, my mother discovered that she had cancer of the breast. She was operated on in a hospital in Fresno by the best surgeon known at that time, in that area. It was during this time, also, that my father was the pastor in the summertime of the Church of the Sequoias up in Sequoia National Park. We used to go up in June and spend two months there while he conducted the services. And I can remember eating in the lodge, as guests of the lodge, every Sunday. My favorite food was lamb chops with fresh peas, which I ordered consistently every Sunday.

I'd like to add something of my reading habits in junior high school and high school. In those days, of course, there was no television, and reading and the radio were of great interest to me. I used to read the *Colliers*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Time* magazine faithfully every week. Also *Esquire*, with particular interest in the drama critic, George Jean Nathan, as well as all kinds of sports and young people's stories. My favorite radio shows were the "Jack Armstrong, All-

American Boy" and Jimmy Allen, an airplane pilot show, as well as the comedy shows—Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen.

Our home life was enriched by a multitude of visitors. My father, being the pastor of the First Baptist Church and being a very large church, had the benefit of many world-renowned Baptist leaders who would visit—many missionaries from Africa and China, as well as the top administrators in the convention, and educators in the schools were house guests in our home many times. My father had a very close relationship with Dean Malloch of the Episcopal Church of Fresno, and I got to know him rather well.

My main relaxation in the summertime in hot Fresno was swimming. I used to pride myself on the ability to dive off a thirty-foot board at what was then the Weymouth swimming pool. In 1936 in Fresno, beer busts and wild parties by high school kids and teenagers were not unknown. However, they were unknown to me, because I didn't participate in them, being kept very active in church work and close to home by my parents. In fact, I didn't learn to dance until I was in college.

There grew up in the First Baptist Church a small group of people who were ultra-fundamentalists—followers of Frank Norris out of Texas. My father, being well-educated, with a Bachelor of Divinity degree from one of the best schools on the coast, simply couldn't go along with them. They finally caused so much trouble that he decided to ask to be moved to another church. They used to accuse him of never saying the words "the blood of Christ" in the sermons enough, so on the last Sunday that he preached in that church, he preached on that subject. And he explained why he didn't use that term, which he felt at that time was not as meaningful to the people of this day and age as words like "the love of

God” or “the life of the spirit.” And after the sermon was over, and he had already resigned and was ready to leave, the same people came and asked him to stay, and he, of course, told them that they were just a little late.

And so, just before my senior year in high school, we moved to San Jose, California, and my father became the pastor of the Grace Baptist Church in San Jose. The pastor there had been drafted into the army as a chaplain. I went to high school in San Jose High School for one semester. My mother appeared for a while to have conquered the cancer problem; however, unknown to me or anyone else, my father knew better than that.

Then the war broke out on December 7, 1941. We were on the way home from church on that Sunday when we heard the announcement on the radio, and everybody was so shocked that nobody wanted to go home to eat, so we went out to a restaurant and sat and talked—what this implied. Everyone was so stunned they really didn’t know what it meant. But I do remember, in the next two months, the blackouts in San Jose. I can remember going down on First Street in San Jose at night and watching the tanks and the soldiers and trucks go down that street on the way from Fort Ord to San Francisco to get on the boats to go to the south Pacific. I was seventeen years old at this time, and we discovered that I had enough credits to graduate from high school in February, being that I always had taken band in school and not study hall. I had good grades, but San Jose High School did not have graduation exercises for those who graduated in mid-term. So my father made arrangements for me to go to get my diploma from San Jose High School, but to walk through the line in Fresno so my mother could see her oldest son graduate from high school. This was done in February of 1942, at which time I then went on to the University of Redlands.

I’ll have to back-track a little bit on that. When I was four years old, the American Baptist Convention was held in Los Angeles, California. I don’t know how it was arranged, but the president of the convention at that time was a man from southern California by the name of Madison B. Jones, and the convention on the closing night presented him with a big bouquet of roses as a token of their appreciation for his leadership. I was chosen to be the one who presented them to him. It was out at the old Shrine Auditorium, which is near the Coliseum, and there must have been three or four thousand people there. I had to walk out on the stage with this big bouquet of roses and hand them to him and say, “I present these to you on behalf of the Northern Baptist Convention.” And I did it well. After that was over, this man who was a trustee of the University of Redlands told my father that he would provide a scholarship for me to go to the University when I became of age. The only thing he neglected to do was to ever write that down, and when it came time for me to go to college they had no record of it, but they took my father’s word for it, and I entered the University of Redlands on a scholarship, plus five hundred dollars that we had in the bank that I had saved in pennies. My father used to give me all of his pennies at night, and I used to put them in the bank; and when I got to be seventeen, there was five hundred dollars there. I think there was ten dollars in there that I had gotten as a reward for finding a lost dog one time and returning it to someone. But the rest of it was all pennies.

So I entered the University of Redlands in 1942 at the age of seventeen and a half, and in May, on Mother’s Day of that year, my mother died in San Jose. This was a terrible shock to me and a very tragic time. When my father went to San Jose, he had to take a cut in pay, and with the medical expenses for my mother,

money was not only short, it was non-existent. I didn't even have enough money to get on a train and get back to San Jose to see her before she died. My father called me on a Sunday morning, and the only thing I could do was, I went over to the president of the University and he loaned me fifteen dollars, I think it was. I got on a train and went to Los Angeles, and got on another train and started to San Jose, and I didn't even have time to buy a ticket. After I had gotten on the train, I found out I didn't even have enough money to get to San Jose, so I had to get off the train in Santa Barbara and catch a Greyhound bus. When I got to San Jose the next morning, which was a Monday morning, my mother had already passed away. I can remember that I was met at the bus station by my father, and on the way home he cried, but I didn't. And I can remember getting home and the beginning of relatives arriving. My grandmother on my mother's side had been living with them for a while, and I can remember my small brother and sister not really knowing what was going on. And I can remember a lot of the church people coming around and bringing food and trying to be helpful. I can remember the funeral in the Grace Baptist Church; and I can remember the fact that I couldn't understand why everyone was crying, when, if they really believed what the Christian gospel taught, my mother wasn't there. I had great confidence in God and couldn't figure out why everyone felt so bad. However, later in the day, when I was alone by myself, I do remember crying because I began to ask the question of myself, "Why should this happen to the warmest, most friendly, full-of-life person I had ever known?" And I doubt if anyone has any answers to that question.

My father and I went to San Francisco for three days following the funeral and spent the time together. I probably was in better control

than he was. I have often thought, and he has said, that maybe I was the minister to him in those three days. We did even have some good times together—attended a couple of movies and ate some good food and visited Golden Gate Park. But in the excitement of everything, I think I only got ten dollars to get back to Redlands with. I took the bus, but when I got back I didn't even have the money to pay the president back with. It took a little while to do that.

I probably should have added a few things concerning my mother. She was a graduate of the high school in Liberty, Missouri, was very active in women's work in what was then the Northern Baptist Convention of northern California, when my father attended Berkeley, and also in the women's work in southern California when they lived in Los Angeles and also in Fresno. My father and mother were very active in camping programs for young people and had a special interest there. My mother's special interest was what was called the World-wide Guild Girls, a group of Northern Baptists. There is a scholarship today at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School that bears her name, created by my father after her death.

The first semester at Redlands I did fairly well in the classes. It was a little difficult because there would be times when I felt pretty lonesome. I used to write my mother every week, and now this wasn't happening, but I did write to my father.

That summer was rather difficult—in fact, I am trying to remember that summer. The war was on, and I had a girl friend in San Jose. I can remember that. I did go work for Montgomery Wards as their janitor and cleanup man. My father, I think, helped me get the job, and I guess I was a fairly good employee. The assistant manager took an instant liking to me. He told me to do some

painting in the men's restroom. I went in and it was all painted grey, but it needed a lot of paint because there was a lot of rust around all the pipes and even on some of the panels of the stalls. So I went down into the janitors room, and I couldn't find any grey paint, so rather than ask anybody where the grey paint was, I took white paint and put lampblack in it and mixed my own. I went back and I painted it, and it looked just great, and then I had him come and take a look at it, and he thought it was perfect. He asked me where I got the paint, and I told him. And he had to sit down—he was laughing so hard—because they usually just check the grey paint out of the paint department; but I had taken what they had and made my own, and he thought that was great. So he gave me the rest of the afternoon off, and I got my girl friend and we went up to Ice Follies in San Francisco.

I also mixed some mahogany stain and did all of the trim work around the store. And finally, I used to go to him about three o'clock every afternoon and I'd say, "What else do you want me to do? I've finished all the work assignment for the day."

He finally got to the place where he told me, "This is how much work there is today, and when you are through, you can go home." So I used to get a whole day's work done by two o'clock, 'most every day, and go on home. But I would get paid for the whole day—he would sign it out. And when I got ready to go back to Redlands, he didn't want me to go. But I told him that I was going to join the Navy and I had to get back to school. He was going to get me a deferment, and all kinds of things, to try to keep me there but I went back to school anyway.

This would be in the fall of 1942; the war at that time was getting pretty desperate, and in December of 1942, I had to make a decision whether or not to join the service or to wait

to be drafted. So I made up my mind and went into Los Angeles and found the Navy recruitment center. I went in and I asked to join the V-12 school. The interesting thing is that the male secretary in the Navy who signed me in was a movie star by the name of Richard Denning, who played Tarzan and a lot of other characters.

Two humorous things happened when I was having my medical examination. The doctor said, "Do you have any physical defects?"

And I said, "Well, I have some scars on my lungs; I might as well tell you about 'em."

And he said, "How bad are they?"

I said, "Well, I don't know, they are just there."

He looked down and he saw my flat feet, and they are probably the flattest feet he'd ever seen, at least that's what he said, and he looked at me and said, "How bad do you want in?"

And I said, "I want in the Navy." So, he put down moderate flat feet" and didn't note the scars on my lungs, and I was in.

I went back to Redlands, and I was there for one whole semester in the Navy, but as a civilian without pay or uniform. They hadn't got the V-12 people at the University yet. I had originally gone in to major in the religion department. I had always thought of being a minister. But I was rather disgusted with the religion department. I was so strongly attached to the theology of my father that anybody else who had any other ideas was wrong. I was really very unhappy in that department. I was also taking a course in Introduction to Philosophy and beginning Psychology, and I liked them so much better than I shifted my major to a philosophy-psychology major. But I had not given up the idea that I would be a minister; I just changed the department. I was an average student there, did best in speech and being a

young man brought up in a minister's home, I think that I felt sometimes left out at the University. Pre-ministerial students and minister's children were considered, I guess, in modern terms, as "square." I had a close circle of friends, not a wide circle of friends, and did not belong to a fraternity.

During this time the best professors that they had at the University were taken for other jobs. One of the best teachers went into the Navy, or Army, Air Force. I can remember one teacher I had a great deal of difficulty with—he was a teacher of ancient history, and his name was Dr. John Rhimer. It was the custom of this school to have chapel every day for an hour. And one day we had a very excellent presentation on George Washington Carver, the Negro scientist from Tuscaloosa, and I especially appreciated it because I had met George Washington Carver.

I'll have to digress—I forgot about this: In 1939, my father and I traveled with another minister in our '38 Chevrolet to Atlanta, Georgia, for the Baptist World Alliance. We went down through Arizona on Highway 66 and across Texas, down to Corpus Christi. (I met one of my great uncles in one of the small towns in southern Texas; he was the sheriff. And my father went that way in order for me to meet him.) We went swimming in the Gulf of Mexico and I can still remember the jellyfish that used to sting you when you got out into the water. I can still remember how warm the water seemed to me after being used to swimming in the Pacific Ocean. I can remember the graveyards in New Orleans because they are all built above ground. The water level is only about two feet underground in New Orleans so they build cement individual mausoleums above ground. I can remember they also had a hurricane, a gulf storm that hit the gulf that Mississippi borders on, and, as we went by the

next day, you could see the boats all tipped over in the harbors and bays along the Gulf.

We went up toward Montgomery, Alabama, and stopped in at Tuscaloosa. A very bright young Negro chemist took us in and introduced us to George Washington Carver, and he showed my father and I and the other minister through his chemistry laboratory. We saw a thousand different products that he had made out of peanuts, including paint that he could make and sell for fifty cents a gallon for Negroes to paint their shacks with. I will never forget meeting him because he seemed to me to be one of the most saintly men that I had ever met, or have yet, in my whole life. So the chapel service on George Washington Carver was especially interesting to me. Then I went to the ancient history class, and Dr. Rhimer got up and said that if he had had thirty minutes to speak to 750 students, he wouldn't have wasted it talking about a dead nigger. Well, I got up and said he'd wasted the last ninety days talking about dead Romans, and I walked out of the class and I never came back.

In June of 1943 my father remarried. He married a woman that I knew and who was a very close friend of my mother's. She was a school teacher, had a master's degree in home economics from Western Reserve University and taught school. Her name was Mildred McIntyre. She came from a family in Santa Clara. They were original members of my father's church there in Santa Clara when he was there way back in 1920 and '21, and '22-23. Incidentally, her brother is now the general manager and vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Milton McIntyre. She has another brother who's vice-president in charge of personnel for Crown-Zellerbach, and another brother who is a retired vice-president of the Ferro Chemical Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

I was the head usher at that wedding, which was held on a Sunday afternoon in the Grace Baptist Church, and that evening I preached my first sermon in that church while my father was gone. The title of that sermon was “What difference does it make?” and the theme of it was that we can argue all we want to about theology, but what difference does it make when it comes to helping people? I even quoted the controversial preacher, Harry Emerson Fosdick, saying why persecute a man who disagrees with you, who still does as much good as a man like Harry Emerson Fosdick? There were a few ultra-fundamentalists in that church, too, and I don’t say that I didn’t have some delight in having a chance to say what I thought. To tell you the real inside story on that—I think I’m the only one that knows it—I had a cigarette in the men’s room of the Grace Baptist Church before that sermon.

That summer I worked for the Continental Can Company, on and off, while my father and Mildred spent a month at Sequoia National Park. My father was guest minister there for a month. I still have scars on my hands from the cans. It was my job to pack the sardine cans in big boxes and tape them. As they would come off the machine, once in a while one would fly off, and the edges were as sharp as a razor and they would catch you. Half the time I was all taped up, but it was good money. And I earned enough money to buy my clothes and go back to school for the fall semester of 1943.

In the fall of 1943, when I went back to school, we were enrolled in the Navy and issued new uniforms, and we got fifty dollars a month subsistence as well as all expenses. We also had to take twenty-two to twenty-three units rather than sixteen or seventeen because it was an accelerated program. I remember, the first semester, that everybody flunked physics, because we had a real

old-style physics teacher who wouldn’t let anybody write down the formulas; you had to memorize them, and nobody could. Eighty-five percent of the class flunked, including me, so the commanding officer called us all in and wanted to know what was the matter, and we told him. So he hired another teacher and we all took it over. And all of us passed, because he let us have the formula.

I enjoyed the Navy, but I used to get terribly angry at a Marine lieutenant who was there. They had a contingency there that was half Navy and half Marines, and the Marine lieutenant who was second in command for the whole school was in charge of all the discipline and all of the drilling. I used to complain bitterly about having to run two miles right after lunch. In September, in Redlands, it can get to be one hundred to one hundred three degrees. I can remember one day we had spaghetti and watermelon for lunch and then had to go out and run two miles around the track. Following that came the course in philosophy, in which everybody went to sleep.

The student gave this lieutenant (he was a “90-day wonder”) a real bad time, and he became so unreasonable at times that the commanding officer finally censored him and confined *him* to quarters, which taught him some things.

It was during this fall of 1943 that I met Fern Martin. The first time that I saw her in chapel I said, “I want to get to know her.” The next Saturday night they had a dance downtown. I usually didn’t go to dances because I didn’t dance very well, but I went to that one, hoping that she would be there. She was there, and one of the dances that they had was called a shoe dance. All of the girls took off one shoe and threw it in the middle of the floor, and the boys ran out and grabbed a shoe and then tried to find the girl to match

it. Well, I watched the shoe that she threw out there and went and grabbed it, and that's how we got to know each other.

I later found out she was engaged; this was in November of 1943, but she broke that engagement in March and we were engaged in April, 1944. And it was around the first of April, 1944, that the X-ray unit came around to take X-rays of all the V-12 people. I kind of told my roommates, "Goodbye," because I figured that the time had come when they were going to find out about the scars in the lungs. They took the X-rays, and about ten days later the commanding officer called me down and asked me if I had known about those. I said, "Yes," and I said, "I told the doctor when I joined and they didn't pay much attention to it." He said they were a little worried about it, and I had to go over to the Corona Naval Hospital in Corona, California. And, he was sorry to see me go because I was the leader of the military band, and during inspections I actually ran the inspection. He used to salute me when I went by, which was always a lot of fun. Each Saturday morning we had inspection out on the quadrangle on the beautiful campus at the University of Redlands, and he was sorry to see me go because we got to know each other a *little* bit from that experience.

There are two other things I should tell about the University of Redlands experiences—three, I think. One has to do with the fact that one of the talented young men produced a musical called "Let's Go Latin" and I went down and tried out and got the part of a Latin gigolo. I let my hair grow real long, and a mustache, and in the play I wore a white dinner jacket and black pants and long key chain. Had a cigarette holder that was about eighteen inches long. Was always flipping a half a dollar. After the play was over I shaved off the mustache but my hair was still

long, and one night a bunch of the boys came to my room to cut my hair off. I had heard they were coming. And (some insight to my personality) I laid out a comb and a pair of scissors and got a chair and a sheet to wrap around me, and when they came I was sitting there in the chair with the sheet around me, and I just told 'em to go ahead; that wasn't any fun, so they all left.

My fiancée at that time, and now my wife, was one of the candidates for the queen of the military ball, and I'd felt that everyone should win on their merits, but one of the other girls' boy friends went out and got a lot of signatures on a piece of paper as a ballot for his girl friend. I didn't think it was legal, and I protested it; but at the same time I protested it, I circulated a petition, too, that had as many names, and they threw them all out. That way, at least, it was fair and square. She came in second, but the other fellow's girl friend didn't win either.

I was restricted one time for a week. I had been out doing calisthenics every morning at five o'clock in the snow, with everybody else. One morning, about five or six o'clock, I was just exhausted because the Navy schedule was really grueling. And I didn't get up—I had a cough—and a Marine lieutenant came around and I got put on report. So he restricted ten of us for the holidays. He let us go home for Christmas, but we had to be back the day after Christmas and stayed there till school resumed the day after New Year's. When the commanding officer found out about it, he made the Marine lieutenant stay that week also to supervise those he had restricted. So we spent the week sitting around the Marine lieutenant—the ten of us—and we played gin rummy, I think, and checkers and everything we could think of till we were about out of our minds. And he admitted he'd never do it again.

Let's see, there was one other thing I was going to tell about Redlands. A couple of my very closest friends at Redlands were killed in the war. That made quite an impression on me, I think. Some of my other very close friends had some very narrow escapes. One of my buddies, Ralph Wooley, was the commander of an LST that was torpedoed in that attack on Bougainville, but he swam to shore, and is now the president of a large trucking firm in California.

I went to the Corona Naval Hospital and they immediately started taking x-rays, and the third day I was there they told me I would get discharged. But they kept me there for ninety days because they couldn't figure out what in the world those scars were. They had never seen anything like them. The top X-ray man was from John Hopkins and used to spend his lunch hours sitting and looking at the X-rays while he ate his lunch. I had a ball because I was on leave all the time. I could go for forty-eight hours and come back for twelve and go again. So I spent most of my time over at Redlands, hitchhiking back and forth, and sometimes I would have to stay in a day and I'd play nine holes of golf or read in the library—anything I wanted to do. So they called me in at the end of ninety days and they said they couldn't decide what the scars were, but they didn't think they were anything that was ever going to cause me any trouble, and they gave an honorable discharge. They said that they thought the only thing that they could find in all their bureaucratic books was to call it some kind of an arrested case of tuberculosis. And they were sure it wasn't that, but that's what they did.

So when I was discharged from the Navy, I went into Los Angeles, where my aunt and uncle and grandmother lived, and stayed with them for a couple of days looking for a job. This was in July of 1944, and my chief petty

officer in the Navy was one of the head men at the casting office at Central Casting for the movies. So I went to see the man who took his place about a job, doing anything—just carrying lumber around was twenty-five dollars a day. But he told me, "Stay out of that business," he said, "This is no—this isn't a good business." And so I took him at his word and went downtown to my favorite place for buying clothes, which was Bullock's, and I went in and applied for a job and got it.

I worked in the varsity shop at Bullock's, selling clothes for a Jewish man—Mr. Acker—a very fine fellow. He taught me a lot of things. Anybody that he liked he always gave a bad time, and anybody he didn't like, he always treated them real nice. And when a salesman used to come in, if he was going to buy something from them, he would give them a terrible time and then buy from them. And somebody he wasn't going to buy from, he would take them out to lunch and treat them very nicely, and never buy anything. That way he kept everybody happy. I was the best salesman, eventually, they had there. I liked clothes, and I had a sense of it, and I think in the six months that I was there, I had the biggest day that any single salesman had ever had in the department. I enjoyed working at Bullock's.

Fern was out of school and I talked her into coming to Los Angeles. She looked around and got a job at Robinson's Department Store in the cosmetic department, which was only about three blocks from my aunt and uncle's and grandmother's, and she started looking for an apartment in that area. Then we got to talking and decided what's the use of that? Why not get married, and we could live in the apartment that I had.

We were going to get married in September, a big church wedding with my father, but when she got the job, it speeded things up.

So I called my father up—I was only twenty years old—it was Then days before I was twenty-one—to see if he would send down an approval so I could get the marriage license. And at first he said he wouldn't do it, and then I said I would go to Tijuana or someplace. So my uncle got interested in it and he said that he would sign it some way. Well, we finally decided what we'd do is lie about our age and go down and get the marriage license.

So on the day before we were to get married, we went to work in the morning, and on our lunch hour we went down to the city hall to get the license. We decided we couldn't lie about it, so we went to the public defender and asked him what to do. And he said, "Well, why don't you have your uncle call your father up and see if he would send us a wire giving him power of guardianship for—you know it's only ten days?"

So we did that, and my father sent the telegram down. My uncle got the telegram, and as soon as he got off work, he ran down to the city hall, and we had to find a judge. It was a Friday afternoon and most of them were off playing golf, but we finally found one. And it was a big laugh. Everybody thought it was great that we had gone to all this trouble to get married. But they ran through the guardianship and we then got the license. It took all of our money that we had saved up to take the weekend off down at the beach to get the license, so we never had a honeymoon. We got married in my grandmother's and aunt and uncle's apartment, and went to my apartment. And the next day, we got on the streetcar and went out to Hollywood and had dinner and went to Graumann's Chinese to the show. The next day was Sunday and we lazed around while we visited with my relatives. And the next day we went to work.

I would like to say that, as far as I am concerned, Fern has been a perfect wife and

mother. She has always been the helpmate, she knows me like a book, has a great sense of humor as a ribber, has always been fun, warm, and sometimes I think a silent sufferer. She doesn't like to share her pains but she does like to participate in joys. She is an excellent seamstress and has made most of her own and our daughter's clothes. As to her cooking, I think it is too good because I keep gaining weight. She has always been healthy and always congenial. I do regret that she has had to work most of the time we have lived in Reno. She has been employed most of the time in Reno at Sears and is an excellent employee. We have been married twenty-four years. Being that we were teenagers when we got married, I have a hard time preaching against teenage marriages and I handle that by not preaching about it. Fern's beauty has always been a pleasure and as the years go by the inner beauty increases. I couldn't ask for a better wife.

In December of 1944, the smog started in southern California. I went to work one morning and Bullock's was full of smog—you could hardly see across the room. I got to coughing and sneezing something terrible. And about that time we got a letter from Fern's parents (they were farmers out in Murieta, California, which is near Elsinore, south of Riverside). Her father, John Elmer "Jack" Martin had lost his right-hand man on the farm and couldn't find anybody. He had a 350-acre barley farm, and they also raised strawberries and watermelons. And so I called up and asked him what kind of a deal he'd make if we came out of that smog and lived out there and worked on the farm. He said he would provide us our house, and thirty-five dollars a week clear, and anything that we raised there we could have. And so we both quit and took it, just to get out of the smog and the problems of the hustle and

bustle of the big city of Los Angeles, which we had grown to not like, even though we had had a ball because we were making pretty good money. We ate out most of the time, and went to the shows, and all the plays that we could take in, in Los Angeles.

So we moved to Murieta, and I worked on the farm for six months, driving the tractor and sewing sacks of barley and on the threshing machine. That wasn't so good because there was a lot of mustard seed in the barley, and I used to get hay fever so bad I was crying all the time I was trying to sew the barley sacks.

Late spring I got appendicitis and had to have it out. Afterwards the doctor suggested, "You know with your lung problems, and hay fever problems, you probably shouldn't be working out there."

So I told my father-in-law, and he said, "Well, see what else you can find."

So I went up to Riverside, and walked into Sears and Roebuck's and applied for a job, and they hired me immediately to be the head of the boy's department. During the war, help was hard to find and I had had two and a-half years of college and some experience at Bullock's. So they hired me at twenty-seven dollars a week and one-half of one percent of whatever I sold. Four months after I had the boys department, they gave me the sporting goods and toy department in Riverside, and when I took the department both of them were doing about \$25,000 a year. I was now just twenty-one, so I went to work and tried to build up the department as goods became more available. And in the two and one-half years that I was there, we built it up to—I think it was about \$175,000 a year. I got consistent raises and did very well. I remember one eight weeks period and Christmas in the toy department that we did something like \$42,000 worth of business in eight weeks and

we had a gross profit of forty-two percent. We only had \$1,500 worth of toys left over, and the profit was exceptionally good, and the manager was extremely pleased. I thought I should have a big bonus, and he thought that his words of being well pleased were adequate. I told him I wanted some more money so they transferred me up to the rug department as a salesman at a guarantee of thirty-five dollars a week, and I averaged about \$110 a week the whole time I was there. I sold more rugs than anybody.

It was during this time that my father-in-law had had to take back a grocery store in Temecula, California, which is about twenty miles south of Elsinore. He had loaned a young man who had the grocery store some money, and the man finally came to him and said he couldn't pay it, and he wondered if he would just buy the store out. My father-in-law bought the store, I think for \$3,000—just for the inventory. He called me up and asked me if I wanted to be his partner, and manager of the store, and we would split fifty-fifty. I thought about it and decided to do it. I gave Sears two weeks' notice, and then they tried to keep me there—raise my salary, give me a bigger department—and I told them it was a little too late now. But I left Sears with good feelings, and I always felt that that company was one of the most progressive big corporations in America, and that their profit-sharing system was the real answer to many of the labor problems in this country. The idea of having workers as a part of the ownership of a company, I think, is one of the ultimate solutions to our capitalistic system. The company has gone to the place now where the employees own over a third of the company, and their buying power of stock from the profit-sharing can almost control the stock market. Some employees who have been janitors all their life have retired with

as much as \$110,000 worth of stock, which I think is an excellent system.

I should say that while we were in Riverside, on December 4, 1949, our first child was born, a girl, Marilyn Louise. It might be of note that my wife had had five miscarriages before Marilyn was born, and we sent her to a specialist who used a development of a large drug company—a new kind of hormone for people who were prone to miscarriages, and when it became apparent that she was pregnant she started taking these, and stayed in bed for two weeks. Marilyn was delivered without any problems.

While we were in Temecula, my oldest son, Steven, was born in Escondido. He was born in 1951, in February, and my wife did have problems there, too. It appeared that she was going to have a miscarriage with him, but we got medicine from the doctor in time; she spent two weeks in bed, and was able to carry him.

The grocery store was really run down. We started the process of building it up and building the inventory. I hired a butcher who was an Indian, and sixty percent of my customers were Indians. We did a lot of the public relations kind of things that I learned at Sears. I used to give people a box of candy on their birthday and we treated them very friendly. The competitor was a very cantankerous kind of man, and he used to irritate all of his customers, even though he had most of them, by asking them if they were going to pay their bills on time even before they became due.

I had the store for two and one-half years and in that time I kept track—I did \$65,000 worth of credit business and I never lost a dime. It was done because we had an agreement at the time that the account was opened that the first of each month they would be given a statement and the bill was

due by the tenth, and if it hadn't been paid by the tenth, then there wouldn't be any more credit. So 'most all of the Mexican people who worked on the large cattle ranch would come in and cash their pay checks on the first and take the grocery bill out. We used to cash fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars worth of checks on a payday, and in that way we had no problems. And at the end of two and one-half years, just after I left, the other man closed his business and moved away because his public relations with his customers had been so bad down through the years that when they found a place that they could buy and be treated right, most all of them came to our company. It was called the M and M Market for Martin and Mathews.

It was a kind of a family-type store; we all worked in it. I did have two or three other employees. I hired some of the Mexican youth to work in the store, which I just didn't think about it, but they appreciated very much, because they'd never had anybody in that town who had hired Mexican young people before. I hired a good young man to stock shelves, and he did very well, and we kept him all the time we were there. I hadn't even thought of the fact that it was kind of public relations. But the word got around real fast. I remember one time for advertising we printed our own newspaper—a four-page newspaper that I wrote. The whole thing was set up—all the ads. I took it to the printer and had it printed and distributed to about ten miles in either direction from that store, and our business increased an average of a thousand dollars a month right after that. We had a big sale. I even had a friend of mine from Los Angeles who was a magician come out and put on a magic show for the customers. One time I hired an old character from the town—they called him the mayor of Temecula—he was a veteran who had been gassed during the

war and hurt his back in parachuting. And he used to be very fond of wine, but he was a real friendly fellow—and I hired him one time with his mule for a big sale that we had. He put a straw hat and a big sign on each side of the mule, walked up and down the street advertising our store, and even took it up to Elsinoire and walked up and down and got a lot of publicity.

To illustrate something of sales ability, let me refer to my father again, who, I guess was a natural-born salesman. When he used to ride that mule around southern Missouri he used to repair reed organs and sell Bibles on a door-to-door basis. When he was going to school at Berkeley Baptist Divinity School and was the pastor of that church in Santa Clara, he went up to some big stockbroker's in San Francisco in order to see if he could get a loan for the church. He got the loan and also he got an offer for a job at five hundred dollars a month right then, if he would go to work selling stocks and bonds for that company; something he turned down, but never forgot, because when he retired that's what he did, is sell stocks and bonds and that's what he's doing today in Springfield, Missouri.

We were always a verbal family—not great on letter writing but very verbal—and to this day we probably make more long-distance calls than we do write letters. I grew up listening to my father preach fifty Sundays a year at least twice a Sunday, hearing some of the great preachers of all times at conventions that I used to go to, and some of the other top speakers. I was also a great listener to radio, and I enjoyed nothing more than listening to political speeches and—during the campaigns—and used to laugh and howl and roll on the floor with things like Roosevelt's "Martin, Barton, and Fish" anecdote, or sane of the ways that Thomas Dewey used to lambaste everybody. I must

say, I was always a Republican, but I used to enjoy hearing all sides in a debate.

I guess the selling technique—whatever we had—was picked up from listening to people whose primary object in making a speech was trying to sell something. I had been taught all kinds of manners in the home. My mother used to teach me a poem: "The way to the heart has three little keys, Thank you, You're welcome, and If you please." And I heard that at least a hundred times and probably recited it a thousand, in my life. I learned a lot about business and selling from Sears and Roebuck's: The customer is always right, it's better to make a friend that costs you money than to lose one by trying to save a couple of dollars. One of the things that you did in merchandising was, move merchandise around so that it always looked new. People would come into the store, you move merchandise around; they'd think that you had something you'd never had before; it's just a different place. We always kept a very clean store.

I am the kind of person who takes a personal interest in people—I like people. And we used to have a lot of discussions and conversations in the store with customers on a personal basis. In Temecula I was kind of jack-of-all-trades. I used to be able to pop backs and even a stiff neck and was kind of a town chiropractor. I used to loan some of the Indian people money to put a deposit down to the doctor to go have a baby. People would come to me for counseling on all kinds of problems—marital problems and school problems and problems with their boss and their salaries or all kinds of things. I think I might have been a better salesman than I was a profit-maker. In that store, we probably broke even in the time that I was there, because we took it from nothing and built it up, but it was getting into a very profitable situation when

I left. And by the time I did leave, my father-in-law did real well profit-wise, because the volume was there.

I have always felt that one of the responsibilities of business is to sell as much volume at a low profit and price as possible because the more volume that you have, the more jobs you create, and that one of the responsibilities of business or industry is in the creation of jobs. While it is easy to do small-volume, high-profit business it isn't necessarily in the benefit of the community to do it that way, and I never did it that way. We always tried to be honest and fair with the customers, and everything was up and above-board. We were very competitive, but, I guess as far as specific sales techniques—to give you an example, when I left Sears and Roebuck's and went down to the store in Temecula, I guess in the next six months I sold three thousand dollars worth of appliances for Sears without any compensation, because I believe in their appliances so well that I talked to everybody about 'em. And everybody that I talked to believed me, so they went and bought the appliances from Sears and Roebuck.

There's one story I want to tell you that happened in Temecula, which I think is illustrative of my whole philosophy of life, and I use this whenever possible. Into my store one day, the first time I noticed him, came in a very thin, and a very dirty man. His pants were Levis—terribly dirty and almost ready to fall off. He didn't have hardly any hips, he was so thin. He had lots of whiskers, partially grey, a torn, dirty shirt, and a suede jacket that was almost in shreds, with an old felt hat. And he could hardly speak English. He drove an old Model-A truck that had a wooden flat bed on the back; and on it he had a two hundred gallon water tank. I found out that he had to haul his water from town

up to his three- or four-acre farm up on the Indian reservation—he was a Mexican, but he was married to an Indian lady—because the windmill was broken. And he couldn't get any money from the bank to repair his windmill. So he had to come to town and haul water back and forth in order to irrigate the squash that he was trying to raise up there. The truth is, he was a wetback and even the immigration people knew it, but he was such a harmless fellow that nobody bothered him. His name was Jesus Lopez. He used to come into the store and all he would buy was maybe a loaf of bread, a couple of cans of Pet milk (which all the Mexican people bought), once in a while, Hills Brothers coffee, but he always came up to the check stand, and asked me for “two P.A.'s and a Baby Root” (it sounded like baby root—r-o-o-t). I had to get my butcher, who could speak Spanish; I could speak a little, but I had to get him to tell me what he wanted: he wanted two Prince Albert tobacco and a Baby Ruth candy bar. He never even bought a Baby Ruth candy bar for his wife; it was for him. I guess he shared the tobacco. I never paid much attention to him, other than he came through the check stand and I was always friendly, but we never talked much. He used to go back and talk to the butcher quite a bit, and one day the butcher told me that he was having a lot of trouble because on his ranch the squash was ready to be taken off, but his horse that he had to pull the sled to get the squash out of the field couldn't pull the sled because the sled would sink down into the sand so far that they couldn't get the squash out. He had hooked his wife to the thing too, in addition to the horse, and neither—neither the horse, or his wife together—could pull the sled out. And he was wondering if we had any ideas, and so I talked to him and said my father-in-law had a pickup truck and I'd come up and see him. So I went out and got

the truck and went up to his ranch, and sure enough, out in the middle of the field was this sled covered with, loaded down with squash, and he had the horse and his wife hooked up, and they couldn't get that sled to move at all. So I thought, "Well, this would be easy." And I just drove the pickup out there and unhooked the horse, and hooked the sled up to the pickup truck and put it in low and started to pull it, and all that happened was the wheels went right down into the sand. So I had to unhook the sled, and hook the horse to the pickup and pull the pickup out. And that we could do. So, then, I looked at it awhile and figured out the easiest thing to do was just take half the squash off the sled and let the horse pull it out, and we did that twice. And then he said to me, "What am I going to do with the squash?"

And I said, "Well, you're going to have to take it to town to sell it."

And he says, "I got no way to get it to town."

Well, I said, "Let's load it up in the pickup over here on the solid road and I'll take it down to my father-in-law he's going in with a load of watermelons—he can take this squash."

There wasn't a great deal of it, but there was a good truckload. So they did that. They would load the sled half full of squash and bring it out to the road and we'd load it into the pickup until we had a whole pickup load of squash. Then I told him to get in the truck with me and we'd go down and see my father-in-law, and make sure everything was okay. So we went down to my father-in-law's ranch. We unloaded the squash and happened to drop one of them, and inside it was all rotten. And my father-in-law picked up the squash and looked at it, and he picked up another one and cut it in half and it was rotten. And I turned to Jesus Lopez, and I say, "What are we going to do?"

He said, "It makes no difference, it wouldn't bring much money anyway."

But he had worked for six months for that squash and he had plowed it and hauled the water for it. So we finally loaded it back up on the pickup truck and took it back up to the ranch and he fed it to his horse. But you could see how sad he was on the inside. So I told him there was nothing we could do about that year's squash, but there was something I could do about next year's squash.

So I called up the Riverside College agriculture department and I asked them if they had any idea what was wrong. And they said, "No," but they'd send a guy out. So they sent a man out who tested the soil and they found that there was some kind of a bug that lived in that kind of soil that had a certain composition that would eat the roots off down underneath the ground—that when the squash got up to a certain place, just getting ready to ripen, that it would set up some kind of a mechanism that made the squash spoil. They said that it wouldn't do it for anything but squash, and if he would grow anything else on that land besides squash he wouldn't have any trouble. So from then on he tried strawberries with better success.

I was always frustrated because I wanted to buy him a new windmill and didn't feel that I had enough money to do it and I couldn't figure out why that bank wouldn't trust this man enough, but you know, a wetback Mexican—who cared? He thanked me for all of my hard work with great smiles, and even gave me one his roll-you-own cigarettes. And I'd forgotten about it. Every day he'd still come in and get two Prince Alberts and a Baby Ruth candy bar. But it got down towards December and starting around the first of December he started saying, "Pretty soon Chreestmas." And I'd say, "Yes, pretty soon Christmas." And he kept it up every time he came in, and he had a

twinkle in his eye, and he began to talk to me more, and he would tell me more. One time his wife needed some medicine and couldn't get it, and I called the welfare department up and got the medicine for her. We became very friendly, and his whole spirit towards me changed and his eyes would brighten when he came into the store. But he would always say, "Pretty soon Christmas."

One night it was Christmas Eve and I had had a busy day because everybody had come in to buy for Christmas and we were about an hour late in closing. I had all the change counted up and was ready to turn out the lights and lock the door when he came to the door. He wanted in and I didn't know whether to let him, I was so tired, but then I said, "This is Christmas Eve, come on in." So he came in and went up and down the aisles and picked up what he wanted and came to the check stand and he said he wanted "two P.A. and a Baby Ruth," and I gave them to him and I reached down underneath the counter and gave him the calendar that we were giving to everybody for Christmas, and I wished him a "Merry Christmas." He started for the door and all of a sudden stopped and reached into the bag and took out one of the cans of Prince Albert and came back, looked at me straight in the eye and handed it to me and just simply said, "Merry Chreestmas."

The town of Temecula was a dead town; it was really a small, sleepy, quiet, slow-paced town. It was very relaxing, in fact it was the first time in my whole life I'd ever relaxed. Living in a preacher's home was a very fast pace, and I had never realized what it was to just sit down and relax, and Temecula was a town that got to you—the place where you could do that. We had a nice home and we were one of the first families in the area to have television. The first television set was a seven-inch screen Motorola, with a special

antenna, and on a good night you could almost see the picture. We paid two hundred dollars for it.

I enjoyed that area. They built a big highway around it and the town became very alarmed because the primary business was tourism and to the restaurants. We supplied all the restaurants with meat and their groceries, and we were quite worried of what would happen if—with all the people going around town. So we put on a big celebration. The California Historical Society had put a plaque out on one of the homes at the Vail ranch commemorating a treaty between the army and the Indians of that area, so we had a celebration geared around that.

There are some interesting sidelights to that. The treaty was to give to the Indians so many sides of bacon, so many sacks of flour, and so many blankets; in return they would not be hostile to the army. And the Indians took the bacon and the flour and the blankets, and they went over the hill and found the bacon to be rancid, and the flour to be full of weevils and the blankets to be full of moth holes so they—I think, if my memory serves me, they didn't fight, they just went off into the hills and never had anything to do with white men any more.

On this celebration, I had seen on television—a newer one on which we got a better picture on—a comedian in southern California by the name of Jim Hawthorne, who had a late night show on channel 13. It was the beginning of what is today the Tonight Show on NBC. It was his idea in the first place. I watched him; he was very unorthodox, and I got some ideas for some jokes that were his style, and I sent them to him. And, lo and behold, two or three nights later he used them. So I kept sending them to him, and pretty soon I was writing about a third of the show from Temecula, by mail. And I invited him

and his wife one time out to Temecula for a weekend to get away from Los Angeles and to relax. And he accepted and they came, and we had an enjoyable time. I never got paid for any of the jokes but we got a lot of publicity for Temecula, because he used to ask the question on the show: "Where's Temecula?" So, one time I sent him a cigar box full of dirt, and he opened it up, and it said inside the top of the box, "This is part of Temecula." And when we had our big celebration, he came out, and was the grand master of the parade that went up and down the main street of Temecula. We had about ten thousand people there that day.

From that, we had a community organization formed. We were going to see what were the possibilities of a sewer plant and some improvement for that little town. We had a big potluck dinner and an election, and I got elected chairman of the unincorporated council, and I guess unofficial mayor of the city of Temecula. It eventually worked into a Civil Defense organization, because that was going on at the same time, and I was the Civil Defense chief for that whole area.

It was about this time that a friend—a young man—moved into the area from New York who was a very interesting, very bright, intelligent young man, lived up in the mountains, had a business but, at the time, I didn't know what it was. He seemed to be fairly affluent. We became friends, and he used to come over to the house and we would talk. There weren't many people in that town who had been to college or knew anything of philosophy, and this young man did, and we became very close friends. It worked out that he had a mail order business that he operated from his home. And what he tried to do was to sell patents for people. He used to advertise in *Popular Mechanics* and *Mechanics Illustrated*. He also mechanized his business, one of the first men in business to ever use these tape

typewriters; they would put paragraphs on tape and he'd press certain buttons and the typewriter would type out a letter, and he reduced his overhead this way. He was a very bright young fellow. He had some big ideas and I guess I got one of the big ideas that he had.

There was a product advertised in the paper called "Spray-a-Shine." It was a new kind of shoe polish that you sprayed on. I wrote to the company and asked them what they were doing with it in California and the West, and they said they hadn't—all they had been doing was selling it at fairs and carnivals. So I saw the potential of it. This was about the time that Harold Schaffer of the Glass Wax Company had become a millionaire with selling Glass Wax with large ads in the newspaper, and I figured well, if he could do it why couldn't I? So my friend said he'd loan me some money.

I got on the plane and went back to Chicago and talked with the producers of Spray-a-Shine. I eventually got a contract from them for the eleven western states for the product, and came back and put it into all of the supermarkets in San Bernardino, California, for a trial, and got an advertising firm I knew in Los Angeles to draw me some full-page ads. And we sold eight cases of that Spray-a-Shine off the shelves of the supermarket in a forty-eight hour period in San Bernardino. So we were convinced we had a winner.

The only trouble was, the stuff wasn't any good. In the East with the humid air it didn't bother the leather, but in the West in the dry, dry air of southern California it had a tendency to crack leather, if you didn't handle it right. Most people wouldn't read the instructions and we had some problems.

So I tried to get the company to improve it. They didn't know what to do, so I called up

Harold Schaffer of Glass Wax, asked him if he was interested with knowing what I knew, how the stuff would sell—it was a dollar and a half a can, which is a lot of money for shoe polish, and it would sell that fast. So he said he was going to be in Los Angeles in a week so why didn't I come in and talk to him? I went in and talked to him, and he said he was interested and he took it, took it to his labs. And they worked and worked and worked on it but never could figure out how to improve it.

I eventually ended up selling what I had with new labels on it called "Spray-a-cast." It was a way of waterproofing a cast put on broken arms and broken legs so that if you got caught in a rainstorm your cast wouldn't peel away. That was a failure. I got so involved in that, my father-in-law thought that I ought to devote full time to it, so he came down and ran the store while I was doing this. When it looked like that it wasn't going to work at all, I came back to the store, and he went back on his retirement vacation.

But I think that set up some different rhythms of life and whole new vistas. I had never flown across country and never met some top people or anything like this, and that coupled with another incident that I'll now tell you, probably led to my going back to school.

I had two very interesting customers in the store. One was Erie Stanley Gardner, who writes the Perry Mason stories, and the other one was a man by the name of Mr. Everett Lee, who was the head of one of the southern California cults called the Olympian Society. One time I went out and talked to Erie Stanley Gardner about the future of a young man. My father had since moved to Massachusetts and had a church in Reading, Massachusetts, and I didn't have close contact with him, and in needing someone to talk to, I went out and talked to Erie Stanley Gardner, about, you know, what does a young man do? And he said

that he had watched me and he had thought that I was a rather talented young man to do what I had done in that grocery store, but he thought I was an unhappy young man because he didn't think I was doing what I was capable of doing. He suggested either writing for television or to try to find out what I really wanted to do.

I told my father-in-law about this, and he came down and said, "If you think in that way, I better run that store, and you better go and find out what it is you want to do. So I went down to San Diego and walked into an advertising agency with a tape-recorder under my arm and a tape that I had made of a show—radio show. I played it for them, and they liked it. They said, "You go out and sell this much advertising for it, and we'll put you on the air." I guess they didn't think I would, but I did. It was on for nine days, and it came time for payday, and when they gave me my check it was only about a third of what I thought they had promised and there was a big misunderstanding, or intentional misunderstanding—I'm not going to say. But anyway, I decided I could no longer work with them.

I went back up to Temecula, and I went into the advertising agency that I had engaged to make the big ads for—the "Spray-a-Shine" business—and talked to the man who was the head of that, Ross Sawyer, who became a very good friend. His agency handled the Challenge butter account for southern California, and I gave him a new slogan, "Nothing has come up to Challenge butter." On the basis of that, he offered me a junior partnership in the company.

Now, at the same time all of this had been going, this Mr. Lee had been coming into the store, and began to talk to me about his cult. He gave me a book to read that he had written on Egyptian theology, which tended to

challenge the historical person of Jesus Christ, and got me to thinking. In those ninety days, I read the New Testament. So I came back from Pasadena, where Ross Sawyer's agency was, to discuss with my wife the possibility of moving there and getting into the advertising business. The more we talked, the more we felt that maybe God was telling us to get back and do what we originally planned to do in the first place, and that was to be a minister, which kind of got lost in the shuffle after the Navy and after getting married and going into business. And we decided that that's what we would do.

We didn't have any money. We had one old car. An Indian friend of mine, Frank Gulch, came over one night and he said, "Clyde, you've been worried. What's the matter?"

And I said, "Well, I'm trying to make up my mind what I'm going to do."

And he said, "What are you going to do?"

And I said, "I was thinking of going back to college."

"Oh," he said, "that's good idea. Where you going to go?"

And I said, "San Jose."

And he says, "Going to need your car?"

I said, "Well, I don't know."

He said, "Well, how are you going to get up there?"

I said, "I don't know that either, 'cause I don't have any money."

"Well," he says, "I'll give—what do you want for the car?"

"Well," I said, "I don't want to sell it right now."

And he says, "No, I don't mean that." He says, "How much would you take for the car if I gave you the money now and you gave the car when you went to college?"

So I told him two hundred dollars. And he peeled out two hundred dollars and gave it to me, and I got on the bus and went up to San Jose to find out about going to college.

THE COLLEGE YEARS

I checked around, and it had been quite a while since I had gone to college, but they would accept my credits from Redlands, and they would admit me on a probationary basis, because of being away from school for so long. I went and checked with some of the friends in the Grace Baptist Church and they said that they would help some. The minister at that time was not there. My father had been well known in San Jose. It did help some in getting into San Jose College.

So we came back, and we had a big auction at our house and we sold everything that we had—washing machine, stove, all kinds of things except the clothes, that we needed. And I gave my Indian friend the car and I got another friend to take us into Los Angeles in his pickup truck. We unloaded the boxes of clothes from the pickup truck onto the dock of my Navy friend, Ralph Wooley, who is the president of the Western Transportation Company; they transported our boxes of household goods and clothing to San Jose. We went down and got on the train and went up. And, lo and behold,

when we got there with everything, when we got off the train, we had fifty dollars.

I called up some people about where we were going to stay and I guess we arrived at the wrong time, because they were gone. So we went down and rented a very cheap motel for two or three days. And we finally found an apartment in a church member's house for forty-six dollars a month. We didn't have the first month's rent, so we went down and hocked Fern's engagement ring for fifty dollars and paid forty-six dollars rent and moved in. Some friends gave us some furniture. I started school, and didn't have any job. I got a job working nights in a window decorating service of one of the members of the church. It was a pretty touch and go thing, because he'd pay me in the morning when we got through, and I'd buy enough groceries for that day and go back to work that night. And sometimes I used to have to borrow a couple of dollars here and there, and buy food and pay rent. I always paid it back within forty-eight hours, because I didn't want to get in the hole.

I want to clear up the question as to my lung disease here. When I enrolled at San Jose State, we had to take a physical and it included X-rays. I was called in by the health nurse later who asked, "Where did you ever get that beautiful case of hystoplasmosis?" I asked her what that was. She told me that during the war they finally diagnosed this disease and found it peculiar to the Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Ohio, Kentucky area and it came from poultry or bats. So I told her my story and she said of course, but that I had the most beautiful case she had ever seen. This was later confirmed by Dr. Albert Rowe in Oakland when I had a physical in 1955, prior to coming to Reno.

In the first semester that I was at San Jose State College, I had a B-plus average, so they took me off of probation. Then I found out that veterans had a thousand-dollar scholarship from the state, and I applied for that and got it. It paid \$250 per year for four years. At that time at San Jose State College, the total fees for one quarter—they were on a quarter system—were only twenty-seven dollars. It only cost twenty-seven dollars a quarter to go to college. I majored in philosophy and took a minor in psychology, and in the time that I was there I finished up with sixty units of philosophy and eighteen units of psychology, with better than a B-average—in the last semester I had an A-average—maybe an A-minus. In fact, I had to take one semester off and work full-time in the rug department of Hale's department store in order to get caught up. We eventually moved out to one of the housing projects in San Jose to get cheaper rent. It was during this time that our third child, John, was born in March of 1953.

Probably the greatest influence in my life was my philosophy professor at San Jose State, Dr. Arturo Fallico; who was from Italy. He'd come to this country quite a few years

ago—he had escaped Mussolini, who tried to kill him for his agitation for freedom in Italy. He studied under a great philosopher Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo and Henri Bergson, and was a personal friend of Camus. He came to this country, couldn't speak English, but after a few years was a professor of philosophy at Roosevelt College in Chicago, and was the first professor to introduce existentialism to California. He was one of the most popular teachers in San Jose State—and still is—and in his evening contemporary philosophy course, they had to close the enrollment at 350, because they had over a thousand kids each semester who wanted to take the course. He was a master teacher. He was an expert in the philosophy of history, in oriental philosophy, in existentialism, personalism and esthetics. I took every course he's ever taught, and when I was through, he said to me that in all of his years of teaching he had probably six students that he felt were real students, and I was one of them. And I never got less than an A out of any of the courses that he taught. We are still personal friends and visit once or twice a year. The most memorable course that I took from him was a contemporary theology course—philosophy course, which was really a theology course, because it was on the book, *The Courage to Be*, by Paul Tillich. I went from San Jose State to the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School with that background and they weren't even teaching that book yet at the divinity school.

In addition to the time at San Jose State College, two or three things I think I should talk about. Dr. Fallico's method of teaching was the *symposium method*. Almost all of the courses that we had that weren't extremely large in attendance, were done in a circle. His main method was primarily the analogy—allegoric personal experience type of lecture, in which he would relate actual happenings

of life to the principles that he was trying to teach. As I have stated, he was a master teacher.

One of the most satisfying experiences of college life was that I was chosen to be in charge of a particular part of the Religious Emphasis Week for the year 1953. One of the sections of Religious Emphasis Week was the "Religion in the Arts" portion of the program. This was a college-wide program and I was the chairman of the committee for "Religion in the Arts." What we did was to put on a program in the Grace Baptist Church that included a dramatic reading of the Sermon on the Mount, singing by a Jewish cantor, music provided by a Buddhist choir and dramatic readings of religious type—prose—by some of the drama students of the University. My role was as the master of ceremonies and I felt rather pleased with the emphasis that came out of the program, showing the similarities between the three major religious thrusts. It wasn't easy to get the Board of Deacons of the Grace Baptist Church to allow this program, but once it was held it was felt worthwhile by all who attended, including the deacons.

In the summer of 1953, I graduated from college and spent most of the summer working in a prune orchard in the gathering of prunes, and remember vividly the fact that in the middle of the sunnier all of the family came down with the measles, including me. It was the most uncomfortable, unpleasant week I think our family ever spent; we all had the measles.

When it came time to go to Berkeley, I was in no different shape than I had been when I started to college; we did not have any money. We had lived on an average of \$125 per month for two and one-half years. One of my father's old friends from the Grace Baptist Church had told me that he wanted to talk to me. So I went over and saw him, and he said he had

watched me go through college and had never really done anything to help. He now knew I was going to seminary and wondered if I could use some help. And I said I certainly could; I didn't have enough money to move.

He said, "Well, I have helped some people with—you know—\$500, \$750."

I unthinkingly said, "Well, all I need is \$150 to move on." And that's what he gave me. I think that he would have gone 500 or 750, which we could have well used. For some reason, I was conservative in the request, but it was that money that helped us with the moving expenses and the first month's rent in Oakland, California, where we lived when I went to school.

In the summer of 1953, I also was licensed as a preacher by the Grace Baptist Church prior to going to school. My father came out from Massachusetts to participate in that service; he was out here for the summer and it was all coordinated around the time he was going to be here.

I enrolled in the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School in the fall of 1953 and took the normal courses from school. I found the school both pleasing and disappointing—pleasing in the spirit of it, pleasing in much of the teaching of it, but disappointed in the fact that some of the things that I had already had in college were beyond the level of the beginning at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. My college professor who had taught the course on Paul Tillich was actually ahead of Berkeley Baptist Divinity School at that time, because they were not teaching him as a contemporary theologian.

Quite frankly, it was more difficult for me to function in the rigid climate of Berkeley than it was in the permissive climate of the San Jose State College experience. Part of the reason for that was a tremendous conflict that developed between the pastor of the Grace

Baptist Church in San Jose and myself while I attended San Jose State College.

Reverend Henry Croes was a man that I had known from Fresno. He used to be my Sunday school teacher, a very vigorous, strong young man who came from an unhappy home, and who I later learned was terribly jealous of me with my father because he thought that I had had everything and he had had nothing, and he was also very much a great admirer of my father. After he graduated from Berkeley Divinity School, he became my father's minister of religious education at the Grace Baptist Church in San Jose while I was attending—while I was in the Navy at Redlands. For some unknown reason, he had worked to undermine my father in the Grace Baptist Church, and when my father left and went to the Reading, Massachusetts, church, he became the pastor. He was a man of extraordinary talent, ability, and drive, a man of deep insecurity, given to certain insensitivities in working with people, and yet a very capable man who built a very strong church. For some reason he blocked almost everything that I tried to do in San Jose, including a scholarship offered by the church to me while I was there. He seemed to take it as his own personal duty to make it as tough as possible for me to get through. He considered himself an expert counselor and great psychologist, and has left a trail of many broken people that he has dealt with. His recommendation for me to Berkeley was not of the best, and some of the problems that I encountered at the divinity school were a result of this.

My background in theology and education had been more of the modern school, where creativity, individual thought, was valued. There were certain professors at school who were very rigid in their systems and demanded a great deal of conformity.

However, at Berkeley, the outstanding professor that they had was Dr. John W. Bailey, one of outstanding, world recognized authorities on the *The Book of Hebrews*. He has two doctor's degrees from the University of Chicago, was at one time the president of the Colorado Women's State Teachers College, was one of my father's favorite professors, and one of the saintliest, brightest, wisest men I've ever known. I was always amused that I got A's from Dr. Bailey and less than A's from other professors. Dr. Bailey's attitudes and systems were much more consistent with the way in which I had been educated and brought up.

At the time that I went to the school, it was going through a tremendous upheaval. The president was getting on in years and was ready to retire; the faculty was in revolt, and it was loaded with foreign professors, having one from Scotland, two from New Zealand, and one from Norway.

I also attended with a group of young men just out of the war who were known as the "rebel class" and we were a great challenge to the school, not taking the old-time clichés or the old-time solutions to modern-day problems. This group of students were really rebels. One young man, Bill Elliott, who had been the president of the student body of Ottawa University, was elected the president of the freshman class. The first day that he was before the student body and in the presence of the president, he got up and said that if you wanted to make it in school, go out and raise fifty thousand dollars for the school and always do what the president said. And this young man, who was the most brilliant student I had ever seen, was flunked out of school. They caught him drinking a bottle of beer at a corner bar—they didn't know at the time he was counseling some college student who was thinking of committing suicide. They made life miserable for him until he

transferred to the University of Chicago, from which he graduated *summa cum laude*, and now teaches in the University of Japan, in Tokyo, under the auspices of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. We also demanded sociability with the professors to the point where they allowed us to have a kind of a party at which we put on some skits. The president's picture had always hung prominently in the library, and I can remember that the skit included a scene in the library in which the president's picture hung on the wall and the frame was a toilet seat, and when somebody came in and uttered an oath, the librarian fainted and the picture fell off the wall. Students don't change much, I think, down through the years, and it was no exception at Berkeley.

I was active in fighting for a new kind of seminary, very vocal about it, consistent about it. It is interesting to note that the seminary today is being reorganized along the kind of lines we were advocating in those days. Few of the professors that used to be there are still there. In fact, the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School gave the American Baptist Home Mission Society a psychological analysis of me that was later found by the Home Mission Society psychiatrist to be 180 degrees off, confirming the Home Mission Society's belief both in me and disbelief in the credibility of the school, and is one of the reasons why the school is changed completely. I don't think I want to go much further than that. I will say that Berkeley did provide a very warm fellowship, a very good spirit. In spite of differences, it provided a real good climate for growth, for strengthening of convictions, and of getting to know each other.

In retrospect, when I think of my experience at Berkeley and analysis of it, I know I was at war with most of the school. But I also knew I could never win that war

with a direct confrontation. Rather, in my accomplishment after Berkeley, I would have to make my point. The main issue was the pessimism of the school. If I had followed their "resignation to fate" theology, the Indian Colony today would be just like it was in 1955. You see I measure success in small degrees and thank God for progress. I do not submit to the impossible when the possibility of some progress is always present. I also objected to the emphasis upon the hierarchy of service. They thought, and Dr. Robert Hannen even said it in a school convocation, that serving Indians was a minor charge. My point was and I made it well in a speech at Eastern Seminary one time, that it doesn't make any difference what your field of service is, if you are doing the will of God, all kingdom tasks are tough. I also objected to the great emphasis upon precision in everything except compassion which to me is the highest value of all. I remember a couple of times when I was at the school, of picking up drunks off of bus stop benches on the way home from school, finding out where they lived and taking them home. To me that was far more important than conforming to the party line.

One of the great problems we encountered going to school was the fact that we lived in Oakland in a housing project—rent of thirty-eight dollars a month—and I had to drive thirteen miles to school, which made a twenty-six mile round trip each day in an old 1938 Chevrolet that my father-in-law provided for us. I was busy most of the time, and we had very little time for relaxation and social life. The pace at a graduate school is very, very difficult. I worked primarily in two jobs while I was going to school. In fact, I worked forty hours a week the whole time that I went to divinity school while I carried a full load of credits; part of the time in the kitchen of the refectory and part of the time as

a part-time stockman in the Western Novelty and Toy Company in Oakland, packing boxes.

We chose the Bancroft Avenue Baptist Church in San Leandro as our church, and I became the associate minister of that church and taught the young adult Bible class, assisted with prayer meeting and with morning and even worship services, and the last year that I was at Berkeley I was their full-time custodian, which became one of the part-time jobs that we had. Our average income for the two years at Berkeley was \$175 a month and our family had increased to five, with the birth of John in 1953.

In the summer of 1954, right after school was out, the Bancroft Avenue Baptist Church was in the process of building a new sanctuary, and through the help of the minister I obtained a job as a laborer with the contractor in building the church. It was my job to carry the cement for pouring the foundation in a wheelbarrow. It was a hard, tough work, which we enjoyed because the money was so much better than anything we had had. But that job only lasted about three weeks after the foundation was poured, and when I knew that it wouldn't last too long, I went back over to Berkeley and talked to one of the professors and asked them if they knew of any summer jobs.

The morning just before I got there, they had just gotten a wire from the Home Mission Society, wanting to know if there was anyone that could do some relief work over at the Indian Colony in Reno. They told me about it and I said I'd go home and talk to my wife, and I did. I called him back and I asked him how much it paid, and they said, "Two hundred dollars a month for two months." I asked about transportation, and they said there was twenty-five dollars, that there was a house provided, but we would have to pay for the utilities and all of our food and everything

else. But we did it. We closed down our house and loaded the kids and what few clothes and utensils that we thought we needed and headed for Reno.

The missionary had had a rather trying time in two and a half years in the colony and felt that he needed ninety days off, so they authorized him to take it and engaged us for sixty of those ninety days. We lived in the middle of the Colony in a stone house, across from the church and center, and found it unlike anything that we had ever experienced in our whole lives. Our impression of the Colony was one of complete disorganization, complete despair. The pessimism was universal, hostility excessive. But we attempted to have some kind of program for the summer.

The first Sunday I was there was the Fourth of July weekend. We announced church and we were the only ones who were there, because everybody was at the rodeo. So the next week we went around in the community and tried to talk to some people, and we planned a potluck dinner for the next Sunday. We had church and afterwards a potluck dinner, and we had an attendance of thirty-five people. The church people were all back. We enjoyed the summer very much with having church every Sunday. One picnic was planned for everybody to get out to, and we did some recreational work with the baseball team. We had the beginnings of a boy's club and a girl's club by piling the kids in the car and taking off to places like Crystal Park out in Verdi and up at Joy Lake, behind Franktown.

I also attended summer camp at Camp Chinquapin with the Nevada Sierra Baptist Convention high school camp, and that is one of the most enjoyable ten days I had spent in five years. It was a chance to get out in the open with some very sharp, open, college kids. I can still remember vividly sitting around the table

under a tent—Camp Chinquapin, everything was out in the open—and everybody laughing so hard at the dinner table we hardly could eat. I took one of the Indian young men from the colony with me to that camp—and he was the first one who had ever attended—and he lasted three days before he said he just had to go home because he couldn't stand the tension of being—living—with white people.

Camp Chinquapin is located on the western side of Sonora Pass near Strawberry Lake, and I promised him I'd take him home, leaving at ten o'clock on a Wednesday morning. He didn't believe me, because he started walking at nine o'clock. So I got in the car at ten and picked him up, and we came up over Sonora Pass. I remember that we got to the top of the pass and saw a car parked at the side of the road and people in it, and I noticed that they looked like something was wrong, so I stopped and went back and asked them what was the problem. They were all as pale as a ghost. I had noticed that their license plate was from Kansas and I guess they weren't used to mountain roads. Their brakes had gotten hot and they were in a state of sheer panic at the top of this winding mountain road, and didn't know what to do. So we put some water on their brakes, cooled them down, and I let the young Indian friend of mine drive my car, and I got in and drove their car down the mountain—back down towards Strawberry Lake and when we got to the bottom, they all got out and started singing hymns and shouting—they were Pentecostal people and felt we were the answer to their prayers. They gave us twelve dollars, which I didn't want to take but which they insisted I take, and so I gave six of it to my Indian friend. He still talks about that to this day because he said it was the first white man that gave him, or shared, any of the loot.

We got back in our car and drove over the mountain and got as far as Gardnerville

and he told me to stop. He said, "You don't have to go any further to Reno, I'll go home from here."

And I said, "No, I'll take you all the way."

And he said, "No, I don't want you to." And he wouldn't let me do it, and he got out and I turned around and went back to camp, and later learned that he walked all the way to Reno from Gardnerville.

I think that in those two months it was the beginning of establishment of some relationships with the Indian people that were later to bear significant progress in that colony.

We returned to school in September of 1954. It was during this whole second year that some special things happened that kind of shaped things to come. The missionary at the Reno-Sparks Colony returned to the colony for a short time. His wife was Chinese, which was one of the problems of working with the people of the colony. She felt very much as an outsider. He had applied to the Foreign Mission Society for service overseas and had been accepted to serve in Rangoon, Burma, and in February of 1955, he left the colony. He and his wife went to language school and then later on to Rangoon, Burma, to head the Christian center there. The Home Mission Society brought up to the Reno Colony a woman who had been stationed in Kings Canyon, in Arizona, by the name of June Taylor. She was an interim director until May of 1955.

In April of 1955, I was approached by the dean of the school to ask me if I would like to go back again to Reno for the whole summer, and I said I would. And he said, "In that case, would you like to stay there permanently?"

"Well, I don't know."

And he said, "Well, the Home Mission Society doesn't know whether they want you either, but there is the possibility. Now, you've

only finished two years of divinity school, and you have a year to go, but,” he said, “I’ve been talking to the faculty about it; you are older than most of the students, you have had more experience than some of the students, and maybe it would be better, instead of getting a bachelor of divinity degree, for you to get a master’s degree.” He said, “If you did go over there—you need four more units, and a thesis for a master’s degree, and if you stayed, you could take the four units by correspondence and then get some time off and come over and finish the master’s degree, the thesis, later.”

Before I talk about going to Reno, I should state that I did return to Berkeley for one semester in 1959, instead of taking a correspondence course, finishing the four units that were required, and after having some success in Reno, operating in a different climate at Berkeley, even with some of the old professors, did very well in that semester. I had to make sixteen round trips to Berkeley from Reno, going over on a Sunday night and coming back on a Tuesday night at my own expense, also spending about forty-five days in residence and writing my thesis, the title of which was “St. Paul’s Concept of the Brotherhood of Man.” This is a unique thesis, no one has ever written on it before, there are no books on it, and it had to be worked up from the grassroots. In April of 1960, I received my master’s degree in New Testament theology from the divinity school. This is a unique degree. I don’t know if they have ever given another one, and it is an academic degree, recognized as such.

MINISTRY AT THE RENO-SPARKS INDIAN COLONY

So we went to Reno, and arrived on the first Sunday of May, 1955, with the idea of staying for the summer and the possibility of staying permanently—a possibility that became an actuality. We did many of the same things that we had done the summer before—beginning to get some kind of program and some kind of social life started for the people. Miss Taylor stayed as the director of girl's work. She had already made some inquiries to the United Fund, which at that time was the Community Chest, and also with the Fleischmann Foundation—something that we had picked up—and made a proposal to the Fleischmann Foundation, and application to the Community Chest for admittance. We were granted fifteen hundred dollars by Fleischmann to get our buildings in shape and some equipment to begin a pre-school program, and we were admitted to the United Fund with an allocation of twenty-one hundred and sixty dollars, to begin in January of 1956.

The Colony Christian Center was really an outgrowth of a dream of Reverend George

Smart, who was the missionary at Stewart, Nevada; for twelve years prior to 1954. The American Baptist Home Mission Society had done religious work in the Reno Colony from the Colony's beginning, and had had the Colony Baptist Church building on its present site, I think, as far back as 1927.

One of the earliest missionaries was Reverend John Scott who lived over on Watt Street in Reno, and who was very much loved by the Indian people. He was a very friendly man, enjoyed singing, used to get the groups together for singing, had an old car and used to take people all over every place in it. But for some reason, he became disenchanted with his wife and ran off with one of the Indian ladies and created a climate that made it very difficult for all missionaries who came after him. One of my rules, as long as I was there, was that I never entered an Indian home unless the man of the house was also there. I used to always stand outside and talk to the ladies if necessary.

But after Reverend Scott, Reverend Smart came at Stewart, and most of the work

in the Colony was carried on by Reverend Smart and some of the women missionaries from Stewart, primarily on a one-day-a-week basis. It was primarily geared to a Sunday school—religious education type of a program. However, he dreamed of building a Christian center in the Colony and began negotiations with the Home Mission Society, whose headquarters were then in New York.

The Center was built in 1951 at a cost of \$28,000—quite a bit over an estimate of \$17,000, and never really completed. None of the painting was ever done; none of the finish work was ever done. And it was built with quite a bit of voluntary help from the Indian people. The Center itself was built by the contractor, Sid King, and was a remodeling of the old church building plus the building of additional new buildings. It might be of interest to know that that present building is about to be demolished, and within a month or so, a new building to be built. The old building was designed both in Nevada and in New York, and never was adequate for the type of program that we tried to carry on.

Another man quite interested in the building of the Center was Brewster Adams, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and there are pictures available in the local newspaper [files] of ground breaking day with Brewster Adams, and George Smart, and one of the Indians named Willie Astor, turning the first shovels of dirt for the construction of the Colony Christian Center. I think it was April 1, 1951.

The Center, in the beginning, was administered by a board made up primarily of white people with a few Indians. After I had been there twelve years, it was made up primarily of Indian people, with a few white people.

Concerning the getting started in the Reno Colony, we resumed our living in the

rock house across from the church. Our house was rocked every night for six solid months. My wife has had the experience of going to the door, finding it knocked upon, only to be met with a hose full of water. My children have had the experience of being beaten up after I had disciplined some of the Indian children in the program, and I have been cussed at, and even had a dead bird thrown at me one time, to see what my reaction would be. We became aware that this was a testing process that goes on in the Colony, and I guess that we survived it—passed the test—because at the end of six months it all stopped immediately.

I can remember the first time I walked down the Reservation Road to pass out the bulletins for the Sunday service, that the people sicked their dogs on me, and I was bitten, and I could hear oaths and cussing from all around. However, after about five years, all of that stopped. The Reno-Sparks Colony people were so full of hatred, generally speaking so disorganized, and so without any hope whatsoever, that in many ways it was a colony of hell, and I have so described it. To be sure, there were bright spots that we tried to take ahold of and expand.

In order to clarify the staying in Reno—August of 1955, Miss Dorothy Bucklin, who was the administrator of Indian fields for the American Baptist Home Mission Society came to Reno. We sat around and talked for a day, and she asked me if I'd like to stay because she had gone around and asked all the Indian people if they'd like to have me. This was new, because usually they had just sent people, but before they did that this time, they decided to consult with the Indians. I just couldn't think of anything else I'd rather do than to stay there. I could see what needed to be done and I had come to like the people so well that I just was afraid that she was going to say that I had to leave. We did stay.

Our first salary was \$3,000 and \$600 car allowance. They provided my first car, which was a 1955 Chevrolet station wagon, eventually proved to be a lemon. I had to sell it, and I was responsible for my cars from then on. They provided the house, which they rented from the Bureau of Indian Affairs for \$27.50 a month. We had to pay our utilities, which the first year were \$500. My wife and I went in the hole—in debt \$400 the first year we were there, and \$400 the second year we were there, and it wasn't until the third year we were there that we got raised to \$3,400 a year. By the time that we left the Colony in January of 1967, my salary for 1966 was \$5,600 a year, plus a different house, with a \$1,500 a year car allowance, but I had to provide the Center bus as well as my own car. This included all the gas, oil, insurance, repairs, tires, everything, total cost of which—for income tax purposes—always exceeded \$2,200, so we actually went in the hole on the car.

My salary was raised to \$6,400 a year for 1967, but I left in January, and they did hire the new man, who came in July, at my ending salary of \$6,400 a year. In the twelve years that we lived in the Colony, my wife and I contributed \$10,000, at least, into the program, either through payment out of pocket for excessive auto expenses or incidental expenses here or there, in addition to our contribution to the church, which averaged \$600 a year. I'm still, at this time, trying to pay off some of the \$10,000 that I put into that Colony. The budget was always set at a certain figure, but we always failed to meet it by about a thousand for one reason or another, either not enough from the United Fund or not enough from the Home Mission Society or the State Convention, but primarily not enough from our fund-raising project that we always had scheduled in the fall but never seemed to come off. One time we had signed

up Mitch Miller to put on a special concert in the Coliseum for the benefit of the Center, and the day before we signed the contract, the Sparks Nugget hired him away from us. We had a series of things like that that happened, and as a result of it, it seemed like Mathews always had to pick up the deficit.

When we arrived on the scene, we discovered that the church which had been remodeled in 1951, did not have any paint inside or out. They had put a little coloring in the plaster they put on the outside, but all the inside was a bare, tan brick—a very unattractive building. So one of the first strategies that I used in order to get some kind of group cohesion was to make the painting of the church a project of the people of the Colony. We took some of the money from Fleischmann and we painted the church and Center inside and out, using the labor of the Indian people and myself. And it became a rather attractive building; in fact, it stood out in the community as the best-looking building in the Colony.

We also wanted to put up a fence and build a playground. We had about \$550 that we could spend on a fence of the fifteen hundred from Fleischmann, and we needed twelve hundred dollars, with the lowest bid that we had from the Tholl Fence Company. We had a list of people who had been interested in the Center from all over the United States and in Reno, so I devised a postcard, first of all suggesting that people might like to buy a length of pipe—we needed a hundred lengths of pipe that cost \$5.50 per length—and we sent out about three hundred postcards with a deadline of the first of October, and then we wanted to start building the fence. On the last day of September we had exactly \$550 returned in that fence project. Paul Tholl not only gave us the low bid, he gave us the help of two experienced people in erecting

the fence. And the Indian people and these workers from Thou put up the fence in one day. In addition, the Isbell Construction Company did about \$750 worth of clearing of the lot right next to the Center. In fact, they broke one of their big bulldozer-scrapers hitting boulders that weighed over two tons in that area, but they did level it for us; and George Miller hauled numerous loads of decomposed granite; and the Washoe County road department, unofficially, leveled and graded it for us.

There was an old swing set left there from the Washoe County school district and they deeded it over to us and let us use it in the playground. The Elks Club donated six hundred dollars' worth of very good playground equipment—merry-go-round, slides and a jungle gym. So we had a very good playground that has averaged fifty to sixty children a day using it for the past twelve solid years that I know of.

With reference to the people who helped with the building of the playground, Mr. Tholl was a member of the Emanuel First Baptist Church of Sparks, and in putting out the bids—we had two—one from Reliable Fence and one from Paul Tholl. Paul Tholl's was the lesser, and I went to him and, you know, just frankly appealed to him as a minister for some help in erecting it. He was extremely cooperative, and expressed real interest that something finally was going to be done at the Rend-Sparks Colony.

Mr. Isbell, whose plant was adjacent to the Colony—I got to know him through his wife, Mabel, and I got to know her through the principal of the Orvis Ring School, Grace Warner, in what was known as the Quota Club that Miss Warner belonged to and so did Mrs. Isbell. I finally went to C. V. Isbell one day and told him what the problem was, and he turned me over to Mr. Don Duke, and Mr. Duke who

was his foreman, made the arrangements. I think they had two motives; they felt keenly about the problem because they lived next door to it, and they felt that if they could provide some wholesome recreation for the young people there would be less vandalism in their own yards.

Mr. Miller helped us through the assistance of William T. Daniel, the supervisor for the Washoe County road department. I'd seen them out grading up and down the road, and asked him if he could come and help, and he said, "Sure."

I said, "I need decomposed...."

He said, "I'll get it," and he got the decomposed granite from George Miller, and they used a spreader.

I also should say that Mr. Isbell had each year graded off the open space behind the colony for the baseball field. It would grow up with sagebrush, and each year they'd send over their grader for an afternoon and grade it off. So they had done some things in that area before helping us.

Our beginning program in the church was Sunday school and church, and vacation Bible school in the summertime. Our beginning Center program was a pre-school, a grammar school girl's club, a grammar school boy's club, a junior high and high school girl's club, and a junior high and high school boy's club, a women's club, baseball team and a basketball team. The first year we were in operation, our total attendance at all activities was eight thousand. In 1966, this program had grown to twenty-six different groups, breaking all the boy's and girl's clubs down into small units, including the kindergarten club, and then each group broke into two grades at a time, like the first and second grade boys, and the first and second grade girls, third and fourth, fifth and sixth, and so forth. We also had a young adults club, Boy Scouts, Girls Scouts,

numerous activities that totaled up to twenty-six groups, and the total attendance for 1967 exceeded seventy thousand.

Down through the years the budget from the United Fund had increased from twenty-one hundred and forty to a high of ten thousand dollars. The total budget had increased from eight thousand dollars to about twenty-five thousand dollars. Some of the over-all results of this activity were that we reduced the delinquency rate from being one of the highest in the county to one of the lowest, and we reduced the ADC rate some seventy-five percent by a method I will discuss in a few moments. We had had no college graduates or anyone who had ever attended college in 1955, and by 1966, there was a Ph.D., a master's, three B.A.'s, and five junior college graduates, as well as numerous young people who had been to trade school beyond high school. The drop-out rate in 1955 was seventy-five percent of all of those who had reached the tenth grade, and by 1966 this rate had dropped to less than three percent.

Before going any farther, I think I should amplify some of my impressions of some of the physical aspects of the Colony. The Colony is located a block and a half east of Kietzke Lane, and runs from the north side of Second Street clear to Mill Street. It is divided into a natural "T." There is about eight acres of ground that lies between Second Street and Mill. That long section is divided by Reservation Road, and the top section is served by what is called Colony Road. The Colony Christian Center sits in the center of the "T" and is visible from Mill Street up through Reservation Road.

In 1955, there were about 375 people there, about ninety families living in about eighty shacks. At that time, there was only one house trailer that I know of and that belonged to Bill and Marlene Coffey. None

of the houses had any paint. Most of them were of the old pioneer, frontier shack type. There was electricity, and the Colony was served by a water system built in 1923, with a central well, which we later discovered to be contaminated, which was causing all kinds of gastro-intestinal illness. In the twelve years I was there, I don't think I had over a dozen funerals of people who died in that Colony, and at least seven or eight of them must have been infants. In the last three years, the infant morality rate had decreased to where I think I might have had one infant funeral in the last three years, which was caused by a violent virus, of a two-year-old boy who just suddenly died one night.

I think it was in 1957 that the pump on the water system froze. The Indians didn't have a thousand dollars to buy a new one. The Bureau wouldn't do anything about it. There was no water available except front my house, which was connected to city water, and the Indian people were coming to my house with buckets and carrying water to their houses out of my hose outlets. I called the Bureau, and talked to Superintendent Burton Ladd. He said he didn't know what he could do about it. I asked if he had any fire trucks that could be filled with water and brought. Well, he didn't know, he would check into it.

I finally called up the Sierra Pacific Power Company and asked them what could be done and they said well, they'd see. They called me back and said they thought that they could tap into the Colony line from the city line, as they crossed each other. They would have to put a reduction valve in because they were running at 110 pounds pressure and the Colony ran on forty pounds pressure. So I arranged a meeting between the Tribal Council and the president, vice president and business manager of the Sierra Pacific Power Company in the Power Company offices, and in an hour they worked

out an agreement. It was only supposed to be for ninety days because Congress was supposed to appropriate enough money to put in a new pump, a new water system, and new pipe before the ninety days were up. I even had some talks with Wally White upon this, who was the state sanitary engineer. But a very business-like agreement was worked out where the colony paid forty-eight dollars a month to the power company for water for everyone, and they in turn were supposed to collect fifty cents a month from each house. That agreement is still in effect, and water is still being provided in that way, after ten years.

That was a major breakthrough, because the vice president of the power company told me that his negotiation with the Indians that day was as moral, intelligent, and with the sane mood and spirit as it would have been with the Westinghouse board of directors—which I had been trying to tell them all the time. (And a couple of men who were at that meeting could hardly read or write.)

I found Indians to be extremely intelligent, extremely reasonable, and practical. They were in despair because there was no hope. Their hopelessness was realistic. Congress could never move fast enough to do what needed to be done. Discrimination within the city was extensive. The police department, the schools, and businesses generally looked upon them as stupid, dumb, hostile, sullen. In my relationships with them, I did not find this to be true. I found them to have different value systems, to be extremely intelligent, to be extremely proud, to be willing to suffer the way that they suffered rather than to give one inch in their principles, or into acceding to the white man's demands for subservience. Indian people were not lazy; they were silently rebellious, and the intensity of this hostility was such that they would rather starve to death than to go to work for a man who

treated them unequal, and never express this feeling openly or mentally, except to each other. There was a total breakdown in communications between the non-Indian community and the Indian community. In all the years of existence of the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, a legal-political subdivision of the federal government, there had never been a meeting with the County Commissioners or the City Council of Reno until 1964.

When I first went to the Colony I probably thought, being fresh out of seminary, that the answer was in the teaching of new ideas, in how it would be possible to get Indian people to live like everybody else. It wasn't long before I junked that idea.

COMMUNITY ATTITUDES TOWARD THE INDIAN

It wasn't long after 1955 that I began to find the wide divergence between what people in Reno thought the Indians were like and what Indians were really like. The general attitude in town was one of—I'm trying to find the right word, it's not easy—generally, they thought of Indians as very backward, lazy, drunken, shiftless, stupid. The truth of the matter was that only about ten percent of the Indians had a problem with alcohol. The average I.Q. of the Colony was a little above the average for Reno. We had highs of, like 140, and lows maybe about seventy. The average was a little over one hundred. We had people willing to work who couldn't find an opportunity to work, a great discouragement from a long series of psychological demoralizing activities of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and others.

The real word for Indians was "despair." Their primary hope was that someday all the white people would destroy themselves and they could have the land back. Their despair was in the fact that the people to whom they

had to show allegiance were in their own minds thieves who'd stolen their land and food supply and now gave orders.

The attitudes of the police were not the best because the only Indians they saw were not the best. Among the Indian people that I -know, there's two or three reactions to alcohol. One is to go to sleep, the other one is to become very friendly and very happy, and the third one is to become violent; and the police usually had to deal with those who became violent, and they used to react with—bluntly—brutality, and that in turn increased the violence. The police had very little contact with the other ninety percent of the people in the Colony. They never saw the fifty percent of them that worked every day in 1955. Now almost one hundred percent of those are working every day. So, their attitude was of wariness, of being on guard at all times. People in the hospital were pretty much the same way. At one time, ninety-five percent of all the money spent on Indian health was spent to patch up the effects of Indian alcoholic violence. And the hospital people were generally distressed to see Indians come. Sometimes they were very apathetic, and sometimes openly hostile and disgusted with the whole situation, because again, very seldom did they see the ninety percent.

Social welfare workers were generally ignorant. They would make stupid blunders, such as work for a long time to try to get one Indian to tell what was going on in a neighbor's house, and when finally they did it, then they'd go to the neighbor and say, "So and so said such and such," which was just almost like signing a death notice to somebody.

The business community looked at Indians as unreliable, because, again, many times the only ones they ever hired were those who were alcoholic, who would come on Monday, get paid on Friday, and they'd

never see 'em again until they needed money again, maybe next Wednesday, or Thursday or Friday, or a week or so. What we did there was, I must have made a hundred speeches in Reno in the Rotary Club, and the Kiwanis Club, and Lions' Club, and all the women's service clubs, churches, and every place that I could get to, and I didn't talk about the unreliaables. I talked about the reliables, like John Dressler, who is the chief steward of the Iron Workers' Union, who is the outstanding welder for Reno Iron Works, and worked for nineteen years as the boilermaker for the Southern Pacific Railroad. I talked about Hilman Tobey who is a cabinetmaker for the Nevada Club. And I talked about Vernon Newman, who is with the forestry department. And I talked about Stressler O'Daye who worked for the ABC Block Company. I talked about Willis Moose, who is a carpenter for the Washoe County school district, and I talked about the women who were the maids in their own homes. I used to make a great point of the fact that if you think Indians are so dirty, how come you hire them to be your maids? Ninety percent of the homes in the Indian Colony are so clean you could eat off the floor. That's on the inside; the outside—who cares?—to them. Nobody lives on the outside anyway.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs has attitudes toward Indians which are the most depressing that I know. My experience has been—most of the time—they spend about eight hours a day telling each other why they cannot help Indians. And this is because most of their programs have built-in failure factors, designed to keep them from working. Much of the strategy that has come down through the years has been to keep Indians under control, rather than leading towards Indian freedom. What is done is done so slowly and with so much bureaucratic bungling and red tape that by the time a project is completed, it's

obsolete. It's a series of broken promises; it's a series of unkept appointments; it's a series of degrading manners of dealing with people. In my opinion it should be terminated and the Indian people should deal with governmental, or political, entities like anyone else.

The old code in the Colony was "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth 2" And there was a great deal of fear. At night this was a completely dark area—no lights, and there were quite a few alcoholics running up and down the street, and there was a general movement of youngsters. It was not a safe area in which to live at all, and because of that, defense mechanisms were very strong in all the individuals of the Colony, protecting themselves from each other. And I do not believe that that any longer exists, because the people in the Colony know each other better, and because of a different attitude in the community at large—because of lights, because of adequate law enforcement, because of hope. The fact that the determination of their own destiny is returning to their own hands and they can progress, not because the white man has left, but they can progress on their own and the white man can stay also—sometimes with mutual aid, and sometimes in spite of the lack of it.

In talking of attitudes I should also mention some of the attitudes I encountered in the church. I didn't find much difference between the attitudes of people in the church and those outside the church towards Indians. Even among Baptist people with whom I worked, I still heard terms like "buck" and "squaw." I've even heard statements made, "Why is a nice young fellow like you working with those old dirty Indians?"

Some of our best support financially for the Center came from service clubs, like the Elks Club, or the Kiwanis Club, and the Fleischmann Foundation. We had general

support from Baptists through the missionary budget of the total Convention, and some small financial gifts, but generally speaking, the education process toward what Indian people were like, and what their problems really were, was just as difficult in the church as it was outside, and I think that's still true.

One of the biggest problems of all was that once someone was motivated to help, their attitude was usually paternalistic, and this attitude is just not acceptable; it will not work. At times I even had to build walls around the Colony to keep certain "do-gooders" out of there. I remember one group that wanted to start a perpetual rummage facility. I didn't object to the idea as much as I objected to the attitude of those who wanted to do it, because it was one of pity and one of negative sympathy.

Indian people want pretty much the same things that everyone else wants: they want a good home, they want a good car, they want appliances, they want good education for their children, but they are willing to sacrifice *everything* unless they can have those things according to their definition of freedom. Which really means that they want them and still be able to maintain the critical, core parts of their culture.

Indian pride and Indian freedom are exactly the same thing, and anything that appears to an Indian to limit his freedom brings up his pride to the place where he absolutely refuses to cooperate or to act. Most of the Indians that I know would rather die than surrender to what they call "the rat race." I have even heard some Indians say that "where the white man has to have two shirts we can get along with one, or none," or "where a white man has to have a fancy house, we can sleep just as well on the floor," and "where the white man has to have a car, if necessary we will walk." But to sell themselves for dollars,

they won't do that. In fact, they won't work for a man whose attitude towards them is one of just purchasing their labor. An Indian will work for someone who appreciates his skill first, and pays him second. He would even work for less to a man who likes him, than he would to someone who pays him a lot of money but patronizes him.

Another interesting thing is—to an Indian the slightest hesitancy upon the part of a non-Indian in answer to a question is taken as a “no.” If an Indian goes and asks for a job and the man says, “Come back next week,” the Indian says, “He doesn't like me.” If an Indian goes and applies for a job and the man asks too many questions, he interprets that as “he doesn't like me.” If a person raises his voice, it doesn't make any difference what he says, he's angry. He could even say, “I love you,” but if he shouted it, he was angry. (These are psychological and cultural differences that one who works with people in the Reno Colony at least, has to learn.) Indian people are also very shrewd. They do not reveal all of their motives at the beginning, and they're very meticulous in gathering facts before making decisions.

PROBLEMS IN EDUCATION AND RECREATION FOR CHILDREN

One of the most difficult attitudes was in Reno High School. The principal of Reno High School, Mr. David Finch, was an Aristotelian. I've ever heard statements made that some people were born to be slaves, and the main way to handle an Indian child who didn't perform up to standard was to expel. Therefore, the dropout rate was seventy-five percent. Luckily, on the Board of Directors of the Colony Christian Center was Mr. Neil Scott, who was in the administration of the school system. Somewhere back around 1959,

I published a statement and said that the main objective of education for Indians in Washoe County should be to provide Indians with a salable skill upon graduation. Luckily, this principle was acted upon in the building of Wooster High School. While discipline is still maintained strongly at Wooster, as it should be, an understanding of the situation is much, much greater than it was at Reno High School. The dropout rate is something like three percent. And some of the graduates from Wooster, who even the counselors evaluated as non-college material, are graduating from the University of Nevada successfully, and part of it is in spite of everything else, and some of it was on account of some of the things that were done.

In earlier years, the disturbance among children was so extensive that when they attended Northside Junior High School, the boys used to refuse to go to the bathroom in outhouses at home which were in ninety-seven percent of the homes in the Colony, and would save bowel movements till they got to school. Then instead of going on the stools, they would go on paper and throw it on the ceilings, which was an indication of very serious disturbance. Within one year after the beginning of our program, that practice just stopped of its own.

One unique experience that happened to me while I was in the Colony certainly happens to few people. I pulled an eighteen month old Indian boy out of an outhouse hole he had fallen into. One Saturday morning Noonie O'Daye came running down to our house when we lived on the Colony—oh, this must have been back about 1957—and said, “Chucky fell in.” I asked her where and she said in the outhouse. I grabbed a rope and ran up to their house, into the outhouse, and sure enough down about six feet down, knee deep in you know what, stood Chucky,

crying. I sent Noonie next door to have the Coffey's call the rescue squad. Max Coffee came over and I sent him for a crowbar. Just then Noonie's uncle, a Mr. Abbey, came up. The O'Daye's were downtown and Noonie had been baby-sitting. Max came back with the crowbar and we got the top of the seat off. Chucky had fallen through one of the holes. I could see that there were also broken wine bottles down there and the child had cut his legs and feet and was getting pretty weak from crying and the fumes. We tried to get him to grasp the rope but he was too scared. So I asked Mr. Abbey if he could reach him if I held him. He said he would try. So he started down head first and I held his legs. He had to go down until I had him around the knees and he finally got a hold of Chucky. I don't know where I got the strength but I pulled both of them up out of the hole, straight up. I took Chucky and ran into their house. The grandmother gave me a washpan and I began to wash him. Pretty soon an ambulance came. They never could get the rescue squad. They took Chucky to the hospital. Noonie and her uncle went looking for the parents. I went and buried my clothes, the smell was unbelievable, and tried to wash up. Finally I went down to the hospital to see how he was and he was clean, bandaged and asleep. The parents were there and we were all happy. The nurse finally gave me some green soap to continue washing with and I finally got the smell off, but to tell you the truth, I can still smell it. To show you some of Indian humor for a long time everyone called Chucky "Rosie" after that.

There was a vast ignorance of Indian culture among junior high school teachers at Vaughn. Mr. William Bowden was a member of the board of the Colony Christian Center and was the principal at E. Otis Vaughn Junior High. Through his contact with the Indians and growing communications and

mutual respect between Indian parents and Mr. Bowden and some of the teachers, understanding of cultural differences, some allowances for it, and some give and take on both sides, and some new strategies, a great deal was done to improve the value of education in the Indian community and the techniques used in schools, which again lowered the dropout rate. I think a couple of our Indian young people have been president of the student body at Vaughn. I know one year that Joe Abbey graduated from Vaughn as the most popular student in school. Indians began to participate in athletics and excel in them. One of the young men that they thought would never get through junior high school, is this year the outstanding lineman on the Wooster High School football team and still in school and probably will get an athletic scholarship to college. His name is Mike O'Daye.

We had to do a great deal of work with the teachers in the Reno school system to show them some of the cultural differences and to understand them. We explained that when they asked an Indian child to come and stand before the class and to recite or to give a report, that in order to obey that teacher that the child had to disobey his parents because his parents had been teaching him that a child should be seen and not heard, and should not get out in front, and to wait and go with what the group decides. Or if the teacher told him to write a five hundred-word theme, the Indian child felt that he could say everything he wanted to say in twenty-five words or less, and could, with very succinct points and understanding.

The Colony was really made up of a group of individuals who had had some personality disintegration, al-most complete social disintegration. Parties—or anything positive in having fun—was unknown. There

are people in that Colony—some of them still today—who haven't spoken to each other in thirty years because they've known each other that long and maybe one of them had done something "dirty;" in their language, "did me dirty"—thirty years ago, and so they just never spoke. It is the Indian way of denying being. If you really want to hurt someone, you would ignore them.

Most all the discipline by parents of the children was done with scolding, and only in a few families did I know of spanking. In many of the traditional families they would treat children as adults, allow them absolute freedom and depend on the child to come home when he felt like it, go when he felt like it, eat when he felt like it, and eat what he felt like. Diet was high in starch and high in protein, not much in terms of vegetables, but things that would provide a feeling of being full—a lot of deer meat, a lot of potatoes, lot of macaroni, lot of spaghetti, a lot of beans.

One of the bright spots in the relationships with the town was with the Orvis Ring School under Miss Grace Warner. She was very helpful in getting for us a little help from a club that she belonged to. It's the Quota Club. They used to give us ten dollars a month for our nursery school, which I'll touch on in a minute.

Miss Warner was a very unique teacher. She was ahead of her time. Some of her techniques today might be considered outdated, but at that time she was far advanced. She felt that one of the great talents that Indian children had was art. This was one of her talents and she used to spend a great deal of time cultivating the artistic talent of Indian children and, through it, giving them a sense of pride and accomplishment. She was a strict disciplinarian, and she was one that tried to discourage the use of nicknames. Most all the Indian kids knew each other by nicknames,

but she would never recognize a person by his nickname. Some of the nicknames were fantastic! We had "Itchy," and "Chew-it," and "Neemo," and "Noonie," "Burgie"—all kinds of nicknames, but she would never call a child by nickname. The Indian children used to call me "Mathews" and she used to get after them very much for that, saying they should call me "Reverend Mathews"—building a kind of sense of dignity around the use of a name.

She and I worked close together. I would tell her some of the problems in the background of kids, and she, in turn, could tell the teachers what some of the problems were. I was also able to help her with the building of a PTA group at Orvis Ring which I think, at the present time, its main leadership is coming from the Indian mothers, which is quite a change for that PTA. Through the growth of PTA, and some of the things that she did with the giving of pride in culture and art, and praise and a sense of dignity to the children, she operated a very democratic school. I think that she contributed a great deal toward some of the educational accomplishments that I referred to earlier.

Charles Pullman of the State Department of Education also set up some workshops at the University for teachers who taught Indian children throughout the state. I have participated with him in those workshops in the relating of some of the cultural differences that I have referred to, and some of the solutions and ways that we found to deal with them.

THE CENTER'S PROGRAM - EDUCATION AND RECREATION

One of the things that I learned about the program of the Center was that while there was a need to have an ongoing, consistent program, the stated program, or the organized,

or what we called the weekly program, was only about half the program. What the boys' clubs and the girls' clubs did was to provide the beginning of hope, or something that the kids could look forward to. If a first grader knew that on every Monday afternoon Mr. Mathews was going to come by in his station wagon, pick him up, and take him out in the hills, and he could get out and run, at least he knew that there was going to be one afternoon that was fun, a week.

And of all the things that we did with the youth, I think the fact that we had a consistent schedule that gave the young people something to look forward to, and a chance to be with someone who was warm and friendly with them, was probably the most valuable thing that we had in the whole structured program.

The girls' clubs would get together primarily to bake cookies or to do some kind of handcraft. I never did that with the boys. The boys—one of the big problems was their throwing rocks. Window breakage in the Colony was fantastic, as it was in the Center, and never was entirely overcome, and still isn't. But one of the strategies was to take as high as twenty-five boys in the back end of my 1957 Pontiac station wagon. It was loaded down until the shock absorbers were sitting on the axles, and we would go out to places like—well, out towards Wadsworth and the Truckee River. We found a particular place where there was a little pond that eddied off of the Truckee. We'd find an old log and throw it out into the middle of the pond, divide up sides, and everybody get rocks, stand on each side—a team on each side of the pond—and they'd all start throwing rocks at that log and see which side could push that log by throwing rocks at it to the other side, and whoever did would win. It would take about two hours, either because one side ran out of rocks

or the other side just happened to hit harder, and after two hours of rock throwing there were a lot of sore arms and that would solve the rock throwing problem in the Colony for about a week, and by that time we were out doing it again. There was a noticeable drop of throwing of rocks.

By this I don't want to indicate at all that the young people in the Colony were bad in 1955—young people at that time were at loose ends. The only structure of life that they had was at school. They would go in the morning into a structured situation, and come home at night into a completely unstructured situation. And we began to take up some of that slack with the Center program. We used to go out to the gravel pits on the other side of the old airport out towards Pyramid Lake, beyond Sparks. The kids used to jump off the cliff down into the decomposed granite. They would play "cowboys and Indians." My own boys would participate in the clubs, and my boys always ended up the Indians and the Indians ended up the cowboys, which I thought was an interesting projection of image. They used to dig out from the decomposed granite chunks of lead of .22 shells and .38 shells that people used to fire into those cliffs, target practicing. And some of the boys would come home—I even heard from mothers about it—with their pockets full of bullets, just the lead. But they had a great time in collecting that, and they used to get great piles of it in their back yards.

We'd roam the mountains—I could never keep up with the kids in their ability to run, so I didn't even try. They would jump out of the car and run to the top of a mountain and back and sit down and wouldn't even breathe hard. Some of those boys that I started with are today outstanding athletes in the school system in Reno. We used to travel around all through Reno. I took the kids to the

bakery, and to the Coca Cola plant, up to the University, even drove out around California Avenue and up to the golf course where the pretty homes were, getting to know Reno. We also went to Lake Tahoe. When I went there, the first time some of the kids fourteen years old had never been to Lake Tahoe, which seemed almost unbelievable.

The baseball team was an interesting observation in personality because the boys were very good, and yet they had never been well-coached or well-managed. They had a hard time learning to play together. They had never had the experience in the Colony of organized play to the extent that we were trying to do with this team. There had been Colony teams—some of the young adults had played on baseball teams at Stewart and others, but a consistent team in the Connie Mack League was new. They had a tendency to quit when they got five or six runs behind. Some of the boys would get angry at each other and walk off the field and I could hardly keep a team together to finish the game. This was one of the things that I was rather strict about—that they had to stay in and play. I remember one game out at Idlewild where they were behind by six runs. They all wanted to quit and I wouldn't let them. And, in the last inning, they made seven runs and won the game. And, that was a kind of a beginning of change of attitude, of stick-to-it-iveness; at least here was a new possibility of overcoming seemingly impossible odds.

I used to pick the boys up at school in a 1962 Ford Falcon bus and take them out to club—either bowling, or—as I have said—out visiting some business, or out to the open spaces to run off energy and have a good time. But one of the things that used to go on in that bus was the fact that the boys used to blow off steam to me as soon as they got in the bus—all their hostilities toward teachers or parents or

to anything. I was able to not only absorb a lot of that hostility and drain it off that way, but also reflect back to them some clear thinking, not quite in as emotional terms as they were stating them, and helped to change some attitudes that the boys had toward school and toward their teachers and toward their parents. I think that this technique was very valuable. My basic philosophy of the whole program was non-directional and, in a sense, indirect. We started a study hall in the Colony in 1960 because the kids had no place to study. Teachers came over from Vaughn. It raised the grade average one whole point and helped reduce the dropout rate. This idea was picked up nationally and put into the school systems and the Poverty programs, but it began with us. It later was transferred to the Vaughn school.

I used to work just as hard with the groups in town as I did with the people in the Colony, trying to put both communities in a situation where they could communicate with each other. We frankly started with the children and worked up to the adults. We got the adults involved in our program because of their interest in what we were doing for their children. They would come to programs to see their children perform, or to see the work that they had accomplished, and we'd get to talk to them, and they would get interested in some kind of a project. In that way we began to build some groups.

I mentioned previously the lowering of ADC rate. In all the time that I was in the Center, and all the time the girls' workers that we had were there, I don't believe any of the staff ever dealt with the problem of illegitimate children with the girls directly, or with the boys, either. We did give some information on birth control, and we did point out at times to the children how important it was to babies to have a mother and a father in the

home together. But we found that as the young people gained self-confidence and confidence in their environment, the rate just declined radically on its own. That when they began to have hope and something to look forward to—when their mental state was one of happiness rather than hostility—when they encountered understanding in school, when their parents began to take an interest in them, when the doors of opportunity, both in higher education and in employment, began to open to them, that the rate of illegitimate children declined.

I also should say that the term “illegitimate children” is one that is a white term, and is not an Indian term, because in the Indian culture there is no such thing. The practice of finding a mate among the young people in the colony is very difficult. With 375 people, the choice of a mate was very limited, if it was limited within the Colony. And a lot of our young people, when they got teen-age, began to make contacts with other reservations like Nixon, or Fallon, or Schurz, or Dresslerville; and while tribe had something to do with the choice of a mate, that began to diminish too, and the Indian people kind of set the standard that as long as the other party was an Indian it was all right. There was a few Indian children who actually married white children, and one or two or maybe three instances, Negro. This was not forbidden by the parents but was not looked on with favor either, rather with a kind of an innate sense of the cultural differences causing problems.

If an Indian boy and an Indian girl walked down Reservation Road holding hands, the people in the Colony would consider them to be married. We might call it “engaged.” They might move in with the girl’s parents, or with the boy’s, and maybe a year later they would come to me and want to get married, and they would either have a baby with them or one on the way. And there was a kind of logic to

this: because if they had lived together for a year with no children, they might part, feeling that they were not spiritually suited to each other, the result of which was that no children were born. So the process of engagement, or of mating, was somewhat different. However, in view of the fact that, as far as I know in the twelve years that I was there, unless a family became completely disorganized due to alcohol, adultery after marriage was unknown, and the system seemed to work and be extremely moral.

Where the problem would arise was where some of the teenagers from the surrounding reservations that had no program such as the Colony Christian Center, and had no activity other than wild parties with a lot of beer, or stronger, would get to the Reno Colony and take some of our kids out on the parties and have irresponsible relationships that would result in children. The girl would get stuck because the boy had no intention whatsoever about making anything lasting about it.

All kinds of strategies were developed to prevent this, including some that the Indians did themselves. They began to encourage their kids to go to trade school, and to get away from the Colony, or to go to the Phoenix High School that the Bureau would provide, in order to have a wider selection of mate, really; or to go on re-location and learn a job. Many of the young people began to marry other Indians—young people, but from tribes way outside of Nevada, as far as Oklahoma, Arizona, New Mexico. We tried to schedule more activities on Friday and Saturdays to help. I think the fact that we finally got a full-time policeman in the Reno Colony helped the situation, too, because he was able to get the kids home, and enforce a curfew a little bit. I really think that the primary reason for the decrease in ADC, though, is related to the increase in self-image and the decrease

in the dropout rate in school. What we tried to do was to build a climate in which young people felt happier growing up, and in doing that, some of the irresponsible things that are so tragic for children declined.

However, what we would term an “illegitimate child” isn’t in near as bad of a predicament in an Indian culture as he would be in a non-Indian culture, because the parents of the girl would adopt the child, or the grandparents would raise the child, which was the old way. In fact, in the real old way, the grandparents raised the children and let the young adults enjoy life while they were young; and the responsibility for children in the old tribes was primarily with grandparents, and almost all teaching was done by the grandparent. Indian people tend to think of children as belonging to the tribe, rather than to the individual parents, anyway. There was not the stigma attached to illegitimate children in the Indian culture as there would be in the non-Indian. However, it was not looked upon as the best way; the best way was to live together for a period of time, and if a child was the result, then marriage, then a home, and then absolute fidelity. *That* is the normal pattern in the Colony today.

Many times, however, the women of the Colony would put on a shower for a girl who was having an illegitimate child, and we had the showers in the Colony Christian Center. The people first came to me and asked me if they could put on a shower for so-and-so, and they didn’t know what I’d say. I asked them if they thought it was right, and they said, “Well, it’s for the child, you know.” And I knew it was right, so we did. I’m not so sure that some of the people in the larger community would have approved of that, but we did; and we did it, and I still think it’s right.

The schedule of operation for our eight groups, I think I have given for 1955. I would

like to detail a little more of what was done in the years approximately 1963 through 1967. The program structure was pretty much the same. We had a pre-school program that ran anywhere—depending upon which year—from two mornings a week to five mornings a week. And we had anywhere from eleven to thirty-five children. This was an adapted pre-school program, geared to the needs of Indian children, in which we taught the joy of play, the beauty of environment, the meaning of authority, and social skills, plus what is called personality development.

Miss Warner used to tell us that some of the Indian children would come to kindergarten “ahead” of the non-Indians because of the pre-school program. It also provided an entree into a parent relationship, and we always had a parent-teacher club that met regularly where we explained what we were doing with the children and enlisted their help. We always had volunteer help from some of the mothers, and they also provided juice and cookies at times. A couple of the local churches would send ten or fifteen dollars every quarter also for juice. The church up at Herlong was one of the best churches for giving juice.

In addition to the pre-school program, we had a kindergarten club which was mixed with boys and girls, and usually had about twenty-five kids in this group. Then for the boys, we had a first and second grade boys club, third and fourth grade, fifth and sixth grade, junior high and high school (and also the same grouping for girls). We also had a Boy Scout troop, a Girl Scout troop; we had a women’s club; we had a young women’s club; we had a men’s club that would get together on projects such as some kind of a building project, remodeling of a building or painting. We also had one, two, or three basketball teams, depending upon the need of the year.

And we used to have special events such as the Halloween party, Christmas party, some kind of a Valentine's dance.

An interesting fact on the Halloween parties, is that in 1956 we had our first Halloween party and our total attendance, I think, was fifty-five. We grew to the place where it was so large we had to have three Halloween parties, and we'd have 160 to 175 young people there. We used to have a "hall of horrors" in which we would turn out all the lights, and all the kids would have to walk through the hall of horrors and stick their hands in things like spaghetti, and catsup; and we'd tie even raw liver on doorknobs and made weird noises with chains and old record players, and blow winds with fans. The interesting thing was that the younger kids went through it easier than the high school kids. High school kids always seemed much more scared than the younger children.

We also had a family night which met once a month with a potluck dinner. We had some kind of a program, such as a speaker from the University on child psychology, or on anthropology, or a lawyer. It was really kind of an adult education program.

This was primarily the core of the program activities of the Center. As far as routine of operations was concerned, we never tried to build an institution. The future of the Colony in these years was so fluid, we never knew whether or not the Indian people were going to decide to trade the land for some other and build a new Colony, or decide to stay there and upgrade it. For that reason we made the Center program flexible. The policies were flexible; they moved with the needs of the people, and were not rigid. The Center staff did not maintain offices in the building, but rather visited the Colony or different people as needed. I used to use my house a great deal for meetings, both social and formal. And it

was a strategy to get people out of the Colony and into a different environment. I think that had a great deal to do with the final decision to upgrade the Colony and to increase the motivation for better housing.

THE CHURCH AT THE COLONY

One of the most successful projects that we ever had is the remodeling of the sanctuary, and this happened in 1960. The church met and agreed to spend \$750 to purchase material to remodel the sanctuary. The sanctuary was a room about twenty-two feet in width and thirty-five feet in length. The front of the sanctuary was white plaster trimmed in dark mahogany wood. The ceiling was plaster and had become very smudged from the furnace (it was almost grey). The walls were grey plaster; floors were bare hardwood floors, and the pews were old pews and painted with a maroon enamel. The pulpit was a very old one, and the communion table was an old school desk. There were some drapes that were hung over the baptistery which were an old green color and very ancient. It really was not a very attractive room.

Eighty people volunteered and put in over 3,000 man hours of work in ninety days to remodel the sanctuary. The front of the sanctuary was redone in native rock. Eight carloads of people went in eight different directions from Reno to get different colored rock. We worked the rock into the front of the sanctuary from the floor clear to the ceiling. And in the rockwork we incorporated a rock cross made out of gold rock from Virginia City, and some crossed arrows with real arrowheads imbedded into the rock, which is the symbol of friendship. We also had a grinding bowl and a grinding stone put into the rockwork, which was the symbol of bread.

We bought brand new blue drapes; we got some mahogany plywood in a cherry color that completely covered the walls from the front clear around to the back at a height of eight feet. On the ceiling we put acoustical tile, a very attractive white design, and around the border, between the plywood and the ceiling we put ten plaques, which were Indian geometrical designs painted for us by one of the artists in the Colony by the name of Stanley Alvarez. Eight of the plaques were simply geometric designs of different tribes, but two plaques in the back of the sanctuary were of little Indian babies in a cradle board, which was the symbol of the future of the church. The beadwork over the basket symbolized whether it was a boy or a girl, in the Indian tradition, but for the white people, he separated them with pink and blue blankets, which we thought was traditional expression of Indian humor.

In the middle of the back of the sanctuary we had a cross that was about seven feet in length, with a crossbar about four feet. It was made in a box, approximately eight inches in depth and eight inches across. Inside the box were fluorescent tubes. Covering the box was plate glass, covering the plate glass I had glued one-inch squares of Venetian glass in three colors, gold, blue and red, coming up and down—on the up and down part of the cross, the three colors made zigzag lines that looked like lightning, which symbolized the storm at the time of the crucifixion. And the crossbars with the same three colors, and in pretty much the same design; it looks like arrowheads going in opposite directions, which is the Washo symbol of peace. We chose the three colors because gold was for holiness, blue was for truth, and red was for love. When lighted, the cross gave a beautiful effect and our people were very proud of it. Mr. John Dressler did the electrical work,

and Mr. Hilman Tobey made the box part of the cross.

The First Baptist Church had moved from their old building into a new one and they gave us the carpet out of the old building, which was beautiful shades of brown, that we put on the floor. We completely remodeled the pulpit and the communion table with plywood, to which we attached some crosses that we made out of one-by-twos, that we painted with varnish and while still wet we sprinkled with glitter, and when dry, we sprayed with copper paint. It made a beautiful cross. Along the east wall of the sanctuary we placed the plastic round flower pots given by the people of the Flower Box. We sprayed those with copper, attached them to the wall and put artificial flowers in them. The big joke was they called me, “spray it with copper, Mathews”—anything that was standing still, we’d spray. All the hardware in the sanctuary was sprayed with copper and it made it stand out, and it looked very pretty, and the Indians got a big laugh out of that.

One day that we were to dedicate it, we weren’t finished. The next day we were finished. We worked until three o’clock in the morning on a Saturday night into Sunday morning to finish, and by the time at two o’clock in the afternoon on Sunday that we dedicated it, it was finished. No other act of the Indians in the Colony did more to give them a feeling of pride in what they had done, or to give the outside community a feeling of hope in what could be done, and a real respect and appreciation for what the Indian people had done themselves, than the completion of this sanctuary. It is still considered to be one of the prettiest small chapels in Reno.

Two very interesting activities of the church and center in our twelve years, I think, should be noted. One of them was—we used to have picnics all the time in the summer up

at Lake Tahoe around Elk Point, especially around the Fourth of July, and it was really a day looked forward to by everyone. We went up and we had church together and communion together, and then we'd picnic together, and then we swam and played baseball and that kind of thing all afternoon. Our people enjoyed this very much. Another interesting activity, once in twelve years, was a trip to San Francisco, which began as just an idea of a few people wanting to go to San Francisco and developed into thirteen young adults going. We traveled to San Francisco on a Saturday and attended the Ice Follies in the Winter Garden. We went to the Sinaloa Restaurant for dinner and a show. Spent all night in a motel, attended the Baptist Church that I used to work in, in San Leandro, on Sunday, and returned. The fact of getting out and away from the Colony and even Reno, and getting out and seeing other things was a new experience to some of those thirteen; some had been there before. But it was all a part of a strategy to change attitudes by opening windows, of knowing that the future of the people of that Colony was not confined to the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, and eventually has led them to accept the fact that the future of the Reno-Sparks Colony is to be determined by those who live in it and not by those who live outside of it. For years they were told what to do, and the day is coming when they are saying, "This is what we are going to do." And to a large extent, that is true today.

Not all things are successful. We were never really successful with consistent church attendance. A lot of reasons for this—during deer season, for example, you might as well forget it. We might have four, or five, or six people at church. As soon as deer season was over, it would jump up to thirty-five or forty. But deer season is a time

when you go deer hunting, and that is all there is to it. The best attendance was always on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, but the idea of consistent service was not known. In their old tradition, maybe four religious festivals a year, and morning and evening prayer. In other words, private devotions, devotions practiced by most people all the time.

The need for Sunday consistent church was not generally accepted by the people in the Colony. However, most everyone knew what went on at church, and what was said within two or three hours after service, and the influence of the church service was much greater than attendance would signify. But the idea that Sunday was a day to go to church never has been, and still is not, accepted in the Colony. This used to disturb me a great deal, till it became obvious to me that, within an hour after church on Sunday, everybody in the Colony knew what I said anyway, via the grapevine. And by Monday it would be at Nixon, and by Wednesday it would be clear up to Owyhee; and if it was something highly significant or controversial it would be faster than that.

I also began to realize that the old pattern of religious festival was not once a week on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, but four times a year. And Indian people practice private devotions extensively, and the need for, or the pattern for—corporate worship—was not a part of the old culture. I've seen Mr. Dressler have evening devotions out watering the lawn at night, when if you walked up to him you would actually be disturbing his church service, and he is not alone in that practice. Indian people feel very close to the universe. This has not yet come to the place where they feel very close to each other in many ways, but that isn't too much different from any other people either.

We did institute two or three festive times that were really appreciated by the people—Maundy Thursday, during Easter Week, where we had a special service in the sanctuary, taking out all the pews and putting in tables, and all sitting around a common table and reviewing the year and looking forward to the year to come, and having candlelight and music, and breaking bread together. We always had an Easter sunrise service followed by a breakfast, followed by an Easter service where the sanctuary has nearly always been jammed. One of the best Easter services we ever had was put on by the young people. One of the boys, Oscar Johnson Jr., painted about ten different pictures of the Easter story. As their part of the service, the story was told with the pictures and the young people explaining them to the congregation. They also built in the baptistery what looked like a tomb—the entrance to a tomb—and we had a very dramatic display of the Easter story at this time.

I think one of the most interesting things to show the progress of personality development—we used to have problems with our Christmas program. The first year we were there we tried to put on a program and have the young people participate. The little children were perfectly willing to get up in a rhythm band or sing in front of the audience, but when they got to junior high school level we got no participation whatsoever. They didn't want to be out in front, they were very shy—which happens at teenage time—and we couldn't get anything out of them.

So I finally devised an idea where I strung a large sheet from the floor of the platform to a wire that went about seven feet above—strung across above the platform, closed in by curtains. Behind the sheet we put a very bright spotlight, and right up next to the sheet I created silhouettes of the Christmas story,

having the young people stand right in front, by the sheet and the spotlight would cast their shadows on it. We would change the scenes while someone would read the Christmas story with all the lights in the sanctuary out. We even made a donkey out of a carpenter's horse, using a bathrobe tassel for the tail, and Mary was sitting on it. And from the front it looked just exactly like a donkey going off the screen. And for five or six years, this was the presentation of the young people at Christmas. They would not get out in front and recite or say a word. I didn't really blame them because pandemonium would break loose in that sanctuary at the Christmas party. Kids would run all over, climb up the windows, open and shut the windows, bang the doors. We could get no parental control at all.

By 1960, the young people put on a play and created all the scenery and made their own costumes, and got out in front and by this time, control had been obtained in the audience and it was just the difference of night and day. There was no difference here in this Colony, of this thing I am describing, than there would be any place, other than the fact that in the many years before no one had ever provided any opportunity for group work or programs like this that would provide personality development. One of the reasons why the dropout rate went down was because of this kind of thing, and there was a growing self-confidence in the youth.

I also should say that I had a basic philosophy, and that I probably preached the same sermon a hundred times in a hundred different ways that I was there, and that is: that all people are sons of God, and in that truth should be enough confidence for us to live creative lives. Indian children used to tell me that they were “heck of a dumb,” or that they lived in a “heck of a shabby house,” or that Indians were just “heck of a no-good, all

the time drunk.” I constantly reflected back to them that I knew better, that I had seen their tests at school, that I had heard them talk, that I had heard them reason, that—what’s wrong with being an Indian?—that they had survived for thousands of years before white people ever came. They were skilled in ways that other people were not skilled—and not everybody had the same skills—but they were skilled in ways that other people were not skilled, that there were about 200,000 different kinds of jobs in America. Surely we could find one that would be beneficial to them as individual. Constantly doing this—holding up hero figures like Chief Winnemucca—learning to laugh at ourselves.

One time we put on a series of skits and performed these in public for an audience, one time of 350 people—spoofing the white people’s commercials on television. There was an Indian girl dragging two sticks with a boy on the back of it, and they said, “Let Chief Running-Hertz put you in the driver’s seat,” or “Chief Winnemucca’s pinenuts are the noisiest pinenuts in the world.” Or, we created what looked like a stream and a mother was down there trying to teach a girl to wash the clothes on the rocks, and the girl was saying, “Mother, I’d rather do it myself!” Humorous things like this made the point and was constantly beginning to build up self-confidence.

I think we ought to add in some of the services of the church, some of the counseling that was done, and, particularly, one illustration of at least a probing for a technique.

I had a young couple that came to me. He was white and she was Indian, and they had had a tremendous amount of marital troubles, and I guess that they camped on my doorstep about every third day for about a month or so. We did the normal counseling procedures and got it down to about once a week, and

then finally about once a month. After a year I thought one night we really made some progress because I made a discovery that I hadn’t seen before. She came to me in great agitation because she thought he had been trying to kill her. So I got there and we talked the whole experience through. And it dawned on me that they were not communicating to each other in their gestures. The basic problem had been for a long time that they didn’t communicate to each other. They used to speak English to each other, but the words didn’t mean the same. And we’d gotten through that. But, I’ll give you the specific example of what the situation was. He was going to the University, and when he would be doing his homework she had the tendency once in a while to come around and be very affectionate. And one night he just exploded and told her to leave him alone. And she interpreted this as a rejection of her as a wife, and she started crying and sobbing and became hysterical. I have noticed many Indian girls and women, when they become hysterical, will go into a sound that almost sounds like a death rattle, and he got very scared, and he grabbed her and shook her real hard to get her out of her hysteria, and she thought he was trying to choke her to death.. When we went through this whole thing and I was able to show both of them that they were not only not communicating with words, but they were not communicating in their actions or in their gestures because of the two completely different backgrounds, then at least we reduced the counseling sessions to about once every three months, eventually—I think after five or six years of marriage—I don’t think it lasted, but they had come down the road a long ways in being able to meet and solve some of the problems.

The normal counseling procedures of being a listener will not work with Indians, at

least not the older type Indians, because they are the listeners. They can sit and out-wait anybody in beginning to talk, and the only way that I could ever function in this area was with questions and answers, reflecting back, statements and suggesting alternative solutions, and let them choose the one that they felt would be the most helpful to them.

We did a considerable amount of employment, welfare, marital and family counseling as a part of the activity of the church. I should say that I appreciated, as long as I was in Reno, the great deal of freedom I was allowed by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. They saw my work as creative and as innovative, and they allowed as much of it as possible, and I can state there was very little outside influence or restriction. There was more of it from the local Baptist organizations—at least attempts to it. I wasn't the kind that usually responded too well to control.

One of the things I've always been disappointed in within church circles is the fact that most meetings of the churches (scheduled by people who are in the power structure of the church) are scheduled during the day, at the convenience of the ministers, when most of the people in the Indian Colony are of the laboring group of the town, and this excluded them from participating in the policy-making decisions. I tried, and have tried, and still am trying to get some of the board meetings of associations and conventions to meet at night so that they would be accessible to the laboring force.

OBSERVATIONS ON INDIAN CULTURE, COLONY LEADERS, AND TRIBAL POLICIES

Within the Reno-Sparks Colony there is a wide variety of attitudes, and they are not limited to any one tribe. They could

best be categorized by what you would call "progressive," "moderate," "traditional," and there will be representatives of each of the three attitudes in all tribes. The progressive Indian wants to take the best that the white culture has to offer and the best that the Indian has to offer and attempt to make something better than either one; the moderate would like to take the best of the Indian culture and a little of the white culture and to make something better than what now exists; and the traditional would like to reject all that is white and amplify everything that is Indian and to be separate and independent.

The Indian people generally look at the white culture as being immoral. They feel that they are the righteous and moral people, that they are the true sons of God, that the white man is a thief who has stolen their land, that the white man's laws therefore are only laws that were created by thieves, and that they are not obligated to obey them. Paiute Indians, or any Indians in the state of Nevada, prior to the coming of the white man, had no alcohol, no cuss words or swear words in Indian. They trained their children to be obedient, quiet, and not to be aggressive. It's unknown of a Washo being warlike at all—in fact, most Indians used to have to dance for three days to get mad enough to fight.

The old Indian culture is one of living in harmony with nature and with each other, is based upon mutual aid, is based somewhat upon clan. When the white man came to Nevada, the Indian was sovereign over all. He had survived for thousands of years without any help from the outside; he was fat on fish, pinenuts, deer, all kinds of roots and herbs, had his own system of healing, which was not unlike Christian Science in many ways, with sane medicinal potions, some magic. But when the white people came, they not only completely destroyed the Indian economy,

they destroyed the Indian's spiritual roots, and they destroyed their old system of knowledge and systems of education, and confronted them with a culture which was to a great extent upside down from theirs. Where the individual was valued in the white culture, the group was valued in the Indian; where expressiveness in words was valued in the white the ability to be silent was valued in the Indian. Where the majority ruled in the white, the decision had to be unanimous in the tribe. Where time was divided into small segments and time became a ruler to the white, to the Indian, time is in abundance and is not to be thought of in small segments, but in terms of long periods; and therefore the white people live too fast, busy themselves too much, die too soon, and never learn what life is all about, as far as the Indian is concerned.

Into this situation, with the political setup as it was, I looked for a leader. And, one day I was driving down Reservation Road and saw a man come out of his house with three fishing poles, take his two boys and put them in the car at five o'clock in the afternoon, and head for the river. I knew the mother because she was a church member. So the next night I went to John Dressler's house. Mrs. Dressler invited me in, and I introduced myself to John and I asked him if he would come to church on Sunday. He was the first person I'd ever asked personally, because I knew that Indians do whatever you asked them to do, even though reluctantly, and if I'd have wanted to, I could have gone and asked everybody in that Colony to come to church and they probably all would have, once. But I didn't feel that that was the approach, that what we would do is take the small group that we had and try to build that group, and let that group grow of its own accord. If I had it to do all over, I might not have been as rigid about

that and a little more pragmatic, because in the end, in twelve years, the original group had only grown about twice of what it was to start with in the church. The center group had grown ten times.

But John did come to church, and he came again, and he came again, and I began to organize the church with a board. He came to the organizational meeting and they elected him as the moderator of the church board. The church had had no stewardship schedule; they just passed the plate, and during the year they might take in fifty dollars. And so we put it on a business-like basis and set some goals for the church. We drew up a budget that was about fifteen hundred dollars and asked the different families if they would contribute say fifty cents, or a dollar, or a dollar and a half, or two, or three, or four, or five a week. We did it at Christmas time, and we passed out Christmas cards to all the families, and on that card they wrote what their family would pledge to the church every week. We put all of the Christmas cards under the Christmas tree at the church Christmas party, and the first year they underwrote a budget of twelve hundred dollars. At the end of the year they had given twelve hundred dollars. The highest gift at that time was four dollars a week; the highest gift in 1966 by Indians had grown to ten dollars a week by one family.

Mr. Dressler was employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad as a boiler-maker and had worked for them for nineteen years. His wife did domestic work, and was very intelligent. She was half Washo and half Basque. Mr. Dressler was a Washo, a graduate from Stewart. He was an expert welder. When the Southern Pacific yards moved out of Sparks, he thought he would get a two week's vacation, but the next day Martin Iron Works called him and he went to work for them. When that job was over, he went to

work for Reno Iron Works and still is their top welder. Since the time that Mr. Dressler became the moderator of the church, he has served for three terms as chairman of the Tribal Council, been the moderator of the Association of Baptist Churches of Northern Nevada, of which the Colony Church and the Stewart Church are the only Indian churches, and become the chairman of the Governor's Indian Commission, the Chairman of the Inter-Tribal Council, a member of the Surgeon-General's Committee on the Indian Health for the American Baptist Convention, and a chief steward of his union. Through the leadership of Mr. Dressler and the support that he got from others, his wife, Mr. Willis Moose, Mr. William Coffey, Sr., Mr. Willy Coffey, Jr., Mr. Willie Astor, Connie Hunter, Daisy Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Key Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter, Mr. Hilman Tobey, Mr. Vernon Newman, and others—both on the Council and supporting the Council—the Council has gradually grown to the place where it can transact business, set goals, accomplish what they set out to do. And all the time that I was in the Colony, Mr. Dressler was my chief advisor. I think every minister has what he calls a “right arm,” and mine would be John Dressler.

Another very interesting person in the Colony is Mr. William Coffey, Sr. —a man who was crippled when he was young, always walked with a cane, one of the warmest, friendliest men that you would ever want to know. He has done all the handy work that ever needed to be done on the church. He went with me on an airplane flight to Detroit, Michigan, one time to attend a conference, and we drove a new car back. He has been with me many times to baseball games in San Francisco. He is one of the people that you could always depend upon when you needed something done.

Mr. Coffey came to me one time with a problem with Social Security prior to age of sixty-five, and had been rejected by the local office. I tried a couple of times to find out why they rejected him, and all they said was that “he was capable of work.” So he went to Employment Security, and they made 105 attempts to place him but because of his educational background and his physical incapacity and the fact that he was an Indian, they were not able to place him. I took his case to Walter Baring when I was in Washington, D.C., on a trip on another matter. Mr. Baring got the case opened up immediately. They re-evaluated his physical condition and hired a top specialist in Reno; they added the educational background and the fact that he was an Indian to the criterion of eligibility, and within ninety days he was on Social Security and received back pay checks of something like thirteen hundred dollars, which I always appreciated Mr. Baring for, even though politically I probably disagree with Mr. Baring more than any other man in the state. In cases and problems like this he is a very warm, sympathetic man.

We got similar help from Alan Bible on some of the projects, one of which I will discuss under civil rights. Mr. Bible has been very sympathetic to the Indian, and on one instance with regard to the public Health Service, went to work on the Phoenix office of the United States Public Health Service and got the whole health picture for Indians in Nevada upgraded.

One of the things that we tried to do was to change the idea that “you wanted something for nothing.” This was the way the problem was stated, which was really never the problem. Indians really don't want something for nothing; they'd just like to have what's coming to them as human beings, which they've been denied. But the old style

of missionary work, familiar to many, was the highly sympathetic, feeling-sorry approach, extremely paternalistic.

Let me illustrate the tragedy, the pathos, the humor and frustration of missionary work. On Saturday night, when we lived in the rock house in the Colony, I heard a knock on the front door. When I opened the door an Indian woman named Ella, about forty-five years old and looked sixty-five, was standing there and swaying a little bit. She said, "Mr. Mathews, I need your help." I told her to come in and she kinda staggered into the kitchen. I got her a chair and she sat down and I asked what was wrong. She said, "My husband hit me."

I said, "Where?"

She said, "In the head."

So I looked at her head. The top was a mass of dirty, bloody hair. Dried blood and caked into a mat. So I got a hot towel and began to soften it up. The smell was out of this world. I asked her, when did this happen? She said Thursday. I asked her what he hit her with and she said stove wood. Well, it took me a half an hour to get down so I could see the wound. She had a big bump and a gash about three inches long. So I took her to the hospital. They cleaned her up some more, put some vaseline on it and told me it was too late to stitch it up. I took her home and the next night I found her drunk across the street leaning against a telephone pole. I took her back to the hospital, told them to call the Indian hospital in Schurz and I would talk to the doctor. He promised to have the men come up from Schurz and take her down there. She was there about three weeks drying out and then they brought her home. About a month later I was driving up Reservation Road one night when I saw an ambulance in front of her house so I stopped. I went in and she was in bed, covered with

blood and screaming and cussing. I asked the attendant what had happened and he told me her husband had hit her with stove wood but she would not get onto the stretcher and go to the hospital. I walked over and said, "Ella what is the matter with you?"

She looked up and said, "Hi, Mr. Mathews, he hit me again."

I said, "Well, now, you get on the stretcher this minute and you are going to the hospital."

She said, "Yes Mr. Mathews," and did just that. The cussing had stopped and now she started to cry. She was very drunk. She said, "Mr. Mathews, I know the Bible, John 3:16, I have been bad, but Jesus loves me," and then she started to sing. As they loaded her on the ambulance she was singing, "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there." They took her to Schurz, she got better, but in six months she was dead from cirrhosis of the liver. The old time missionaries had taught her the Bible verse, had baptized her, taught her the hymns but they had never helped her to live and I never forgot that. Much of what I tried to do from then on was to try to prevent that kind of suffering.

The central part of the old style program was in providing used clothing, candy for kids at Sunday school, and a big Christmas present to everybody. The only time that you'd ever see ninety percent of the Indian people at church was on Christmas Eve for the presents. We eliminated the idea of candy at Sunday school, but we used to provide refreshments at Vacation Bible School. We changed the Christmas program to be Christian Center oriented; this was primarily having parties in each club, with good presents provided by Baptist women throughout the United States and one big Christmas program to which everybody came, and everybody received a box of Christmas candy, but not a big handout for everyone.

This caused some political problems. (The people in the Colony are very interesting. All of the politics in the Colony is not conducted by men.) Some of the women would choose up sides and argue and fuss and fight and try to disrupt things at the Center sometimes over it. Primarily the battle was always one between traditional against moderate or progressive people. As time went on, the practice became accepted. I think if it was changed today, that the traditional people would Tight the change because it has now become the pattern.

For many years the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony had been factionated politically. The Colony is made up of Paiutes, Washos and Shoshones, which is a very interesting combination. Not only is it an urban reservation, but it is a multi-tribal reservation. And some of the old tribal hostilities would express themselves in political factionism.

One of the most articulate Indians in Nevada, Dewey Sampson, lived in the Colony. He had a brother, Harry Sampson. Dewey, at one time, was an assemblyman representing the Nixon area in the Nevada State Legislature. He is a rather well-educated Indian man, very talented, and an absolute genius at playing on the factions within the Colony. When I first went to the Colony he made overtures toward me for friendship, and when I chose to be friends of everyone instead of one particular faction, he became an adversary. There is within my files letters that are as long as nine pages to the Senators from the state, vitriolic of nature, based upon no facts whatsoever, complete distortions of fact, which is the beginning used to cause me great consternation. But as time went on, and I realized that people paid no attention to the letters, I got so I didn't either.

It took me ten years to really understand what Dewey Sampson was trying to say. And I never did dislike him; I respected him,

even though that feeling was not mutual. If I'd expressed it too strongly, the other Indian factions would have—I'd have all three factions opposed. He was a man of real talent. His basic thought was that Indians should have the right to govern themselves. What he was really trying to say was he didn't want any interference from white people. He would take assistance as long as it would be of benefit to his faction, but anyone who was to give assistance to the Colony in general, he was opposed to. And from his own political point of view, this was probably justified.

In principle, Mr. Sampson was correct in that Indians were capable of guiding their own political destiny and managing their own affairs. Within the context of his definition, if that had been done in the Colony it would always have been done only for the benefit of *his* faction and to the detriment of the rest of the people within the Colony. For twenty years he has made a consistent effort to kick everyone off the Colony except the Sampson tribe. This has created a great deal of insecurity among the adults in the Reno-Sparks Colony because they have no faith in the white man's administration, and they have no way of knowing whether Mr. Sampson is capable of carrying out his threats of throwing everyone off the Colony or not.

The real missing ingredient in all Indian affairs is any form of supreme court to which a tribal council can appeal, to get an enforceable final opinion. For the first five or six years that I was in the Colony, almost every tribal council meeting was taken up with an argument about the interpretation of one sentence in their constitution. And the Bureau, or the Department of Justice, or the Department of Interior, or anyone else was never willing to give an opinion of that one sentence that was final or enforceable. And for that reason, the tribal council was totally

incapable of achieving any goals because all of their affairs went around in a circle.

Politics in the colony is not much different than politics any place else. Campaigning is different—there is no loudspeakers, no speeches made, no handbills, but there is an awful lot of word-of-mouth, and there are dinners put on by different sides, and some competition to see who can put on the biggest bean feed or turkey dinner, prior to an election. There is always a tremendous battle about fraud at the elections. The losing side always claims that the other side voted people who weren't eligible. And the election was never accepted by all factions as being final.

I might mention that I never engaged much in partisan politics in the Colony between Republicans and Democrats. I just stayed out of that area. Maybe in the last election I at least let some people know where I stood, but there was not a high-powered effort at any time.

Anyway, there is politics in the Colony; some of it's tribal, some of it's clannish, some of it—just happens. Give you an example of how politics in the Colony can operate—give you two or three examples. One of them would be on our Christmas program. As I have mentioned before, it used to be that everyone in the Colony got a Christmas gift at the church at the Christmas program. We changed that to dividing it up among the clubs that met, and we'd have Christmas parties within the clubs. Naturally, this excluded some people, and it became a political issue. Some people would come to church because they agreed with it, and other people *would not* come to church because they disagreed with it, and it had nothing to do with whether or not they believed in the religion or didn't believe in the religion, but whether or not they agreed or disagreed with the manner in which the Christmas parties were handled.

Another way in which politics in the Colony operate is by a grapevine. It's very interesting how a campaign is run; there is no loudspeakers, and there are no circulars, but it's done word-of-mouth, and it's usually done at night, or it's done on the telephone. And it's done with, not necessarily rumors, but the positions of opposing candidates are known by their friends spreading what they say, rather than what they say themselves.

Sometimes one group will put on a bean feed or a turkey dinner at Thanksgiving time, sometimes not. There has been a growing tendency for women to participate in politics. Part of this was the Washo influence, which is a matriarchal society. Chairman of the tribal council at the present time is a woman, Mrs. Effie Dressler. But the three terms prior to her term, her husband was the chairman of the tribal council.

Politics can get dirty. Sometimes a man who runs for an office—his employer will get an anonymous phone calls spreading all kinds of things from his opponents. The real issues are “bread and butter” issues, they are not philosophical issues, at all. In the old Paiute way—language, for example, there were no abstract words. It was pretty much a picture language and described events or actions. An example of that would be, if someone wanted to speak in Paiute the word “salvation,” they probably would have to paint a picture of a boy starting to fall over a cliff and his father grabbed him, rather than any word that stood for that kind of activity. Political issues therefore are face to face issues.

The most gratifying event in the twelve years, I think, was the meeting between the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony Tribal Council and the City Council of Reno back in about 1964, I believe. It had to do with law enforcement, had to do with sanitation, had to do with jurisdiction, really, of who was

responsible for what in the Colony. It came about after years of work, of trying to put the two power structures together, and primarily to get public recognition of the responsibility and power of the Indian council. It was a very interesting meeting in which Indians and white people sat across tables from each other and really expressed themselves and how they felt about things, and what they really wanted to get done. Some of the things were achieved. The city council did lend its power to better law enforcement and also to better water supply, did put some pressure on the Bureau of Indian Affairs to help improve the streets. As a side effect of it, I think some of the business people in town actually opened up some of the doors of employment to Indians to a greater degree than they had in the past. And I think that the Indian people understood what the town expected of them also, that they expected the Colony to be kept clean. And all the Indians really asked for in that was that they have the tools and the wherewithal to do it. There were all kinds of things explored, the possibility of garbage pickup... I think there was a ten-point program that the Indians presented and I cannot remember all of those. But, out of it, the most important thing was the fact that they sat together and talked.

Of course, one of the out-group in the political situation in the Colony made an attack upon me in the paper, saying that Mathews was "buttin'-in." It got nowhere because the vast majority of the people of the Colony knew that I was only helping bring this meeting about and not dictating it at all. The Indian people themselves decided what they were going to say and they said it very well. From that, other meetings have come, and from that, some of the progress in the Colony today such as street lights, a full-time policeman, general clean-up campaigns, and eventually a new park is coming.

I should mention that in that meeting with the city council that I think the original triggering of the meeting had to do with some kind of vandalism, and a very strong reaction of the businessmen on Second Street to a lot of broken windows, and a very strong statement by someone in town, I don't remember whether it was the chief of police or the city manager, or someone, that law enforcement in that area was impossible. So I tried to get a meeting because I wanted to show the city council that the Tribal Council was just as concerned about the problem as they were, that they were not apathetic or permissive about it. And, in my recollection, there were three delays in the meeting over a ninety-day period. I think we finally got the meeting scheduled the fourth time, and that was the meeting that was actually held. And I think one of the reasons that we finally had it was that they invited two or three of the County Commissioners into it, too. I think Specs McKenzie was there; and if my recollection is correct, so was Howard McKissick, Sr., and this gave a little broader base to the meeting because, actually, law enforcement comes under the county.

INDIAN-POLICE RELATIONSHIPS

One of the critical problems with regard to the whole attitude of the Colony towards the white community was the police department. When I first lived in the Colony, I can remember, night after night, seeing the paddy wagon from downtown loaded up with Indians, bring them out to the Colony and just kick them out in the road. I've even seen them get up and walk right back downtown. I heard stories of police killing Indians. On one occasion I called to the middle of Reservation Road to find an Indian who had been thrown out of

the paddy wagon with his head two inches from tire tracks that were in the snow. I loaded him in my station wagon, took him home, put him to bed, and by that time, I was pretty angry and didn't stop until I got to the chief of police's office. At that time it was Ted Berrum. I went in and almost broke my fist on his desk, and in a loud voice said, "Dammit, this is going to stop!"

And he looked up and said, "Reverend, what's the matter?"

And when I told him, he said, "Dammit, this is going to stop," too.

It was the beginning of a change. There was a beginning effort to realize there might be a *reason* why about forty percent of the adults in the Colony had a problem with alcohol, and that when they drank, sometimes the hostility would come out in some; in others, sleepiness and tiredness would come out; and in others extreme joy and affability or sociability would come out.

I took it as a part [of my job] to become interested in the police department's problems too. It was during this time that Reno was going through a political upheaval. Mayor Harris had been rather friendly to the Colony—his meat company would provide meat sometimes for their potluck dinners. He became terribly concerned about the smell from the sewer plant near the Colony; a couple of times he even made some phone calls to the Bureau of Indian Affairs concerning water problems and road problems, and was genuinely concerned about doing something to help the citizens of the Reno Colony, even though they were outside the city limits of Reno. (The Colony lies right on the city limit line and really is in Washoe County.) But the police problem downtown, especially in the Lake Street-Commercial Row area, was a police problem for Reno. And the Wagon Wheel Bar, which was the favorite hangout. One time they found

an Indian who was dead, laying on the bar. He had been dead so long rigor mortis had started to take effect, but he had a full bottle of beer in his hand which meant that he had just bought one, and they sold it to him. It was a terrible health problem for Reno.

At that time the political attitude, and the police attitude, was that Indians are going to drink and we might as well have a place for them to drink and confine it to that; and as long as we can keep them out of the big clubs downtown, that's the best we can do. And, that was the strategy.

With the change of administration to the Bud Baker administration, with all of the political upheavals, with Mr. Raggio, the district attorney and the chief of police, Mr. Gregory, the situation in the police department deteriorated. There was a policeman on the force who was known for brutality—the Indians used to complain to me *all*- the time about him. I was never really successful in doing anything until Mr. Bud Baker was defeated, and I guess really what happened wasn't so much that he was defeated as it was they had gotten Elmer Briscoe for chief of police.

Mr. Briscoe is half Irish and half Mexican and has some feeling in this area. At that time, I was chairman of the Social Action Committee for the Washoe County Ministerial Association. I paid a visit to Mr. Briscoe, told him that the Association was going to support him in his efforts to clean up the police department after it had been scandal ridden through a burglary ring of policemen, but that I also wanted to see improvement in the treatment of Indians, which he promised me would happen.

I'd become aware of this policeman—I guess we might as well say who it was because it is a matter of public record—Robert Taelour, who has been accused of

extreme brutality. It has been reported that Mr. Taelour would take his blackjack, if he would get a new one, and take three or four Indians who were drunk down to the river and try it out on them. He was charged with kicking one Indian woman in vital places, and people who worked with Mr. Taelour in the police department generally were very much opposed to his methods.

I can't remember exactly what triggered it; it was a long series of things. I had become the chairman of the Nevada Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights, and became aware of problems Negroes were having with the police in Las Vegas, and sane here in Reno but not as much. But I think one of the things that triggered my action was when the son of the deputy sheriff at Nixon, Warren Tobey, was beat up in the elevator of the police department and Mr. Tobey came to me complaining. So, I picked up the phone one day and called Robert Kennedy, who at that time was Attorney General; I didn't get him, but I did get his assistant in Washington, D. C. And I told him that there was a tremendous problem of police brutality in the Reno police department, and with Mr. Taelour in particular. Arid that began a complete FBI investigation in which I participated in trying to help to get some of the witnesses who received the effects of brutality.

The police department could not find the girl who everybody remembered being kicked so brutally. I went down into the identification bureau with Captain Seevers, and first we thought we had the right one from one name given, and went out and interviewed her and became convinced that it wasn't her. The Indians were very reluctant to talk because they were afraid of recrimination, but one day I happened to talk to Reginald Sampson, who was Dewey Sampson's boy, who was a

security guard at Harold's [Club] and he said he thought that the girl they were looking for was up in Klamath Falls, and I think he gave me some indication of one of her names at one time. I went back down to the I.D. bureau and worked for about an hour in the time span that we knew that she was in jail, going through people who were there that day. I finally pulled out her card, and Mr. Seevers and I took it into Elmer Briscoe. He turned it over to the FBI, and they went up and interviewed her and got enough to take that evidence, plus some more, to the federal grand jury.

The federal grand jury was empanelled in Carson City under Judge John R. Ross and eventually Mr. Taelour was brought to trial. I've talked to Chief FBI Agent L. J. McGee and he told me that he never worked harder on a case in his life. The police department was having terrible trouble with some of the evidence. I don't know whether it was internal politics within the department or what. But they ended up with a hung jury and Judge Ross berated all of the witnesses because it was evident that witnesses on one side or the other were committing perjury, and they never could find out which one—which side it was. Mr. Peter Echeverria was the attorney for Bob Taelour and did a masterful defense job, and he was actually more than the prosecution could cope with. The result of the federal case was that nothing happened.

But the chief of police fired Mr. Taelour anyway, and that case was brought before the civil service commission. Squire Drendel was appointed as special chairman to sit in judgment of it. I attended, I think, all the sessions of that case, which was a very wild affair, and the civil service commission upheld Mr. Briscoe's firing of Mr. Taelour.

One of the problems involved here was that Bob Taelour's brother is the chief of

police of Elko, highly respected within the law enforcement community in Nevada.

Let me put in a little something here because it's very interesting. At this time, I was president of the Community Service Council for Washoe County. (This is just a little bit before either one of those trials.) A man by the name of Bill Miller bought the Riverside Hotel and put a show in the Riverside called "Wild Horse Review" which was a lewd a show as ever'd been in Reno. There were some people on the Council that got pretty upset about it. A group of us from the Council, including some ministers, and some husbands and wives, members of the Council, went and viewed the show. And it was more than burlesque because there was actual—some of the gals were actually doing stimulation of themselves on the stage, or simulated, and it was beyond the bounds of anything that had ever been in Reno. So we made a protest and not much happened.

I called up Pete Echeverria one night (he was a state senator) and asked if he would go with me. Pete said he would, and he brought along Howard McKissick, Jr. We walked in, and asked for the table right down at the front of the stage, and in the middle of the act Pete took out a small spy camera and started taking pictures. One of the girls spotted him, and when we left, they asked him for the film, and he said, "To hell with them." It had been advertised "No Cameras Allowed," and he said, "You show me one law in the world that says I can't bring a camera into here."

I don't know all that happened about it, but I do know that I had also talked to Roy Torvinen, and I know that the City Council passed an ordinance against any type of this activity, and spelled it out in such a way that not only would *this* have been unlawful, but any kind of a great to-do about homosexuality on the stages in Reno

would be illegal. And some of the financial community in Reno began to put pressures on the Riverside Hotel and demanded immediate payments of bills, etc., until they forced the closing of the show, and Bill Miller was out of the Riverside Hotel.

As an example of my cooperation with the police department let me tell you the following:

One day I was in the Chief's [Briscoe] office when he got a call from the FBI. When he hung up he said, "They think that a jail escapee is some place in the Indian Colony. Do you think you could find him?" I said I would try. I went out to the church, sat down and tried to figure out where he would be if he was there. I settled on two places, I got in the car and went down to the road to where Edie and Bob Hunter lived which was next door to one of the places I picked. I asked Edie if she had seen a strange white man around.

She said, "He is next door, they won't feed him, he is all around trying to beg bread."

I knew we had him. I called the chief and told him where he was. Pretty soon they called me and asked me to come down to the station. I went down and into a room filled with cops and FBI men. They asked me again where he was and I showed them on a map they had. I then described the house. What it was like inside and out, and told them the Hunters had a baby in their trailer. It was now dark. So they put on bullet proof vests, and got their guns. They had pistols, rifles, shotguns, tear gas guns and masks, the whole bit, and there were nineteen of them. I asked to go along but they said I had to stay in the car. I went out with the chief and he parked on Mill Street and he took off. They were going to move the Hunters and baby out first. Pretty soon they were back and they said, "We got him." When they got

there one of the Indians was on the way out to the outhouse and a cop stopped him and showed him a picture of the man and asked if he was there. The Indian said, "Yes, get him out, he stay three days and then we no feed him, but he stay anyway." The chief and Mr. McGee—the head FBI man—broke down the door and found their man asleep on the couch in his shorts.

A couple of weeks later a couple of the FBI men came to my house and told me that J. Edgar Hoover wanted to thank me and gave me a small reward. They said that this man who had escaped from the Reno jail was very dangerous, had threatened the families of the FBI agents and that they had been spending \$1,000 per day on stakeouts and they were very appreciative. Later the Reno police department made me an honorary police detective with a badge and all, for this, the help on the Taelour case and the fact that I always said the benediction at the annual police show.

THE TRIBAL COUNCIL: INSIGHT INTO INDIAN METHODOLOGY

The tribal council meetings that I have attended—and I didn't attend too many on purpose. I didn't want anyone to think there was undue influence, and I also wanted to give an impression that I trusted and respected them, that they didn't need me, and I think this was valid. But the tribal council meetings that I have attended were very interesting. In some ways they are very much like a Quaker meeting. At the beginning of the meeting there is a lot of talk, but when the meeting is called to order it becomes very still. The difference between an Indian meeting and a Quaker meeting is, during the discussion time, the discussion can get very, very heated in an Indian meeting. Now in the

decision-making time, it's very much like a Quaker meeting. What they will do is bring up an item on the agenda to test the reaction of the people in the audience.

Let's take an example of that. They will say, for example, "Could we get city water?" And there'd be discussion that can get very heated. Then on whether or not their own water isn't better than city water, and isn't their pump better than somebody else's pump, and isn't their water as clean, etc. And then, if they finally are convinced that the city water is better than their water and is desirable, some kind of assignments are made to different members of the council or to people in the audience, who will go out and gather facts. And the way they'll do that is, they'll go to people that they know on the job, and in casual conversation they will pump that person about city water, and they might casually drop into the courthouse, and casually, in the middle of another conversation, ask the county clerk about taxes or rates. Or they'll find some friend who knows a friend who works in the power company and they'll find out what the rates are and what the cost of installation might be. And they'll go direct to the Bureau of Indian Affairs and ask for specific information, but they won't accept that. They'll go around and try to get their own information and double check what the Bureau has to say. And at the next meeting in this fact-gathering process, they even might write letters to congressmen, or to somebody, or they might even talk to somebody up at the university. They're doing that more now than they used to. At the next meeting they will ask, "Is anybody ready to report on what he knows?" and unless the man feels that he has all the facts, he'll say "No." And that will go on, meeting after meeting, until everybody who has an assignment is ready to report, completely.

And on that night, they will put all the facts on the table, and then begins the planning process, and time is absolutely *not* a factor.

Then someone will make a suggestion of another plan, and they'll go out and do the same thing all over again. They'll gather facts and try to test what they think that plan is. And they'll come back, and if they can't get that plan worked out perfectly, they'll wait for somebody else to suggest an alternative. And they might have to go through the process of checking the alternative out. This might take three months; it might take a year, might take five years; it makes no difference. The night that they have everything about that total project known and planned in detail so that they know exactly what's going to happen when they begin to do it, that night it will be known because when they sit there quietly thinking about it, it will get very still in that meeting. The chairman will then, if there is no tension in the meeting whatsoever, the chairman will know that the time has come to make the decision. He will ask for the reports, and he will ask for the plan, and usually at that time it will be worked out in such detail that there be no questions, and usually no vote will be taken because it's a silent consensus and everybody knows that they've arrived. And, they'll go ahead and do it, *and they never have to do it over*. All the evaluation of projects are done prior to their institution and not as they go along. They're different in terms of process. They *don't learn as they go along; they learn before they start* a project.

Sometimes it's frustrating to work with these people. It's frustrating when the two systems don't mesh gears, and what's really frustrating is how the Bureau will manipulate those two differences so nothing happens. And what has happened lately is that the Indian people have gotten so much more

knowledge of the non-Indian community that they can actually function faster. This fact-gathering process doesn't take near as much time as it used to, so the meshing of the two is getting a little easier. They are getting much more fluent in their communication of what they think and what their ideas are, and what their desires are. Their own decision-making processes are much more rapid.

Television is making a great change. Indians in the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony enjoy the top entertainment in the world, just like they were at Caesar's Palace or the Copacabana. There's all kinds of educational programs on television that they watch. They learn a fantastic amount of facts, information and data, from watching television and that, in turn, aids in their own decision-making process. I'm not so sure that ultimately the two systems can work very well together—the time factor. They still say, you know, the white man lives too fast and dies too soon, and he never knows what life is all about. They could be right. Most of the businessmen I talked to agree with them, but nobody changes. Even the Indians don't change the other way, either.

INDIAN HUMOR; INDIAN LANGUAGE— THE COMMUNICATION GAP

I think one of the funniest stories that can be told as an example of Indian humor, is that out near Pyramid Lake there is a small flood control dam that's related to the whole Truckee River complex, called Numana Dam. And what happened, I imagine in my own mind, was that they got Indians to help them build it. And when they got through, they asked them, "What shall we call this thing?" And one of the Indians said, "Well, let's call it Numana Dam," and so they did. And today, if you go and look on all the maps, that's the

name of it—Numana Dam. And the literal translation of that is “goddam.”

And, what’s doubly funny about that, which is the stinger in it, is that there are no swear words in Paiute. The worst that they ever called anybody was a dog, and very seldom that. The Paiutes were trained to show real mutual respect of each other, and there was just no dirty talk of any kind in their language. One of the things that the older people object to today, in the Americanization of Indian youth, is that they become dirty and wild and disrespectful, and not only of parents but of each other, and of other people.

[There is] a very deep sense of sacredness of everything, according to the Washo. The Paiute is much more individualistic than the Washo. The Washo has a greater sense of community, a greater sense of group spirit, and, of course, the Washo is a matriarchal [tribe]. The Washo, incidentally, has an idea of a supreme being. They have an old story the Jesus visited them about 1,500 years ago, and when I asked them what He told them, the answer is, “He told us to love one another.” And as a missionary, I always felt there was no use to try and improve on that. I just accepted it and discussed it as a part of our faith.

I think it is interesting that there are no prepositions or conjunctions and there are no abstract words in Paiute. It is a picture language.

We started a little newspaper one time and I asked for the word for “news.” They debated for a week and finally came back and told me, “hemana wa hanah.” What is that? “Something told.” They say really what it means is “when we all get together and talk.” Gambling in the old days was the newspaper; they used to all get together in a central place to play the stick game and they shared all the

gossip and news that happened up in their particular areas.

The lack of preposition in the native language spills over in English. The kids never “go to the store,” they just “go store.” When they’re excited, in the Reno Colony, their slang always includes “heck-of-a” like, “heck-of-a-good,” or “heck-of-a-no-good,” or “heck-of-a-shabby.” And they used to always want to go some place so they “get out and run round.”

Some of the interesting ways in which communication happens—I’ll give you an example of that. They had a meeting one time of the Tribal Council, about ten years ago, in the Reno Colony, and the KDOT radio station had a broadcasting antenna immediately behind the Reno Colony, and the access to it was by a narrow dirt road at the extreme northeast corner of the Reno Colony. They had to have right-of-way permission, and they came and wanted to know how much the Tribal Council wanted. The contract was over, and they wanted to know how much they wanted to renew it. They offered twenty-five dollars a year, and sat, and the Indian people of the Council sat and never said a word—for five minutes—never said a word. And finally, one of them turned to the other one and said, “Didn’t we have a contract one time with one company that wanted to go through there and they paid us twenty-five dollars for ninety days?” And the other one said, “Yes,” and then they sat there for five minutes—ten minutes.

Finally the man from KDOT turned to me and says, “What’s happening?”

And I said, “They already told you the price.”

And he says, “What?”

And I said, “Offer them a hundred dollars for the year.” So he did, and they took it, and that was the way it worked.

I found that Indians avoid specific questions. They don't like to pin anybody down. If they can get business transacted on the fringe of the problem rather than at the core of it, they'd much rather do it that way. When they're going to make a point, they'll start way off to one side, and you can figure out where they're going and bring it up, you know, indicate that you know what it is, then the discussion ceases. Kind of interesting.

Great kidders, they would test people by telling a lie, and see if you could guess it, if you could catch it. And if you couldn't, they'd, you know, string you along for a long time, just to find out how good they are at it. And if you said, "I don't believe that," the standard reply was, "Oh, I just say," which I think is interesting. The phrase for "I am kidding you" was "Oh, I just say."

Another of the funny stories was, I was down in Dresslerville one night, and I was talking to John Dressler's uncle, who was a very old man, about seventy-five or eighty, with a very bright sense of humor. I asked him if he'd ever been up in an airplane, and he said, no, he fell off a horse once.

I think when you're working within a bi-cultural situation, that naturally you develop skills of communications. Recently, up at the University of Nevada, we had a training session with some Ph.D.'s from UCLA who were training nonprofessional aides in the poverty program. And on this particular occasion, we had forty recipients on the poverty program who were doing pick and shovel work and being paid for it out of poverty funds. The people from UCLA worked all morning on their latest techniques of group action, which was to have everybody get up, first, and tell who they were and a little bit of their history, and then they started putting up on the piece of paper on the wall what the group thought

were the real needs that they had, or some problem that they'd like to have solved. And they went on, and on, and on, and on, and on.

Finally, one of the Indians raised his hand, and he said, "Mr. Mathews, what's going on here?"

And I said, "Well, what do you mean?"

And he said, "You know, we feel heck-of-a-shamed." "We don't—lot of guys here tell me they don't want to get up and tell what—about themselves. They did it, but they're getting a little angry because they don't know why."

So I asked permission from the fellows from UCLA, and I got up and I said, "I'll tell you what's happening here." I said, "You know, when you go out and gather pinenuts, the pinenut has a very tough shell on it and you have to crack it in order to get the meat. Well," I said, "the men so far have been trying to crack the shell of fear around you so that when they get to the meat of the problem of wanting to know what the real problems are that you will be willing to tell them."

"Oh, okay," and from then on it was fine. You know, they could relate to that. There was immediate comprehension of what I was talking about. Using the illustration of the pinenut, which was familiar to them, they recognized their own hard shell, because they even expressed it, and that it had to be broken down, and from then on it was great.

When I first went to the Colony—I don't know whether missionaries or some people have a special thing added, but when they would talk to me, I could catch the inner meaning of what they would say, even then. And what I usually did was reflect it back to them. I kept trying to say it back in different ways until they said, "That's what I mean." What I had to learn to do was not in understanding what they said, because I

did that, but learning to say it back so they understood that I understood exactly.

RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN THE COLONY AND WELFARE ORGANIZATIONS

The first contact I had with any welfare people was with Barbara Coughlan. She, Dwight Nelson, Marvin Piccolo, Neil Scott and a couple of counselors, and Mr. Rosaschi used to have lunch together about once a week over in Reno High School when we'd share problems and successes and failures and some techniques. I always thought that that was very worthwhile—it lasted a couple of years. I got to know Virginia Starkweather rather well. At this point there was also a worker for Miss Coughlan by the name of Miss Harriet Lee, who was probably one of the most effective welfare people they ever had in Washoe County, very well educated and very progressive, who used to attend these meetings. And from it there was some involvement with the Mental Health Association, which never seemed to get off the ground, and I don't think has to this day.

From my experience, welfare people in Washoe County had little knowledge of Indian ways, and were rather ineffective working (as case work) with Indians, because of their lack of knowledge or sensitivity to the cultural differences.

I have more knowledge of the Indian's view of them than I do of their view of the Indian. The Indian saw the welfare people as just another place to gather. In the old days, they used to go out and hunt for deer and gather pinenuts and roots; and in these days, they go out to the welfare to gather the money to buy food, and they saw welfare people as a "source" for the gathering process for needs. There were some feelings of hurt pride, of having to take welfare, but not too much;

[rather it was] a kind of a price the white man pays for renting our land. There was very little guilt attached to illegitimate children, a very high degree of ADC recipients. When I first went to the Colony, and as I've stated before, we've reduced that about seventy-five to eighty percent with indirect methods.

The welfare department also hired an Indian up in Owyhee, a woman, Mrs. Leah Manning, who in turn became kind of an interpreter to the rest of the welfare department for Indian social problems. Probably she has done as much as any other person in the whole state to help, at least in the welfare community.

Concerning Barbara Coughlan, I had limited personal contact with her outside of those weekly meetings and some contact down in the halls of the legislature. My personal impression was of a highly efficient, executive woman, very absolutist in her thinking, very uncompromising in her positions. I don't know how effective she was in dealing with welfare recipients. She was a pretty good campaigner in getting the more liberalized welfare laws in the state established, in trying to up-grade the level of competency of the staff and in administering of her department. I think her downfall came because she was not politically astute, that to compromise and to arrive at a position this session which might lead to her ultimate goal the next session was not her *modus operandi*—she wanted one hundred percent of what she wanted now, and eventually this led to her dismissal.

I always felt that the worst welfare people I ever met in my life were in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. There was a Mrs. Slater who was there for a long time, and I'm not sure that all the problems can be blamed on the people as much as the system on which they had to operate. She was a dedicated person and did understand Indians and did have

sympathy, but she had no resources. Very little money, 96,000 square miles of territory to operate within, very small staff, and she operated pretty much upon the “she’d given up technique. Many times she’d just throw up her hands and do nothing because she couldn’t figure out anything to do.

I think the most angry I got with a welfare group was—I have *never* felt that at the time of death that it is a time to argue bureaucratic law. We had a very tragic death in the Colony of a teen-age boy who was murdered. The family came to see about Stewart helping with the funeral expenses, which is a policy. And Stewart stated that they could not help them with those expenses because he didn’t die on the reservation. He died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. And I asked them to prove it—that he wasn’t dead when they put him in the ambulance, and they couldn’t do that—he was dead on arrival. And I really couldn’t understand why I had to go and tell parents that they couldn’t get any money from the Bureau to bury their murdered teen-age son because of four or five blocks difference in location of land where death occurred. And I really put a lot of heat on that. I never did get the policy changed. I think that one of the men in the Colony loaned the family the money and I don’t know if he ever did get it back. But I’ve never been as angry in the whole time that I was in Reno as I was on that situation. And have said so in more ways than one.

I have been angry with law enforcement people. Sometimes I’ve felt their criminal investigations were more efficient when nine crimes was committed by an Indian than when the crime was committed against an Indian. We had a boy who was shot on the grounds of the Isbell Construction Company. There was conflicting testimony. The findings of the coroner and the justice of peace were that it was

justifiable, and I talked to some eye witnesses and shared the information from these eye witnesses with the police, and their testimony was never considered. There was indication the boy was shot in the back while running, with the testimony of the man who did the firing that he had been jumped upon and he fired when the fellow had him by the arms choking him. There was conflicting testimony about that by the funeral director, too. In my presence the sheriff’s office told the funeral director to “keep his damn’ mouth shut.”

But what I’m trying to convey here is the frustration that you have when you are the catalyst, or the liaison person, between two communities. You really begin to identify with the community you are trying to help. You try to remain as objective as you can, but on the scale of powers in Washoe County, a missionary to Indians is pretty low, just one step above the Indians, or maybe none at all. On the other hand, I’ve found times when law enforcement people showed great sympathy for the problem. They really did not function in a frame of mind that was very optimistic about solving the problem, and they kind of operated in a climate of despair, either out of ignorance—primarily out of ignorance, in all ways. I remember one time when some boys broke into the Center and broke about nineteen windows, and they called me and they called the sheriff at the same time. When we arrived, the sheriff looked around and said, “How in the hell can you put up with this mess?” Well, you know, it didn’t bother me near as much as it bothered him. But it did tell me, you know, that he couldn’t have put up with it.

A great deal of so-called crime committed by Indians was their point of view—their sense of humor. The boys used to go downtown and they’d steal bicycles. And I’d ask them why they did it, and they said, “Well, it was there,

and it was unlocked, and if the white kids want to leave their bikes around unlocked with us around, they deserve to have them stolen.” And they’d give them back. They’d just take ‘em and it was fine; they had no more feeling of a sense of property belonging to them once they had it in their possession than they did when they took it. They just used it, which is an interesting problem for law enforcement and judges.

I did find in Washoe County great sympathy of the judges toward Indians. They felt terribly frustrated knowing what to do. They were very keenly aware of the cultural differences and the value system difference, and they usually tried to render a decision that they thought was in the best interest of the Indian, something that would let him know that what he did was not acceptable, but that he wasn’t completely condemned for it. They also tried to find a solution that would help him not have to do it again.

The most difficult cases were the child custody cases where they had to take children away from parents and place them in foster homes, and to do that they had to have testimony of even relatives, and for one Indian to testify against another one is next to impossible, and yet at times they knew the situation was so desperate they had to, and they would find ways of telling the judge that they approved of what he was doing without actually saying it in so many words. They usually would say to the judge, “Well, you know, if you think that’s what’s best,” rather than, “I think that it’s the right thing to do.” They would make a statement like this to the judge, “If you think it’s the best to do, what else is there to do?” or, “What other way is there?” Really, what that meant was, “There isn’t any other thing you can do; you have to do that.”

One of the great human beings in Reno, Nevada, is Dwight Nelson. There is no man

that I know of who has greater concern or sympathy for children in the community than Dwight Nelson. He has worked for many, many years to provide Washoe County with first-rate juvenile services. When I first came to town, his office was in the old sheriff’s office. There was an alley between the old sheriff’s building and the courthouse, and his office and small staff was in the back of that alley.

I heard Mr. Nelson make a speech at the Kiwanis Club on, I think, the first Thursday I was in Reno. He was talking about delinquency; he was talking about what needed to be done. And I couldn’t help but remember that the night before I had heard one of the sheriff’s deputies threaten one of our Indian boys that if he didn’t squeal on somebody he was going to send him down to Mr. Nelson for punishment. I went and told Dwight this, and it kind of established a relationship between the two of us, because it makes it very difficult for a juvenile officer to work with children, when the police are using him as a “boogey man.”

Dwight was very discouraged in those days in fighting battles for a new juvenile hall, fighting battles with the welfare department, which was also in the same building, and was rather emotionally upset. I remember I went over to the drugstore and bought some wild cherry lifesavers and put ‘em in a brown prescription bottle and got a prescription label from a drugstore and typed out “happiness pills, take one as needed” and signed it “Dr. Mathews” and put it on his desk. And he told me that those pills did more to help his mental health than anything else I’d ever done. And I think he still uses them. He fills up that bottle once in a while and takes one.

He and I worked together for a long time on Indian problems and on an Indian detention home. I’ve heard him sworn at and

cussed at and criticized by law enforcement people and ultra-conservative people, but anyone who really knows Dwight Nelson and really understands him knows that there's only one thing that Dwight Nelson is interested in, and that's children. And he refuses to have children scarred for life on small, petty things, when really the problem is that most of these kids are terribly lonely, come from broken families or families that are together for reasons other than love, and it's the kids his whole approach is centered in. He and I developed the strategy one time of not sending Indian children to Elko for the simple reason that it became a status symbol in the Colony to be able to say you'd been to Elko. So we eliminated that and eliminated a lot of the problems. Kids who came back from Elko would be the leaders in some of the delinquency problems.

When I first went there, the Reno Colony was the biggest single delinquency problem in the area, and this last year they told me that the rate is lower than most places in the county. The police department just does not consider it as a special problem any more, at all. Phil Hanifan who used to be Dwight's assistant, and head of Wittenberg Hall, told me, even last Monday, that if nothing else had been accomplished in my lifetime, at least we had' done something about Reno-Sparks Indian Colony and he said he wished that everybody would know what it was. Probably it was having a philosophy similar to Dwight Nelson that we saw the task of being "people centered." In my opinion, Dwight Nelson is one of the outstanding juvenile probation officers in the whole country, a man who works tirelessly without a great deal of community appreciation and carries many things that he, himself, would not even reveal that he has to contend with. I think he is one of Reno's truly great citizens.

OBSERVATIONS OF CHANGES OVER THE TWELVE-YEAR PERIOD, 1955-1967

From a polluted water system to an adequate city-standard water system. From completely inadequate law enforcement to first-rate law enforcement. From an unemployment rate of fifty percent in 1955 to practically zero today of able bodied people. From no college people twelve years ago to one Ph.D., one master's degree, three B.A.'s, a couple of boys about to get their bachelor's, about five junior college graduates, a multitude of trade school graduates. From a dropout rate of seventy-five percent before tenth grade to less than three percent. From one of the highest delinquency rates in the county to less than the average rate for any area. From no paint on any houses to at least most houses being painted; from all houses being substandard to almost fifty percent being adequate. From no house trailers, to now, forty- to fifty-foot- house trailers being used on a permanent basis with even cement block bases. Yards with fences. From dirt roads to paved roads. From a middle area which was a swamp to what's now going to be an excellent park; from no playground area to a good playground area. From complete community disorganization to a cohesive community that can determine needs, make plans and solve problems; from a disorganized tribal council to a functioning governing body. From an attitude of despair to an attitude of some hopefulness. And then I'd say it the other way—from dependency to a growing independency; from a past fear of the larger community to a tentative confidence (in the sense there is an exciting cooperativeness). From almost total disbelief in non-Indians to a tentative belief that there are non-Indians who are helpful. From very few friendships to growing sense of neighborliness. From calling

the Reno Colony a “camp” to identifying it as a “community.” A lessening of physical destruction, of physical improvements.

It used to be that every time something new was put up, it was torn down; every time a light was installed, it was broken out; every time a wall was built, it was torn down. That has almost disappeared.

The change in mental attitude is from one of extreme anxiety to rather poised calmness, and from one of looking to the Bureau for everything to looking to the Bureau for practically nothing. From inability—or the unconsciousness—of concept of planning to the actual planning and doing of things. From being “past oriented” to being “future oriented.”

I think in the over-all national picture, Nevada, in the past, was looked at as the backward Indian groups in the country, and today some of the top leadership in the United States is coming from these very same people. What the Indian people in Nevada are planning and doing is, in a sense, a model to other Indian groups all over the country. And I would not want to minimize the tremendous shot in the arm that the poverty program has given to this throughout the state, because it has given the Indian leadership a financial base upon which to function in a respectable climate. One of the reasons why they never used to plan was they never had anything to plan with—or any time, really, to do it. They couldn’t afford to plan. When everyone was worrying about where their next meal was coming from, the only thing they were concerned about was their next meal; and when they know where their next *month’s* meals are coming from, they can plan usually not only for a month, but beyond that. There is a relationship between economic stability and responsibility, and not just one or the other. I will say the most dramatic changes

that I noticed in Indian families occurred when the head of the household obtained a steady job—that that dependable income was the foundation for responsible family life. And there are very few instances of children being successful in school unless father or mother had a steady income.

Have I mentioned the possibility of moving to Manogue? I don’t know whether to classify this as a disappointment or not because it’s a two-edged sword. About five years ago, I came to the conclusion that somebody was going to have to take the bull by the horns and see what could be done in terms of motivation in the Colony. The Colony was on “dead center,” and we were going around in circles all the time. And one of the reasons was, I think, there was a growing feeling among the Indian people that they didn’t have to stay there. I had talked to some Indians, and I asked them why didn’t they leave the Colony. They said, “because I can’t.”

And I said, “Why can’t you?”

And he said, “Well, because it’s against the law.”

And I said, “Who told you that?”

“Well, when I moved here, the white people at the Bureau told me, ‘This is yours. You stay here.’ And that means, you know, forever.” This was a time when relocation became a big objective of the federal government, and some Indians were willing to try it and go and get trained. Many of them came back to the reservation.

Now, the Reno-Sparks Colony is zoned for industrial use, and it could be worth as much as a million and a half dollars. At one time I thought of seeing if we couldn’t get the convention center located there. It could be bought and the convention center located there—a good location between Reno and Sparks and good access down Second Street to downtown Reno. A lot of people today

think I was right then. I did ask some of the Indian people what they would do if they were offered the money. And the answer was that they would look for some other place because they wanted to stay together. So then I asked the question, "Well, what about those who don't want to stay?"

"Well, they can have their money and go, but those who do want to stay, we'd buy the land and build."

It was about this time that Manogue School, the new one, was built, and the old Manogue School out on Boynton Way was empty. Driving by one day, I thought to myself, "There's a built-in gymnasium and a built-in building, and there's plenty of land around here. We could actually build a model community." So I went and asked Father Linde of the Catholic Church how much they would want for that, and at that time I think they quoted me something like \$440,000, and there would have to be a lot of sewerage work done. I talked to Senator Bible and he said that was a possibility. I also looked across the street and saw the Sierra Pacific industrial park being built and thought it was a great place for a built-in labor supply. The Indian people not only would have access to a lot of jobs but the industry would have access to a lot of people. So I explored the idea with the Indian people, the leadership, first of all. What they wanted was plans; they wanted to see the picture—they wanted to see the whole thing down on paper. They also wanted to know how much the Colony was worth and they would want to know everything down to the penny. And they said that they didn't think it could be done because they didn't think the old people would go. So I suggested a feasibility study, out of which would come at least three appraisals. Also I went down to the Reno Chamber of Commerce and asked them if they had anyone who might be willing

to buy that Colony, and while the appraised valuation is very high, the immediate pressure to buy it is not there yet, because there is a lot of land still available.

I think the majority of the people in the Colony would have liked the idea of having a model city out on Boynton Lane. In fact, I asked one old Indian about it and he says, "Give me three day's notice." I think that, really, as long range strategy, they felt this. If it was possible that somebody would have come and made them a concrete offer, if somebody would have put it in writing, and someone would have shown them what it would look like—but that never happened. I could never get that done.

But this kind of an "end run" motivated the people in the Colony to start thinking about the Colony to a real great extent. I put out a couple of bulletins that were spread around in which I said that at no time in history was there better chance to make the Colony just like any other place in town as there was right then. There were housing programs available, water programs available, recreation programs available, all kinds of new government programs available, and if they really wanted to bring this thing up to standard it could be done, but they had to take the initiative. I think that was the beginning of it. I think they started sending out their fact-finding people, and step by step, and piece by piece, they have made a decision to bring that Colony up to standard, and even looking to the day when they might have to build high-rise apartments in there because of the population explosion. At least that ground is theirs, and they know it's theirs, and they're going to hang onto it unless it became so financially attractive and advantageous to them to sell it, they're not going to do it. And the money isn't as important as the fact that it is kind of sacred land now because it's

theirs and they do have title to it. So while maybe I had thought that the movement to Manogue might have been the best. I kind of came to the conclusion that maybe making the Colony “standard” was a halfway house, and maybe someday you won’t be able to find the Reno Colony, either because the people have moved out or because it’s so much a part of the community that nobody recognizes it as separate any more. One thing that was a satisfaction was that I think a decision was made to do something, even if it wasn’t done right away.

I think some word should be made about the general attitude of non-Indians to Indians. These are general attitudes, they’re not specific. I might get to some specific ones. I’ve traveled over 150,000 miles throughout the United States talking to people about Indians. And I have found, generally speaking, three or four things that really stand out in the minds of white people. One is they feel guilty about the Indian situation. Two, they are ignorant of its real nature. It’s pretty mush based upon what they have seen on television or the movies, or read in history books which are stories of a hundred and fifty years ago. Without exception, they are paternalistic about it and feel sorry. The word is, “I feel so sorry for the poor Indians.” And while there is a romanticized respect, which shows itself in even naming baseball teams like the Cleveland Indians and Atlanta Braves, there is a paternalistic “holier than thou” attitude among many Christian people. They look at Indians as pagan heathens, savages. Many liberals look at Indians as objects of manipulation. They have a very “looking down” attitude. They try to cover up their true feelings of superiority by extreme informality when they are in the presence of Indians; they talk way too much, they listen hardly at all, because they don’t think there is anything

they could learn. And Indian people learn a lot about them by listening, and could teach a lot by talking a little, but never have the chance and are too courteous to interrupt.

In all kinds of ways the Indian is looked down upon. In Montana they used to have signs in the window—“No dogs or Indians allowed.” I don’t think that’s true in Reno, but it was practiced at times; Indians were restricted to the Commercial Row area for a long time. I was quite surprised when I went to the Riverside Hotel and the Mapes Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Dressler, when he was dressed in a suit and a tie, and she had a very nice evening dress on. We were accepted, but there were a lot of eyebrows raised because they just couldn’t adjust to the image presented by this Indian couple.

I think, really, the controlling factor is the “out of sight, out of mind” business—for example, the Reno Colony is hidden from the rest of the town, and because very few people even know where it is, they don’t have to be concerned about it or feel responsible. In the defense mechanisms that arise, let’s say “that Indians must learn to be responsible,” really, in its depth, means, “I don’t want to have any responsibility for it.” Rather than saying, “Together we can do something about it,” many people will say, “They’ve got to learn to have initiative,” and, “*they’ve* got to do this or that.”

In Reno I can remember making speeches at Lions’ Club or Kiwanis and opening it up for questions, and get questions from the audience that give real clues of attitudes, and usually it’s some—relating some story of forty years ago of some Indian that they know that was extremely dirty or that he carried a dead deer around in his car for four weeks. And that Indians didn’t seem to have any sense of time, or they just didn’t care about anything, which really was a clue to ignorance of the

cultural values or what the Indian considered to be important. I'm sure they didn't know that the Indian Rotary Clubs felt that white people are too clean. They washed a lot of the good earth off that gave them strength and energy. They never put their feet in dirt and gained from Mother Earth spiritual power. They didn't know that you never tell someone that you're going to be some place at a certain time; it's when you're in harmony with the universe that both of you will arrive there about together. And that you never ask an Indian if he's going to be some place three weeks from now. How does he know? He cannot be honest with you; he can't tell you the truth because he doesn't know the truth. White people say they're going to be some place at a certain time. How do they know they're going to be there? They might be dead. They take a terrible chance of lying by making promises that they don't know the answers to. If we are at harmony with the universe, we will be there. So the answer usually, from an Indian, if you ask him if he's going to be at a certain place at a certain time, is, "I don't know, maybe, we'll see," because Indians do not believe in "ends" or "finality." They never say "good-bye;" they always say, "see you later," and that's either in this life or the next one; it doesn't make any difference.

The people who get along with Indians the best are the ones, who by their very manner, indicate respect, and one deed is worth a thousand words. The people who get along with Indians best are those who build upon a relationship of consistently doing what they say, and doing what is wanted and doing what is good, and those who just talk about it are treated courteously but not with very much hope.

Some people say to me, "Why aren't Indians more aggressive?" And I have to say,

"Because Indians are too courteous. They are not pushy; they are not competitive." They really do not want to compete with the white man, because that is to either bring yourself down to their level, or to try to put yourself above them. What would really be consistent with their philosophy would be for everybody to be happy, to have their needs fulfilled equally. I think that this story will illustrate a point I am trying to make.

One summer a few years ago, we received a call from the University asking that I attend a meeting concerning the Peace Corps. I went. The idea was the San Francisco State College had been granted the contract for training of Peace Corps volunteers. They had the idea that perhaps they could send the students of Nevada to live and work on the Indian reservations for a summer and learn what it was like to live with natives before they went to Africa, South America etc. It was agreed and Indians accepted the idea because they thought any program was better than no program on the reservations. They were especially pleased with the idea of having someone who wanted to help and could work with the young people. It was agreed that whole contingent would arrive in Reno on a Sunday night and the Indian people would greet them, have a pot luck dinner, a social hour and then the people would leave for the various reservations.

A couple of other planning meetings were held to work out the details and then one Sunday night they arrived at the Colony Christian Center in Reno about three hours late. Off the bus came the Peace Corps people and professors from San Francisco. Most of them had the long hair, beards, beads, moccasins, duff le bags with bottles of wine sticking out, etc. In other words, real hippie type young people. Some were obviously neurotic as all get out, some were not.

The Indian people were very nice, they fed them and talked to them but about half way through the evening a group of the Indian women came over to me and whispered, "Mr. Mathews, we want to talk to you." I said okay. They said, "Mr. Mathews, what can we do to help these poor people " I had to laugh, but it was decided that the Indians would just try to be as kind as possible and all summer they were. To be sure some good did come out of the encounter, but I am not sure who gained the most, the Indians or the Peace Corps. Personally I would vote for the Peace Corps.

I used to have a strategy in what I called "public relations for Indians" and it basically was to talk about qualities that are mutually admired and to explain spiritual values in a way which most non-Indians would find acceptable. For example, if a Baptist believed in tithing, I would talk about the fact that Indians used to give ten percent of the pinenuts to the squirrels and to the birds, and that they used to dance and pray for three days prior to picking the pinenuts and ask the mountains for permission to do it, and then afterwards dance and pray for three days thanking the mountains. And then I'd ask the question, "When was the last time you prayed about anything for three days?"

I always used this illustration when I went on deputation, I have flown about 200,000 miles in my lifetime and I guess 150,000 of that as a missionary. Each year I flew twice cross country on speaking tours to help the Baptists raise money for the missionary cause.

And these kinds of approaches usually break the somewhat rigid images that people have, that are false, of Indians. As long as people only see Indians as those who massacred and raided, they have a violent feeling and they didn't know that it took three days of dancing to get mad enough to fight. And you know, the danger in this whole thing

is because we are talking about the differences, when in reality human beings are pretty much the same every place, and we need to emphasize that. The more that white people that I know got together with Indians that I know, and they got to know each other—attitudes can change.

You know, the prejudice on the part of Indians is just as strong, if not stronger in some ways, than it was with white people. At least it was at the beginning. There was hardly any sympathy for white people whatsoever because they didn't know; all they knew was what Grandfather told them about what the soldiers did to them—just like all that white people knew was what they'd seen on television. So one of the things I've heard—and I've heard this said by white people—and I think maybe it's a *positive* thing, they have said to Indians, "You know, it was my grandfather who did that. I didn't do it. And it was your grandfather that it was done to, and it wasn't to you. Now you and I have got to find some new relationship here." And most Indian people respond to that. That is a sincere approach.

Summarizing attitudes in Reno toward Indians, I think I could say the following things: there was a great deal of ignorance about the Indian Colony. It was primarily out of sight and therefore out of mind, and only became a problem when the focus on the Indian Colony was forced, either through some dramatic news item or by a speech of mine or some other incident. There is an underlying guilt feeling in most of the people with regard to the treatment of the Indians. There is a surface desire to do something. There is a terrible frustration of, knowing how ignorant everybody is, to decide what was a good thing to do. In the beginning, there was an almost absolute breakdown in communications, but I think as ideas worked,

became visible, that the willingness to do things for Indians increased rapidly; that when the people found out *what* they could do that worked, they were willing to do it. When law enforcement found out that one good policeman who understood Indians helped the situation tremendously, they were very willing to pay for him and put him there. And when the school people found out that by training teachers, the dropout rate dropped, they were willing to spend the money to train teachers and to also provide the study halls. Even the welfare department did some training on Indians. They used to train one worker and try to encourage her to become a specialist. Let me close this section with the following.

I should make special mention of some great staff people who have served the Colony. I have mentioned June Taylor. She was there from 1955 to June of 1957. June was a very capable person who did excellent work and contributed a great deal. She was responsible for the girls' clubs and the nursery school. She was a very headstrong woman and very competitive. We produced a great deal together but we really never communicated well with each other. I did help her get a promotion and she left to become the head of social emphasis program for the Southern California Baptist Convention.

June was followed by Marjorie Mareau, a girl I really enjoyed working with. Marj was real down-to-earth, practical, and well loved by all of the girls and woman. She left us in 1959 to get married to a friend of mine from Berkeley. He is today an executive for the YMCA in the bay area and they live with their children in Berkeley. I stayed with them while I wrote my thesis. His name was Joe Forbes. Marj was followed by Leona Dunterman, an excellent Christian Center worker and well loved. She was the only worker we ever

had who could play the piano, so that was something special. She left to get married, a preacher, and lives in Herlong now.

In 1961, Mary "Susie" Apolinar came. Susie was someone special. She was a Mexican girl from Chicago, had grown up a Catholic, been a convert to the Baptist and. had served in the Christian Center in Brooklyn, New York. The Indian people took to her brown skin and black hair and warm spirit in a special way. Mary is the finest missionary I ever knew and we worked together very, very well. I never could have asked for anyone better. We made tremendous strides when she was there. She was transferred to Alaska in 1964 and a year and a half later married a chaplain in the Army and now lives in Washington, D.C. The last girl worker we had was Mary Sweet, an attractive, very bright girl with a totally different educational background than the others. She was an anthropology major and community development oriented. We changed strategy with her there. We actually plotted a few explosions among the Indian women, in order to get some things off of dead center and we did! She concentrated with the young adults. They really got involved in Colony problems with Mary there. It was great.

I left in January, 1967, and she left in July, 1967. She went to work for the Rural Community Action program of the state and got married soon after. I have quite a reputation for playing cupid I guess, and some of it is justified. However, nature has a way of working on its own, too!

In 1966 I suggested to Mary that she encourage the young women to put on a big social event in Reno and invite the top people of Reno so the Colony people and the elite could meet on a social level. It took a year and a half for it to happen and it took some help from Eileen Brookman of Las Vegas, but in

the spring of 1967, it did happen. Over 350 people gathered in the Riverside Hotel at six dollars apiece, eighty percent Indians, and had food, fun, entertainment and speeches. All done by Indians with awards to tribes and non-Indians who had been helpful. The Indian people wore their best suits and dresses. They do have them and the white people were flabbergasted and it was just wonderful. Edie Hunter, Charlotte Tobey, Jessie Astor and many others were really the work horses for the event and I think that this is the kind of thing we must move toward and to me it was kind of a fulfillment of a twelve year dream.

ACTIVITIES IN CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS AND WELFARE GROUPS

THE WASHOE COUNTY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

My first recollection of the Washoe County Ministerial Association was the fact that I immediately joined when I came to Reno and found they were completely embroiled in the problem of the marriage laws. Every meeting was geared around some kind of strategy to get rid of wedding chapels. At that time there was only one or two, and they've succeeded in creating thirty or forty more. The real concern, truly, was about ethics. I was in the Association for twelve years, and I really believe there was no attempt to aid the monetary income of churches by eliminating wedding chapels. There was a sincere concern for the whole concept of marriage being a sacred relationship. But the methods by which we, and I was one of them, attempted to deal with the problem certainly were not successful.

It was only after three or four years that the tack of the Association was changed to social action; probably Felix Manley and

I had as much to do with that as anybody. We got involved in the gambling problem, got involved in the political situation, the administration of Mayor Bud Baker; we got involved in the support of the district attorney, and in the Joe Conforte activities. We became a rather effective political force. Some of us were even on the recall committee of Mayor Baker. I was one of those. While the recall never happened, that council was not re-elected either. I do feel that the Association played a vital role there in improving the government of Reno.

Some of the real leaders of the Ministerial Association in the old days were Rafe Martin, from St. John's Presbyterian Church, and Father John Ledger, who was incidentally, a man that I used as a pastor one time, even though he was an Episcopalian. I wanted to get some advice on a marital situation, one of the couples I was counseling. I went to him and got good advice and help. I have a great deal of respect for Father Ledger, Felix Manley, David Meadows, Blake Franklin, and John Hargrave of the Sparks Baptist Church.

These men were there quite a long time. We never had quite as much cooperation from the Episcopal Church after Father Ledger left as we had with him.

It was only in recent times that the Catholic Church participated. Father Joe Linde belonged—oh, around 1960, I guess—or 1961. The rabbi belonged. I remember one instance where Rabbi Phillip Weinberg was very upset with the Association. He didn't think that we had supported Dr. Sidney Tillim enough in the problems out at the hospital [Nevada State Hospital] and he spoke for thirty minutes condemning in very emotional terms the whole Association. It became my job to defend the Association. I guess I spoke five or ten minutes. Apparently it helped, because we never heard any more about it. Rabbi Weinberg was not accurate in all of his facts and unaware of some of the quiet support that was in effect, and he failed to read the newspaper and see one headline where we had come out publicly in supporting Dr. Tillim.

Interesting sidelight, I think, to the operation of the Association, and I think one of the things that I appreciated about the Association as much as any was that it was *not* theologically oriented. I think every kind of a religious attitude was represented in that Association from the most extreme Pentecostal to Unitarian—and the Jewish and Protestant and Catholic. Quite a few people of the metaphysical persuasion were in it. I always thought it was amazing that we could work at all together on common concerns, and yet we did find ways. To do that, we had training sessions with some psychologists on counseling. We had courses with the hospitals on the role of the minister in the healing of patients. We've had conferences with funeral directors and the problems of the family at the time of death.

All in all, I think that Washoe County Ministerial Association's level of operation is really superior to Clark County's. The issue of marrying in a wedding chapel in Clark County has never been a very strong issue. Most all the members do that, and the only time it ever became an issue was when it became the sole activity of a member. It's known that some ministers in Clark County were making \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year in this business, one of which was not a member of the Association, and married something like thirteen or fourteen times. But the code of ethics, I think, of the Washoe County Ministerial Association is on a higher level than it is in Clark County. There is more of a sense of unity and of being able to get things done in conservative Washoe County.

I would like to say, though, that I think that the church in the city of Reno is pretty much of a failure. Some people would disagree with that, probably. Probably in the sacramental sense it isn't—in meeting the sacramental needs of people. I think church attendance in Reno is considerably below the national average. The impact, power, of the church in Reno is much less than it is in most communities. I think the youth programs in the churches, with the exception of the Mormons, in the city of Reno is way below standard. In some—most places, non-existent, even in some of the larger churches. I would be very much surprised if the church had any influence at all—in the Protestant community—over more than ten or fifteen percent of the children in Reno.

You ask, "Why?" I don't know. I think the church evolved in Reno out of the old Wild West. Many of the [gambling] clubs supported the churches in the old days. Some of the churches never used to take offerings; they just got their money from the gambling clubs. There was no sense of personal responsibility

for the church. Church was something that you *went to*, not something that you were part of, or responsible for. The old-time spellbinder was the most popular man in town. Perhaps the gambling economy has something to do with it in terms of guilt feelings—hidden or not expressed by most of the people of Reno. There is a great deal of confusion of whether or not legalized gambling is good or bad by most of the citizens that I have ever talked to in Reno. They don't know whether it's right or wrong—or if they do know, I've never heard. I've heard very few people who thought it was really right. A lot of people don't know whether it's right or wrong. If they really tell you what they think, they say, "It's wrong, but what else can you do? You have that economy here." And if *that* is the attitude, then it has a kind of a burden of guilt about it.

It's a very divided town. Reno is schizophrenic in many ways—two towns, a tourist town and a residential town. It causes a great deal of conflict in terms of long-range planning and community spirit.

It's one of the most spiritless cities I have ever seen when it comes to a sense of pride in community, and I don't know whether that's because they are ashamed of the tourist part of it or whether everybody is so individualistically conservative that they never can agree what to do together. There are growing signs of change—the Pioneer Theater [Auditorium] is one visible evidence of it, and some things can come from that that would be unifying in the community. I even hear talk of an opera—a beginning sense of cultural pride. I think the fact that the United Fund always has such a terrible time in Reno and a resounding success in Las Vegas is some indicator of attitudinal differences between a very conservative community and a rather liberal, free-wheeling community. Of course, there are great advantages in that Reno is much more financially stable than Las Vegas

is, and not near as subject to community-wide emotional binges.

I would say that one of the reasons why the church in Reno is not as effective as it could be is because a lot of the best ministers in the country would not come to Reno to be a minister because they don't want to raise their children in Reno, and this is, I think to a large degree, prejudice against the area. However, I think Reno has built some great ministers. They have found a challenge so overwhelming that they have either had to produce or leave. I think a man like William Clawson of St. John's Presbyterian Church, I think Felix Manley of the Federated Church, Father Henry Jesse, I think Catholic priests like Father Leo McFadden, Father Charles J. Righini, or Father Caviglia, have maybe become greater men because they served in Reno than they would have been if they'd served some place else that wasn't as challenging. It's kind of a two-way street, but a minister in Reno is in a very difficult position because, by the nature of his being, he should be opposed to the community for its very structure. And yet, all ministers know that anyone who is that way is an itinerant, and if you want to have a long-range ministry, you have to not only belong, but you have to challenge, too. And a ministry in Reno is not something that you expect to change the community overnight, but it's a long-range process; and long-range goals are hard to generate enthusiasm about.

I personally think that a real good strategy of all churches in Reno would be to have some short-range goals, and usually this takes the form of new buildings. A minister comes in to town and his short-range goals are to raise enough money to build a new beautiful sanctuary in order to attract more people to the church and to have a more beautiful place in which to live. I think there are other

kinds of short-range goals, probably done best in cooperation with other churches in terms of social action. There are still terrible problems of housing and employment. I doubt if the marital—or family guidance—or family services for Reno are anywhere near adequate. I don't think any youth organization in Reno has half the money that it needs to do the program they need. There are all kinds of what is normally called secular activities which really, though, are spiritual activities, which are really not supported to the extent that they should be. I mean by this the YMCA, the YWCA. There should be four YMCA's in Reno, at least two or three YWCA's in Reno and Sparks. By that I mean there ought to be at least one by every high school, and there isn't even a chance of that without the financial support. Reno is a very wealthy town but it protects its wealth.

The Ministerial Association also provided the community-wide Thanksgiving, and Christmas and Easter services at various times. Probably now the only one that's really community-wide is the Thanksgiving service. I, personally, have dreamed of a community-wide Easter service on the Wednesday night before Easter including the Catholic and Protestant churches, maybe in the Centennial Coliseum, with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir or something.

One sidelight of my personality, I would like to see Good Friday Services turned into a festival of the arts, with a symphony and choruses instead of the traditional seven last words that fifty people go to listen to and know exactly what is going to be said anyway. I'm not much for ritual. It's all right if it's not repeated so often that it becomes meaningless. I even like to see creative ritual where it can be changed once in a while, so the impact of its message can come through to the individual in new ways.

I think one of the most effective jobs being done in Reno today is by the Campus Christian Association with Reverend John Dodson, a very creative man, and I think that one of the hopes of the church from this point on, is men like John Dodson, as well as Father Paul Towner and "White" Engeseth of the Episcopal Church in Sparks, and Reverend Fay Miller of the Lutheran Church. I'm very excited about a young priest who will be returning to the diocese by the name of Timothy Conlin, I think it is. It will have quite an impact on the Roman church in this town.

Concerning the endeavors for the recall of Bud Baker and the Reno City Council, activities of the Ministerial Association, it was quite a while ago, and it was so erratic and so confusing I don't know whether I can ravel any sense out of it or not, but.... It began, not with the hiring of Police Chief Elmer Briscoe, because that was looked on by the Association very positively; in fact, Felix Manley and I went down to the Chief the first two or three days he was in town and pledged to him our support if he, in turn, would clean up the police department, which had just been through a big scandal. But, it started, I think, with the threat to fire him because of some kind of a clandestine meeting he was supposed to have had with Councilman John Marshall and some other person prior to accepting the position.

The Ministerial Association looked with disfavor upon this, also upon the repeated calling of Councilman Marshall before the Grand Jury, and the unclean relationship between some councilmen and Bill Fong, of the New China Club, the police brutality case, with Robert Taelour, the appointment of Peter Echeverria as an investigator of the police department, the blatant increase of streetwalkers, prostitutes, in the downtown area of Reno, the level of filth of one of the

shows of the Riverside Hotel, called the “Crazy Horse Revue.” I think the real position of the Ministerial Association was that it had gotten to the point of almost a comic opera, and there were some very serious problems facing the city of Reno, and the competency of this group to deal with them was obviously less than what was required.

We did listen carefully to Bill Raggio and, while there was internal politics within the Ministerial Association, there were one or two ministers who supported the Baker Council. The vast majority supported the Raggio endeavors, and when the recall movement was formed, I was on the committee to select some candidates, so the other ministers were actually engaged in soliciting petitions. We had numerous meetings with Bill Raggio; we did some checking around town; there were influential business people in all the churches who were talking to their ministers. There were some of the ministers even engaged in operating the headquarters for the recall which was in the Stack building there on First and Sierra.

The real fear, I think, was two-fold. One was the fear of sheer incompetence, and the other fear was the possibility of infiltration of the gangster element in the city. I don’t know if there was real evidence of the latter, but there was certainly a lot of evidence of the former.

I will say this about the Baker administration, in the twelve years I was in Reno, I don’t think there was ever any more community interest in the affairs of city government than there was at that time. Everybody was up in the air; they had a meeting at city hall and you couldn’t even get into the hallways.

Bud came to the Ministerial Association one time, kind of pleading for his life, and said that the job of mayor was his college education, he hadn’t had one, and that he

really appreciated the opportunity to learn about government by being the mayor. And everybody was, you know, appreciative of his educational growth, but did not really approve of the method by which it was obtained. I think we all would have got him a scholarship up at the University if he’d have resigned.

There was some attempts by a car dealer, he was a councilman, Dick Dimond, who had the image in that council of being the fiscally responsible guy, and we supported that position. I don’t think we included him in the recall; at least the Ministerial Association didn’t. He was one of the few councilmen that we could talk to rationally, even though at the same time we knew there were a lot of things we disapproved of in his operation.

There were a lot of underground things with reference to George Carr—a police investigation classified as a morals charge. It was one of those things with a lot of evidence for, but no proof, but it was indicative, in a sense, of the whole climate of that council. There were a lot of problems with the taxis, with one councilman who owned one of the taxis who was always fighting about how many taxis were going to be in front of the clubs. Mr. Marshall was probably the most controversial of all the councilmen.

But when it came down to the showdown on the recall, I think the problem was that the people in charge of the mechanical part of the recall made a terrible mistake in not understanding all the laws and getting some legal opinions, and some of the signatures were invalid. Roy Torvinen, who was city attorney at that time, said there was not enough valid signatures to call a recall election. However, as proved by history, the psychological effect of the recall in effect produced it—all of them were voted out completely. There was a complete new council. And I’d like to speak of that for a moment.

In my life in Reno I found myself sometimes in certain situations of greater influence than probably was justified. I'm kind of a creative thinker once in a while. I do remember that in the North Reno Kiwanis Club (Roy Torvinen was a member of that, and Jerry Torvinen, and some of the young executives in town) one time after a Kiwanis Club meeting, we sat around talking about this whole problem. And my thought was that what Reno lacked was a community leader around which the town could rally. They didn't have one, and hadn't had for a long time; maybe Len Harris was the closest to this. Anybody like, say, George Christopher in San Francisco; he was the example I used. And when they went looking for a mayor, that they ought to find somebody who had an impeccable character and also had the time to do the job, because it was highly underpaid; and I recommended that they double the salaries, and I think they came close to that. And that they find somebody who would have the respect. Now they settled on Hugo Quilici, and he had all the qualifications of my idea of what a mayor should be, except one, and that was the inspirational person. He's not that. He certainly was a man of integrity; he certainly was a man of ability, and certainly a man people could respect, and they did do that. He was a warm, friendly, and congenial guy. And I think probably in the transition period, at least, he was a very good choice.

I do know that of two men that we approached to run for mayor in the recall movement who turned it down, one of them was Link Piazza. He was so flattered he couldn't get over the shock, but he just didn't want to confuse politics with business, and probably wisely so; and the other one was George Hamilton, and he was getting ready to take a trip to Europe al-id he didn't want

to cancel that because he had been dreaming of it all his life.

In many ways Len Harris was a real Reno mayor. There's two things that I can illustrate that with. When the Paterson's building exploded and that roof went about fifteen hundred feet straight up in the air, I was in the El Cortez Hotel and it really shook that hotel. We all ran out, and I ran down to Second and Sierra and I ran right into Len Harris, and he said, "You're deputized. Now you keep the people out of here, because we don't know if that tank on top of the Gray Reid's building is going to blow or not." He was up and down that street, running the show. I worked there for three or four hours until the Air Force or National Guard sent in some people. It's amazing that the crowds cooperated very well; you just had to speak with authority. You had no badge, no uniform, no anything, but a couple of us kept the crowds out of there. But Len was up and down that street. I remember Mrs. Verna Paterson walking down in front of the Dollar Store towards Paterson's just screaming at the top of her voice. Len stopped her, talked to her, and kept her out of there himself. The other occasion is when they had the big floods. And here's Len Harris out in the middle of the water, with hip boots on, moving sandbags and ordering this and ordering that. He's kind of a grass roots guy, that rough, tough fella.

He also was very helpful to the Indian Colony; he helped us a lot until he found out it was outside the city limits. But the beginnings of the planning to move the sewer plant started under Len Harris on account of the smell in the Indian Colony. He said, "Nobody ought to have to put up with that." We used to have to cancel our church services on Sunday nights sometimes in the summertime because you couldn't stand it. And of course, Dr. Tillim got into it with the mental hospital.

Len Harris and C. B. Kinnison, when he was city manager, were the two prime-movers in getting a policeman in the Indian Colony, Don Frazier, who was half Indian and used to be a teacher at Stewart. The city paid half his salary and the county paid the other half, and Len was very supporting of that and so was Mr. Kinnison. We had a hard time selling the county commissioners, but we finally did it.

Probably the essential political power of the Ministerial Association was in the press and among the congregations. I used to try to get the ministerial people to see how many people that they influenced, because there's a tremendous amount of people who belong to the churches of which they are ministers were politics and work through them.

Dr. Charles E. Fleming was the leader of that recall movement to start with. The problem we had with him was he was drunk all the time. There was an old lawyer, he's got a law office in the Masonic building, an old time guy, his daughter's his secretary—T. L. Withers, was really the functional chairman of that. Withers, myself; Bill [Raggio] was in the background, but he was there. He wouldn't want me to say that, but he was there [Bill Raggio]. And some real estate guy—who was it? Three or four young guys. Gosh, that was a long time ago! When was that—'57, '58—along in there? No, '59. Fleming started, but we ended up with Withers carrying the ball. Fred Hill was in that. I don't remember who those other guys were; isn't that funny? I do know who was the head of the Ministerial Association. It was David Ricketts of the First Christian Church, and he discovered he had cancer and had to leave, and went to New Mexico but he turned over the file on that stuff to me, and I still have that some place.

There was a constant strewn of people to many of us. People would go and tell him, and people would go and tell Felix

[Manley]; people would come and tell me this, that and the other thing. One of the problems was centered around the City Engineer's Office—Elliott Cann and the clerk. Everybody just lost complete confidence in that administration. They thought that, you know, everything was happening. Nothing happened without a payoff here or there. I was much less concerned at that point with the truth of it because that's the grand jury's problem, but what I was concerned with was the fact that everybody had lost confidence in the administration.

THE NEVADA COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

The Nevada Council of Churches has been a very interesting group. It is up and down. Sometimes it used to function well with Northern California Council of Churches, and other times it was invisible. It might have an existence and have an annual meeting at which twenty or thirty people from Reno attended and nobody from Vegas. Rafe Martin, way back in 1956, tried to do something about it. We actually formed the strategy for that Council of Churches at that time, but it took to 1965 to achieve, and he wasn't even here to see it.

Around 1964, the Council of Churches began to move a little bit, primarily from the thrust of Bill Clawson and Felix Manley and myself. When Bill Clawson was president they had a very good meeting in Las Vegas, small but very good, in January 1962, I think. Brought in a bunch of the people from state agencies and we talked about some of the real problems in the state. One of the interesting sessions was with Martin Levine on mental health. We actually had a very open session with Martin. As you know, Martin Levine is Jewish, and it got into a real dialogue between the ministers and the Jewish psychiatrist—and

came, ultimately, to the place where they were very close to agreement. Martin, for the first time, he said, in his life, he really understood what Christian preachers were talking about. It wasn't too different, you know, when we got into a mutual language that everybody understood, and he understood it. That was a very good session—a very good meeting.

In 1965, the Nevada Council of Churches for the first time authorized some official lobbyists at the capitol grounds, myself and Don Thompson, from the Campus Christian Association, and for the sixty days they gave us two hundred dollars for gas and food. It didn't go very far, but it was significant in the fact that for the first time in history, they actually backed up an intention with money. We did meet almost every Saturday morning at the University of Nevada lunch room to report back. We lobbied primarily for civil rights but also for prison reform, and health and welfare things, and mental health—the whole gamut of social concerns. And I do think that for historical purposes, it should be noted that it was in 1965 that the Nevada Council of Churches took money out of the budget and spent it on lobbying. I had letters that were given to the governor and to the speaker of the house and the president of the senate, designating myself and Don as the official representatives of the Nevada Council of Churches.

I became the President of the Nevada Council of Churches in 1965, with the resignation of Eugene Duncan, who went to a church in Vallejo, California. In the span of a year and a half, we put on a “dialogue in depth conference” in Las Vegas, sponsored by the Council of Churches, where we invited leaders of the state government from all over Nevada to a conference to take a look at the basic problems facing the state in terms of education, taxes, law enforcement, housing.

It was a very successful conference—not as well attended as I would have liked it, but the governor and lieutenant governor both spoke, and we had outstanding speakers from out of the state, and the most significant thing was that the Catholic church attended—Bishop Dwyer was one of the featured speakers.

I should say in all fairness, that Governor Sawyer's office, and Governor Sawyer, did give us a great deal of help in putting that on, and a lot of cooperation in getting people on the panels, and participating in the speeches, and they did send some state employees there as attendees, which helped considerably.

As you know, one of the areas of the dialogue was in law enforcement, and we sent a letter to Attorney General Katzenback and asked him if he would come and be a speaker, and we got no reply. I think the way I want to tell you this is how I introduced George Reed, who became his substitute, because this is the funny part of it. George Reed ended up as being the speaker for the luncheon on law enforcement. And when I got up to introduce George, I said, “In all fairness, I ought to tell the group that we had invited the Attorney General of the United States, and that we had, way back in September, sent a letter and we waited a week, and we waited two, and we waited three, and we waited four, and we had received no reply, so another letter was sent. And we waited a week, and we waited two. So I called Senator Bible and told him about it, and he was supposed to call me back. This was on a Friday afternoon, and I talked to Jack Carpenter, and they were supposed to call me back on Monday. And I waited Monday, and I waited Tuesday, and I waited Wednesday, and I waited Thursday, and nobody called; so I called Governor Sawyer's office and talked to Dick Ham. Dick Ham said he could not understand why we had never heard from the Attorney General and they would follow

through and check on it, and he would call me Monday. So I waited Monday, and I waited Tuesday, and I waited Wednesday, and I waited Thursday, and I never got any answer. So, finally, I wrote another letter to the Attorney General, and this was way up in the first part of November. And I waited a week, and I waited two weeks, and I finally called the Attorney General's office and tried to talk to somebody about it. I never got through to anybody. So then I called Dick Ham again, and I told him what all was going on, and he said that he could not understand what was the matter. He just couldn't understand it. So I waited another week and I heard nothing, so, finally, I sent a telegram to the Attorney General, and I didn't get any answer. So I contacted Dick Ham again and we agreed that we'd probably just go ahead and substitute, and if it was all right with them, I'd ask George Reed. They said it was all right, so I asked him. And this was in the first of December. One week before our conference in January, I got a letter from the Attorney General, and it said that they had come across my telegram, and that it had been buried in all the mail, and that they had known nothing about it at all, and that he could not come at this late date, but that he would be glad to substitute the federal attorney for the state of Nevada if I wanted to. I wrote back and thanked him, but said we had somebody else, and the truth of the matter is that he just wasn't about to come to Nevada." It was so funny because of the way I was able to tell it in introducing George Reed—waiting the Monday, and the Tuesday, etc., and by the time I got through, everybody was laughing. This, of course, was at the time when "bugging" was an issue in crime investigation.

It was one year from the date of that dialogue in depth that the Roman Catholic church officially came into the Nevada

Council of Churches, and I participated in that event. That developed, primarily, I guess I'll have to say, from my efforts. I had a dream that it could be done and I started talking to Father Linde, who was then the chancellor, about it. Father Linde was a very interesting man. In all honesty, I will have to say, while I liked Father Linde very much, I'd have difficulty once in a while getting the same answer twice. Anyway, I think it's probably because they were negotiating, and most of the approach to us was very optimistic from the Roman side. I had the feeling they'd like to try it, and yet when we'd have "showdown time" they didn't show up at the meeting. We scheduled a meeting in May of 1966 at the University with the leaders of other denominations and the Roman bishop. He did not arrive, and I never did know "why" until a couple of weeks later. I was talking to him personally, and I found out he didn't know anything about it; Father Linde hadn't informed him. I do know there was great pressure within the Roman church, among the priests, especially the Italian and French, not to do this. They thought that they were lowering the prestige of the Roman church by associating with the Protestants.

Well, the tack that I took on this was the one of just saying it was going to be done, and never listening to anybody who said that it wasn't, and playing it very, very close. I didn't write a lot of letters; I didn't make a lot of phone calls; I didn't meet with a lot of people. We just had our regular board meetings and we brought it up on the agenda. And the first thing we did was to change the constitution. In the constitution it said that "membership in the Council of Churches is open to Protestants," and we changed that to, "open to those who accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior." The Catholics agreed to the word "Lord"—they said they used the

word “King,” but that was all right, they understood what we meant, so that opened the door. And then, it developed that a part of the concern of the Catholic church was the fact that some of us in the Protestant churches were very aggressive in the field of social action, myself included. It presented a problem for the hierarchy in the Catholic church, if they were associated with the Council of Churches with social action people like myself, Felix Manley, and John Dodson. It would implicate them. And we had arrangements for that—that I would cease to be the president of the Council of Churches when they came in—my term was expired. That was one of the concerns. I had made public statements opposing the gambling interests, which was not a position of the Catholic church. However, Bishop Dwyer made counter statements saying that the situation in Nevada had gotten to the place where something had to happen. The real problem was not as much a moral one as it was a one of power, because the power base in the state of Nevada had gotten completely out of whack, with the gambling interests having the upper hand to such a degree that they could almost dictate policy. And my statement was related more to power than it was to morality, really. Underlying what I said was that we need to change the power base of the state of Nevada, but what I said was that we should phase it out, and what that meant was that new industry had to be found, in order to broaden the base of power of the non-gambling interests so that no one segment of the state would have this much control. Steps in that direction have been taken, and are being taken, and will be taken in the future. When Bishop Dwyer left to become Archbishop of Portland, I was asked to speak on behalf of the Protestants at his farewell. He later wrote a letter to Berkeley

Baptist Divinity School recommending me for a D.D. degree.

The culmination of the negotiations was two-fold: one, we had to negotiate with the Northern California Council of Churches to become separate, and they graciously saw the value of Nevada having its own. A lot of technical problems arose in terms of financial support of denominations that would shift to Nevada on a per capita basis. Support that used to come from Nevada churches and went to California would stay here. A budget was drawn up—the Roman Catholic share of the \$5,000 budget was \$2,500 on a per capita basis. That check has already been deposited and is in the treasury, one of the first denominations to do so—and with an agreement that if more money was needed, they would be glad to supply it. One of the things that I have always been aware of is that the Roman church knows more about power than Protestant church ever has and maybe ever will. Their resources are much more extensive, but in this instance, they were most liberal with their willingness to support, and very, very ethical in not wanting to control it, either. We even talked about the possibility of having a priest as the executive secretary and that was agreed to all the way around, that if the priest was a candidate who was best qualified, there was no reason why he couldn’t be. To date, they haven’t hired anybody.

The other culmination was in the consultation on “The Church and the Gambling Economy,” that we held at the University of Nevada under the able leadership of John Dodson. I chaired it, but he was the head of the planning committee. We had together in one place, at one time, almost two hundred ministers in a closed session—not even the press was allowed, and we even checked the room for “bugs.” We heard from some of the top people of the country; Dr.

Rasmussen from Pacific School of Religion, the great sociologist who laid it on the line, the church could never hope to eliminate gambling but it could take the tack of trying to humanize Nevada. I think that that could be stated as the strategy of the church. Attempt to get even the gaming people concerned about participating in the solution of some of the social problems of the state certainly is my philosophy.

This meeting was held in December, 1966, and in January, 1967, the Roman Catholic church officially joined the Nevada Council of Churches. New officers were elected, and Don Winne, who is the assistant attorney general for the state of Nevada, is the new president.

The state has some very peculiar problems for a Council of Churches, since the two major population centers are Las Vegas and Reno, separated by 450 miles. It is hard to get a board together. It is equally strange that the impetus and the whole movement for organization was in the north, and it was a matter of bringing the southern people into the idea after it once had gotten started. And while they are excited, and agreeable, they really are not in the core of it as much as the northern churches are because it didn't begin there. We had all kinds of transportation problems, and program problems and problems of how you get even the board together, or how you have annual meetings and where. How do you do a statewide ecumenical service? The closest we've had was the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury (the Episcopalians did) to which clergymen from all over the state were invited.

I think that there are some structural problems within the council that will have to be corrected. I think that the board of directors are people who are too busy. They've got both bishops, of the Catholic, of the Episcopal, the head of Presbyterians, the head of the Baptists, and these people

are so busy you can't get them all together at one time. They need to change the executive board to either these people's second man, or some other arrangement, at least to have a functioning steering committee that can meet.

CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS

In 1956 the Colony Christian Center was accepted into the Community Chest. Mrs. Haley was the executive secretary, and our first allocation—we applied for \$2,400 and got \$2,160. They almost had a successful campaign, and I can remember some of the fighting. Even at that time there was a great deal of tension between the YMCA and the Salvation Army—almost a fistfight one night—Mr. Orville Wahrenbrock and Captain John Phillips. The Community Chest even then reflected some of the tensions of this whole community.

The Community Chest and United Fund agencies have had to spend a good ten percent of their working hours in defending themselves against charges that have long since been proven false—over and over and over again, duplication of effort and waste of money. My statement on it is that I don't know of any agency that isn't fifty percent under-funded. I feel that most of them are very competent.

The most successful campaign, actually, of the Community Chest was handled by Jordan Crouch, and his psychological tack was one of fear. That if the Community Chest went down the drain, then you had thirteen agencies calling on you instead of one, and he raised more money, percentage-wise, than anybody. But the Community Chest did not go down the drain. Mrs. Haley was fired and, I always thought, maltreated. I used to have problems, myself, but I never thought she was treated in a humane way, but that's another story.

The United Fund came into existence under Ernest Orchard, one of the most capable public relations men and fund raisers I've known. He had a couple of slight character problems that eventually were used against him, but he raised more money, percentage-wise, than anybody.

In all the time I was with the United Fund, the most effective campaign chairman that they ever had was [Charles] "Chick" Stout of the newspaper, the most efficient administrator I ever saw, quiet, but he really got the job done. Newspapers have always been active supporters of the United Fund, and they have always produced above and beyond the call of duty. Probably more newspaper space is devoted to the United Fund in the Reno area than—percentage-wise—than any other newspaper in the country. They've had good help from the Ad Club and from the Press Club—volunteer advertising agencies.

The hardest problem that the United Fund has to overcome is that there is a community attitude in Reno that's really hard to understand. They have one very basic principle and that is everybody ought to help themselves. And yet anybody that has a program of self-help, they are criticized because they don't give direct public assistance money to people that are poor. There is a certain amount of competition among the agencies for the welfare dollar, and there's always the problem of the multiple drives in addition to the United Fund by national health agencies like Cancer, Heart, and TB and Muscular Dystrophy, etc.. I don't know what the answers to that are. We had quite a hassle with the Nevada Rehabilitation Association one time—Marjorie DaCosta and Bill Richards felt that we were unfair in evaluating them. The Mayor's Advisory Council on charitable contributions, I think,

are rather inefficient, ineffectual—have made some decisions once in a while.

But the real problem in the United Fund in Reno is money. They should be at a level of about \$500,000 a year and they can't raise \$300,000 a year. What happens is that the agencies run first-class agencies for a very small portion of the people that need to be served. YMCA's building is used night and day, and doesn't touch ten percent of the population. It's in a middle-class section and geared to middle- and upper-class people, completely, you know; maybe one percent of the people that go to the YMCA are minority people, and that doesn't help. A long internal battle between YMCA and YWCA is a disgrace in the community. There's more to do than either one of them can do, and there's no time to fight, but personality problems and conflicts there cause that.

The ultimate answer to the United Fund is total payroll deduction. Any time that there is any advance in giving in the United Fund, it's always by getting some large employer to approve a payroll deduction. If the whole community would support that activity, they could forget all the rest of it, and that would take care of it. One of the problems is that it's been a failure so many times that people hate to get associated with a failure. But with a few exceptions, I think it is doing the best that it can until the power structure of the city completely changes its tack. I think that the need is seen by the power decision makers. It's so far short of the need as seen by the agencies that the real job never gets done, and I'm not an advocate of wasting money.

Our own agency always got more than the percentage of increase, usually, of any other agency. And I do think that the progression of increase of allocation to the Colony Christian Center was, you know, the best that could be done at the time. But I could almost

categorically state that we could have done twice what we did with maybe half again as much money. I do know this, that we did decrease the cost per contact from one dollar per contact the first year to thirty cents the last year. The first year we had 8,000 total attendance; the last year we had 60,000 total attendance. The first year our allocation was \$2,100, and the last year it was \$10,000. But in efficiency we had reduced the contact figure to thirty cents per contact.

There is a genuine lack of enthusiasm about the United Fund in Reno, and another one of the inconsistencies of logic of it is that everybody says that they are in favor of private organizations doing the job and yet, when it comes down to it, there is a cynical attitude that the government is going to do it one of these days anyway. They're opposed to that, but they never give any money to support the private organizations, or very little, not enough. So what in effect happens is that what they really want is the private agency, and what they're going to get is the government doing the job, and it's not consistent.

I also was in the Community Service Council, which has a long history of ups and downs. The two years that I was president, it had the highest number of members and the most active program that it ever had in its history. This organization always fluctuated between deciding whether or not it wanted to be "goal-centered" with projects. I wanted it to be goal-centered and it was, and it created more fellowship of social workers than it ever had. When it deteriorates to being social centered, very few people come to have that fellowship. I don't know where it is this year.

There is an internal battle all the time between the United Fund agencies and the non-United Fund agencies. There is always a power struggle by the non-United Fund agencies to keep the United Fund

administrative people out of control of it. There is a great fear that it will be used for investigative and evaluative purposes. Very few private agencies want to be evaluated by outsiders, because evaluations of private agencies can be used for all kinds of purposes. If you want to prove that they "do nothing," you can actually do that statistically, if people don't know better in reading it and don't know other criteria for evaluating, it could be very detrimental to any program. Most programs can be evaluated to show how much they do if you use the right criteria.

There's all kinds of subtleties within the Community Service Council, why it doesn't really become cohesive. There is some fear that some time the city government is going to take it over and use it for political purposes. I always thought that it should be a voice in the community for generating concern for social problems and to do research upon which support could be gained for long-range planning and actuation. We were moving in that direction—we never got there, and apparently they are not headed there now. We did have something like seventy-five organizations in it, and the meetings that we had were extremely interesting and the programs were very beneficial. I enjoyed it very much.

Some of the interesting charitable organizations in Reno are the service clubs. Service clubs supported our program very well; the Lions, the Rotary, the Elks, and the Kiwanis Clubs. We always reciprocated by helping with the Kiwanis Club's program distribution at the Washoe County Fair and selling Christmas trees, this kind of thing.

There is a lot of what is called "emergency welfare done by the downtown Kiwanis Club under Ed McAmoil. Ed's one of those grass roots saints that lives in the community that always finds the way to buy a kid a

pair of shoes, or a sweater, and to gather up the welfare baskets at Christmas and Thanksgiving. Sometimes he's tried to become an administrator of a long-range welfare program, which I don't think he's capable of, but I do think he's one of the best people I have ever known to do the emergency welfare work that nobody else can do because of the bureaucratic rules and regulations. I think there is a real need for that and I think he fills it very well.

I have very positive feelings about all of the United Fund agencies in the Reno—I think they all have their own job to do and their own role to fulfill. I really do not think that there is any reason for a great deal of competition because the problem is much bigger than all of them put together can meet. If everybody does all they can on their own they're going to have all the work they possibly can accomplish.

TESTIMONY BEFORE THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT TASK FORCE ON THE WASHOE PROJECT

One of the most serious problems facing the Indian people in the state of Nevada has to do with water rights and water resources. The focus of this problem centered in 1964 around the Washoe Project and its effect upon the water in Pyramid Lake. The Newlands Project and the building of Derby Dam and the creation of the Lahontan Reservoir for irrigation purposes in the Fallon - Churchill County area took a certain amount of the water that once flowed down the Truckee River to Pyramid Lake and put it elsewhere. In those days, property rights of Indians were not in the forefront of legal judgment. This, in turn, led to serious problems in the 1960's as the water level in Pyramid Lake began to seriously fall.

The Indian tribe at Pyramid Lake has the prime water rights of the Truckee River, legally. In all of the history of the dealings with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, not once, at any time, whatsoever, did the Bureau take any position to defend those rights. In the Newlands Project agreements, no attorney or representative of the Bureau of Indian Affairs sought to protect the water rights of the Indian people. Later reallocations of water—acre feet of water from the Truckee River—were done without consultation, consent or legal representation from the Indian people. And as a result, a great deal of the water was allocated elsewhere, and what water was allocated to Pyramid Lake was for agricultural purposes which Pyramid Lake people were never involved in. They were fishing people, whose prime industry was operating a fishery at the mouth of the Truckee River, creation of fish ladders, so that the giant cut-throat trout could migrate up the Truckee to the spawning beds at the mouth of Lake Tahoe. Indian people in the old days were the sovereign masters of the situation. They were in control of their environment; they made the fish work for them. They used to smoke them, and dry them, preserve them, so they could have protein on a year-round basis. And they were fat, healthy Indians when General Frémont arrived.

The Interior Department created a task force to study the Washoe Project as it had been promoted by the people of the state of Nevada and through their Congress, and in October of 1964, they sent a task force to Reno to have an open hearing. One of the members of the task force was ex-superintendent of the Nevada Indian Agency, at that time working for the Department of Interior in Washington, Mr. Fryer. As a part of Mr. Fryer's strategy for the meeting, he talked to Mr. Bennett, who is the present superintendent of the

Bureau of Indian Affairs, to see if they could not find some aggressive person in the Reno area would speak vigorously in behalf of the Indian situation.

I received a phone call at home and was invited to come to a secret meeting in the Mapes hotel and hear what they would like to have done. I went. Mr. Bennett was there. Mr. Fryer was there, and a couple of other aides, and they gave me some basic information, past history, even some documents, dating back to 1869, documents that showed that the old Indian agents for the Bureau of Indian Affairs were very concerned about what happened to the Indians and how the Pyramid Lake Reservation was established, that its original function was to be as a fishing grounds for Indians. Documents that told about the immorality of unscrupulous white people who exploited Indians into crime and prostitution in order to eat.

So from the information given to me by Mr. Fryer, I developed a statement, and decided that I would go to the task force on the basis of being the chairman of the Nevada Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights, and make my pitch on behalf of Indian water rights on the basis of the conservative principle of protection of property rights. And that they had been discriminated against by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the federal government, including Congress—especially Congress—in the fact that Indians had never been provided equal representation before the law in the defense of their property rights, and the discrimination came on the basis that they were Indians. And this was done.

I went to the meeting, and my good friend, Les Gray, decided to go along with me. He was the vice-chairman of the Advisory Committee, and we were on very hostile ground. My turn came, and I got up and read

the five-page statement, which is attached to this history.* It wasn't bad when I started out, but it got pretty blue in there. I think one of the statements that was rather strong was that the task force was really irrelevant. They shouldn't be there deciding how to divide up the water. They should be there asking the Indians if they could buy some of it, because it belonged to them. I felt that the Indian people would be very fair with the white people, in spite of the way that they had been treated, because they were reasonable people, and felt that some of the water that came down the Truckee could be shared with those who thought that ducks were more important than people, and fourth-grade agricultural land had some value, and that they would not treat others the way they had been treated for the past sixty or seventy years. I waited and nobody adjourned the meeting, so I continued with the statement and built a case on their behalf.

Indian people that talked to me beforehand had told me that they had no objection to Ducks Unlimited, and agriculture purposes, and Lahontan Reservoir; they were madder than wet hens, I guess, or mad as I was, about the fact that so much water was just run out in the sand at end of Lahontan, that the canal leaks water, is very poorly managed, and very disastrously and poorly administered stewardship of the precious water that came down the Truckee. They have to stabilize the water level of Pyramid Lake or they can't develop it economically.

Bob Leland had made some very excellent and telling arguments in favor of classifying Pyramid Lake as a recreational area instead of an agricultural area because, although, in 1904 agriculture was at a high priority in

*See Mathews papers, University of Nevada Library, Reno.

America, in modern America, recreation has a much higher priority, especially in northern Nevada, than agriculture would.

I was thanked for my testimony by the chairman. Mr. Gray got up and supported the courage with which I had spoken, and the points which I had made, and he, in a sense, showed a lot of it himself because this is a very sensitive power area. It panicked some people.

The next day they brought Senator Carl Dodge, a very good friend of mine, to testify in behalf of the fourth-grade agricultural land. I was a little amused because he got up to speak and started out like it was going to be a long speech, and the further he got along with his arguments, the more he became convinced that they weren't valid, and sat down.

The thing that angered me was that after the hearing, two months later, we found out that the Department of Interior and this task force had in their possession, legal opinion by the Solicitor General of the Department of Interior that my argument was correct, and that the Indians did have the prime water rights, and that really, they ought to start all over with it. This is 1968, and the argument has still not been resolved. They did promise to have better stewardship of the water going down the Truckee River, and they did promise, I think it was something like 119—guaranteed 119,000 acre feet of water per year for Pyramid Lake, but to the present time, they still have never recognized the basic property right of the Indians.

I have even suggested that the Sierra Pacific Power Company add twenty-five cents per month to every residential, and a dollar per month to every business water bill in Washoe County and send the money to the Pyramid Lake Indian Council, which would give them an economic base upon which to develop their reservation. It would be the most practical poverty program I can

imagine, and legal, and just. Of course, that's never been done, either.

There were some very active people in this whole thing. Of course, Mr. Leland carried the ball. In the beginning, Mr. Gray and I got in on a supportive basis to what he was doing. Later on, we split with him because we thought that he was compromising before he needed to. Indian people were confused; they didn't know which way to go. They were afraid that if they went with Mr. Gray and I they might get nothing, if they went with Mr. Leland they might only get half of what they should, but they'd get something. They agreed with us in principle and I think they agreed with Mr. Leland, eventually, in the practical solution of the problem.

Melvin Tom of the Schurz Indian Reservation, which has similar problems with the regard to the Carson River and Walker Lake, led the whole battle. He thought it was the time for Indians to demonstrate how they felt. He even wanted to have Indian pickets up and down the Truckee River, which I thought was a pretty good idea, but the Indian people didn't. Mel was president at the time of the National Indian Youth Council, which I guess he still is.

And there were a lot of meetings held in Mr. Leland's house—strategy—they had a publicity campaign. We held a press conference at the Riverside Hotel and invited the press, at which the Indian leaders made statements on the Washoe Project—Mr. Gray made them, I made them, Leland made them. Even enlisted the help of Raymond I. Smith of Harold's Club to come and testify on behalf of the Indians for the task force. Community sympathy in Washoe County was with the Indians.

Power sympathy in Washoe County was in terms of private interest in really a frustrated situation because, I really think that the power

people, even the power company and TCID were not antagonistic to the Indians—they just didn't know how to resolve the problem to the mutual benefit of all. And so naturally, they took a very strong position of their own—protecting their own self interests. But I really think that this is a good example of how basic American ideals and principles could be applied to Indian reservations for the economic benefit of Indians. *If* their property rights were respected, this is a respect of human dignity. If their property rights were respected, and they were allowed to become economic entrepreneurs with that property, that the whole need for poverty programs and all this welfare, and everything else, would be eliminated. The hard thing to do is to get people to transfer the appropriated resources back to the original owners. My judgment at this time, and probably in the future, is that probably the most just group would have been the Indians, who would not have tried in any way to harm the interests of other involved people. And probably in some ways, this is the reason that they are in the shape they are in, because they are too just.

Bringing this up to date, there have been some very fine newspaper and radio programs with regard to Pyramid Lake and the Washoe Project and the water in the Truckee River. I'm sure that that information will be available to those who are interested in this problem in the future. My testimony before the task force will be included in this history. The only other thing that I have to say on this was that I wrote an article and sent it to the *Saturday Evening Post*, entitled "Indian Freedom Now," in which I recommended the termination of the Bureau of Indian Affairs because the Indian people are perfectly capable of handling their own. After all, they did run the whole state of Nevada for four thousand years without any help from anybody. I still have the pink slip

from the *Saturday Evening Post*. However, that article is being circulated at the present time for other possible publication. I will make one other comment, I did mimeograph five hundred copies of my speech and circulated it throughout all the Indian communities that I could get it to. I did it because I wanted the Indian people to know the kind of thought that could possibly be beneficial to them in fighting for their own rights. Every place I went from then on in the state of Nevada with Indians, I was greeted with an added sense of warmth, I think.

There is still the old conditioned response in the Indian people of a kind of hopelessness, that in spite of the fact that this is right, a kind of a feeling of despair, that they couldn't really count on the people who made the power decisions to ever change their mind. They did not trust the Bureau, rightfully. They never have done anything for them before, why should they do it now? And really, there is a lack of confidence that their own concerted efforts to pressure would ever change the situation. In a sense, I think I agree with them; I think that the only way that they can get anything done these days is to ignore the Bureau, go around them, and go direct and deal with the power structures that really affect them, and just eliminate the Bureau as one of them.

CIVIL RIGHTS ACTIVITIES

My activities in the civil rights field began with a phone call from William (Bill) Horgan. Bill Horgan called me one day and said he wanted to talk to me. I said, "All right," and he came over to my house. He said he was the chairman of the Nevada Advisory Committee to the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights and they were looking for someone who was conversant with the problems of Indians to be on the Committee, and that Bill Geyer, who at that time was my accountant, knew Bill Horgan and they had been talking about it and he recommended me. He asked me if I was interested, and I said that I was if they were interested in really doing something. He said they were having a hard time designing the program. They didn't know exactly how to get at it, and I said, "Well, what about having some open meetings?"

"Well," he said, "it sounds like a good idea."

"Well," I said, "If you want to do a survey in the state of Nevada with some meetings in Elko, and Las Vegas, and Reno, I'd be glad to

participate, to do what I could on behalf of the Indians." So that was the beginning of it.

That year we had a hearing in Reno and in Las Vegas and in Elko. And on the committee at that time was Les Gray from Reno, an attorney; Elwin Robinson, a Buick car dealer in Ely; Woodrow Wilson, a Negro from Las Vegas, who was head of the Federal Westside Credit Union. There was a real estate lady from Las Vegas at that time; she resigned; and one of the Bunkers, Wendell, I think, from Las Vegas.

The hearing that we held in Las Vegas produced a lot of testimony about the problems on the Westside, but I also had some of my Indian people go out to the Indian colony in Las Vegas and invite some of the Indians. They were successful; they had three or four Indian ladies from that Las Vegas colony come to the meeting. And the most interesting testimony at that time that we got in Las Vegas was about that Indian colony, and Mayor Gragson attended. One of the things that we discovered at that meeting from the Indian people was that

they had a deed that dated way back to 1917, I think, when the land was given to them, and apparently, for some reason, the Bureau of Indian Affairs did not feel responsible for them because they were getting no services, and no health services. They were terribly angry at the doctors, they said, because they had been promised a water system if they would dig the ditch for the water, and they had dug the ditch for the water, and they still didn't have the water.

Now the Las Vegas colony is composed of a multitude of different tribal people—some of them outlaws from other tribes, and it is one of the worst colonies in Nevada. A small group of completely despairing people living in deplorable shacks, almost within throwing distance of downtown Las Vegas. So I got up in the meeting and said to the mayor, not in the name of politics, or in the name of red tape, but just in the name of humanity, I wondered what he could do about it? And he got up and said that he didn't know, but he was sure going to find out.

I really have a great deal of respect for Mayor Gragson because he did something about it. He went to the Kiwanis Club and some of his Mormon friends and they built a shower house and a laundry out in the middle of the colony. When we got back to Reno, Les Gray and I got on the phone to Alan Bible and we found out that \$25,000 had been appropriated for that water line, and the Senator thought it was in. Within twenty-four hours the trucks from the United States Public Health Service were rolling out of Phoenix towards that colony. And within ninety days that water line was in there. And then the shower house and the laundry was built. And you know, that doesn't even scratch the surface of the problems in that colony, but it opened a door, because from then on the welfare people would come into that area

and at least they would get the door opened in the shack and people would talk to them a little bit. I, myself, have been in that colony when a fellow was standing behind a tree with a shotgun aimed at the back of my head the whole time I was there. It was a very hostile area, to say the least.

Also at the meeting in Las Vegas—this was right after the election of Grant Sawyer as governor, and he made quite a few promises in the campaign; we decided to follow up with those—we passed a resolution to petition the Commission on Civil Rights to hold a hearing in Nevada on discrimination—the subpoena power. Mr. Bunker, who was a supporter of the governor, became so angry he walked out of the meeting and resigned from the committee because he thought we were playing dirty politics. I went to him after the meeting and told him that I was sorry I had offended him, and to make up for it he could do me a favor. And he got me a ticket to hear Frank Sinatra, and I haven't seen Mr. Bunker since, but I always appreciated that. What he didn't know was that I had talked to Grant Sawyer before we had the meeting and he told me that if we would do that and get something done down there, that he would follow it up with the presentation of a civil rights bill in the 1959 session. We did, and he did. But then, the facts of political life began to raise their ugly heads, and Grant Sawyer never was able to deliver in that session.

Sawyer was elected in 1958 the first time. This was in '59 and that session we did *not* get anything; they even tried a human relations council and that was voted down. So we held a hearing in Reno in which Negro people and Indian people came and testified to the problems they were having in the field of discrimination, like ninety-five percent of all the restaurants in downtown Reno were closed to Negroes, none of the hotels would

allow them to stay, only one motel, I think, between Reno and Salt Lake City would allow them to stay. The housing patterns were pretty definite. The employment situation was really critical—only the lowest end jobs were available at that time to Negroes. It was really a segregated city.

We also went to Hawthorne and had a very interesting hearing. We had a lot of people from Las Vegas come up to help, and we had a lot of testimony of the Negroes in Hawthorne to the fact that they were scared to death of the sheriff, and that the El Capitan was closed to them. The preliminary hearing got the picture pretty rapidly. It seems that in Hawthorne a great deal of the problem, racially, began with the coming of the ammunition depot. Many of the people came from the South, both Negro and white, to work there. And the pattern of segregation was set.

We also went up to Elko and had a hearing. It produced very little results except that everybody was claiming that the Basques got all the jobs in the city. The Indians and the Negroes couldn't get them. Some fear of the police department was evidenced, but nothing concrete.

So we went into the 1961 session of the legislature. I went down on my own as a lobbyist volunteer, and we tried to get the Equal Rights Commission. It became a very heated session. The chief lobbyist for the NAACP in Las Vegas was Charles Keller. And just before the session started, the statewide NAACP sponsored a civil rights rally in the assembly on a Saturday. I attended that; in fact, I spoke at that. I remember saying that—I think I quoted President Eisenhower, President Truman, President Kennedy, and that all of them had favored civil rights—the time had come when we no longer should talk about it in Nevada but should make it a reality. There was enthusiastic reception to these

remarks, and then Mr. Keller got up, and in his inimitable New York political style, ruined everything. He harangued. In fact, Woodrow Wilson went out to the men's room and threw up, he got so sick. So we were in real trouble when the session started.

An immediate opponent became visible in Senator Slattery. We really got nowhere. The proposed bill had criminal penalties for discrimination in employment, and housing, and public accommodations. I had worked with Rex Bell and Les Gray, did not work too much with Governor Sawyer—a little, not much. Rex Bell indicated to me some sincere concern. He was not clear as to the mechanical methods of how to produce what wanted to be done.

As the session wore on, the steam built up, and as the steam built up, it became very interesting. The critical day for the vote on civil rights in the assembly, the governor was in Chicago, and Chet Christenson was the speaker. The assessment by Charles Keller, Eddie Scott, and myself was that we couldn't make it—but we were going to try it. So we let the vote go, and it was defeated.

Mr. Keller immediately called a conference of the ways and means committee of all the Negroes that were there, and there were a considerable number, at which he made a statement, and I will quote him exactly, "It was a shame in the state of Nevada, that when the captain was away, the rats deserted the ship." In which he was indicating that he'd had a commitment from the governor for support of this bill, but being that he was in Chicago, that those who were running the floor fight for him had not fought the battle with the sane vigor that he felt that Grant Sawyer would fight it.

The press in the state of Nevada distorted that statement. An editorial by John Sanford in the *Reno Evening Gazette* accused Mr.

Keller of calling the distinguished legislators “rats.” I think what really angered them was that Mr. Keller organized a picket, in which many of the Negroes carried placards around the capitol accusing the various people and groups of scuttling the civil rights law, including the Mormon Church, certain senators, legislators.

Tension grew. One of the leaders of the movement was Eddie Scott from Sparks, Nevada. A few days later, to show his displeasure, he organized a picket line of about fifteen to twenty people, quite a few of them children, and he picketed the New China Club in Reno, Harrah’s Club, Harold’s Club, the Bank of Commerce, because he felt that some of the senators were voting the dictates of the owners of these establishments. This created a lot of tension down in the capitol because there was nation-wide publicity. It kind of got dirty about that time because the gamblers accused me of trying to fight gambling through civil rights in this way. It hadn’t occurred to me. I really sincerely had not thought that we were hurting the gaming industry. was very concerned with the practices of the gaming industry with reference to civil rights, and had nothing to do with gambling as morality.

Now came the most fantastic coincidence that I know of. On the day that Eddie Scott was picketing I stayed in Reno that morning and didn’t come down to Carson. I was just trying to think it out; and I never did come to any conclusions of how to solve this thing because the Negroes were determined to have a civil rights bill and up to this point the legislature was adamantly opposed. I came down anyway—I got in the car and came down to Carson. I went into the Senator Cafe, and I sat down at the corner of the lunch counter. While I was eating I glanced over to one of the booths and saw Senator Slattery sitting there.

Senator Slattery and I have always gotten along reasonably well as people. We’ve disagreed almost absolutely on civil rights, but we were always able to kid each other and talk to each other. And one thing I have always found out about him is that he tells you the truth. If he says he’s opposed to you, he’s opposed to you. He’s not going to tell you he’s one way and then be another. He’ll tell he’s going to fight you and he does. But in the meantime, you can joke with him and kid with him and talk about anything else besides civil rights. Some things we do agree on and get along fine. I even think the Negro people feel the same way. Senator Slattery, in some ways, has been one of the most effective people in getting civil rights that we’ve had; you’ve got to have somebody who’s opposed to it, or you never get anywhere.

He looked up and he saw me, and he motioned for me to come over, and I picked up my cup of coffee and went over and sat down beside him. I noticed he was a little pale. He says, “Mathews, what the hell are we going to do about this?”

And I said, “Well, I don’t know, Senator.”

He said, “Incidentally, what do you do for a living?” Up till now, in two sessions, he didn’t know.

And I said, “Well, you know, I’m the missionary out in the Indian Colony.”

And he said, “Oh, I thought you were a lawyer. I hate lawyers.” And he was probably trying to tell me that now was the time to be friends.

I said, “I’ve been thinking on the way down here, and I think I’ve got an answer for this.”

And he said, “Well, what is it?”

“Well,” I said, “Here’s the way I analyze the whole situation: First of all, the legislators are afraid to give a civil rights bill to the Negro people of the state of Nevada because you are

afraid that they will abuse the law for their own self interests. And you are afraid what will happen if you give them one. Now," I said, "The Negro people are afraid of what's going to continue to happen to them if they don't get one, because they've been discriminated against for three hundred years and they don't see any other way out except by the force of law. And," I said, "they claim that they have the problem of discrimination and you people claim that they don't. I side with the Negroes on this. But in order to give you the benefit of the doubt, why don't you create an equal rights commission, with the power to investigate the facts, and report back to you at the beginning of the next session of the legislature. And upon those facts, then you either create civil rights laws or you reject them, and throw it out altogether."

He said, "What kind of power do you have to have?"

And I said, "Well, they ought to have subpoena power."

He said, "What kind of budget?"

I said, "They ought to have enough money to do the job and you'll have to figure that out."

He says, "You know, that sounds good to me and I'll tell you something, I'll go for it. Why don't you go ask the governor if he will?"

I looked over and there sat Grant Sawyer and Bruce Barnum. So I walked over to the governor and I said, "Would you go for a human relations commission that would gather the facts, with subpoena power, with enough budget to do it to report back to the next session?"

He said, "I'll go." And Bruce Barnum said he would sure go. He said, it sounded good to him. So then I looked over in another booth and saw Senator Dodge and Senator Settlemeyer and Senator Lemaire.

And I went and sat down and said, "I've got a commitment from Slattery, and I've got

one from the governor on an equal rights commission that will gather facts and report to the next session with subpoena power."

And they said, "I don't know if we go for that or not." So I went through with them again the same analysis that I had given to Senator Slattery. And I think the reasonableness and rationality of what I said at least got from them this. They said, "Why don't you go over and put something down on paper for us, and in the meantime we'll talk about it, and we'll meet you over there."

Well, that was good enough for me, and I got out of there and walked over to the capitol and, on the way over, I got to thinking of all the proposed civil rights bills that we had put together there in the last three or four years, that everything that I was talking about was in a part of three of them. So I went up to the legislative room there where they have copies of all the bills and I asked for copies of three bills. And I took them into a little room and I took a pen and I marked out parts of one on one, and parts of another one on another one, and parts of another one on the last one. And I got some scissors and cut them out and went and got some glue and glued those three parts on one piece of paper and then I went and gave them to Rex Bell. And Eddie Scott was still picketing.

Rex Bell called a special committee meeting in the private committee room there off the senate chamber. He invited me and Bill Bailey from Reno, a Negro. In that meeting were Senator Slattery, Carl Dodge, Peter Echeverria, Mahlon Brown, I think that's all—there might have been a couple more but I think that's all. And they went through my law proposal and, first of all, they wanted to take out the subpoena power. I insisted that they leave it in there because, I said, "If you don't do that—when they do report back to you, you won't believe it anyway." So they left it in. Then

we got to talking about money. They ended up with only \$2,500 for this commission and it was just, you know, terrible, but in order to get the thing going we agreed to it. They approved it with a recommendation to the senate And Senator Slattery got up from the meeting and went out to the phone booth and he phoned somebody, I do not know who, and during the conversation he turned white as a sheet, but he came back and he said, "I've agreed to it, and I'm going to stick with it." And the law passed that afternoon and the picketing stopped. And that's how the Equal Rights Commission in the state of Nevada was formed.

An interesting thing that developed out of that, and I'll be very candid. I've always had a great admiration for the ability of Grant Sawyer as a politician. One of the ablest communicators Nevada has ever know. He's a great public relations man. But I've had difficulty in the way that he acts in contrast sometimes to the way he talks. I have been very appreciative and sensitive to the pressures that were on him. I know that within his own party Senator Monroe was violently opposed to civil rights of any kind. I know that he had great pressure from some of the conservative Republicans. Within his own party he had a lot of pressures against civil rights from the cow counties, but he always talked in favor of civil rights. Now he had the bill in his hands and he signed it.

It was passed sometime in April of 1961; by the summer of 1961 he had still not appointed the commission. It wasn't way up until the fall of 1961 that he began to put that thing together. And he only did that after our advisory committee on civil rights had a hearing in Reno and Les Gray and I took him apart for dragging his feet on the commission.

I want to make special mention of my very good friend Les Gray and his wife Alleta. Les always says a friend is one who knowing

all about you likes you anyway, and I always tell him that that is a two-way street. Les is a fine man, and an excellent lawyer and in my opinion would have made a great senator from the state of Nevada. His is a brilliant mind and he is a very able politician. I believe he is more able in getting others elected than in ever getting himself elected, but that does not mean he would not have made a great senator. I do not believe he has ever lost a case before the Supreme Court in Nevada, maybe one, which attests to his ability. He and Alleta are Christian Scientists who do not go to church. I call them rebels or heretics but they are very sincere. Les calls me his sky pilot but really we are just friends who share, encourage, enjoy and borrow from each other. We have worked hard together on civil rights, Indian problems and politics. Les is a real fighter and I think a great man. Alleta is one of the brightest persons I know and as shrewd a politician as they come. I count it an honor to call them friends.

Governor Sawyer appointed a very good commission, with Bert Goldwater as chairman, and in January of 1962, they did try to have their first hearing in Las Vegas. It all bogged down in court actions and injunctions and trying to destroy the subpoena power. And the governor's role—as far as I knew, unless there was something going on that I never could see—was very minimal, and Bert Goldwater resigned. He said if they didn't have any power he wouldn't have anything to do with it. So from the time that Bert resigned, clear up into the summer of 1962, no chairman. Les and I got after him again.

The commission never really did the job it was supposed to do. The facts and figures developed by our advisory committee and the federal government without subpoena power were superior to the facts and figures that were developed by the commission, in my

opinion. The first report of the commission to the legislature was less than adequate. We went into the 1963 session of the legislature with a lot of “PR” with no substance from the equal rights commission. I don’t want to be over-critical of its chairman, Bob Bailey—he did a great job as chairman, a great job of promoting the idea of civil rights—but he did not delegate the responsibility to anybody to do a professional job of preparing a report and gathering the real, concrete evidence. Maybe, due to the pressures of time and, in all likelihood, the financial barriers of \$2,500 a year were prohibitive.

But we did go into the 1963 session and attempt to broaden the scope of the equal rights commission and broaden the powers of the punitive functions of the law. The day I walked into the legislature, Slaterry told me he had me beat eleven votes to seven, and he was right. We worked for about sixty days and the first vote on civil rights when it got to the senate was eleven votes opposed and seven votes for it. There was a resurgence of effort by Mr. Keller and another bill was proposed, and a great deal of support from all over the state by Negroes coming to Carson, and it was defeated in the senate nine votes to eight.

I think it should be pointed that while Republicans generally voted in a bloc opposed to civil rights, that its passage at this point could have been influenced to a great degree by the Democrats. But there was a very interesting maneuver. Of course, in 1963, Paul Laxalt was lieutenant governor, and there was a very interesting maneuver there to—I never did know whether Grant Sawyer traded Barbara Coughlan for a vote against civil rights by Slaterry, or how that worked—the inner workings of that I don’t know. But they did say to the Republicans that the Democrats—I think there were only eight of them and there were nine Republicans—

that the Democrats would all vote for it if all the Republicans would, and the Republicans knew that wasn’t true because there were at least two Democrats that were violently opposed to the civil rights law. They felt that that was a kind of a trap, that what Grant Sawyer was trying to do was to get at least two—maybe three Republicans who would vote for it—and with the seven votes—six votes that he did have, they would sneak it through nine to eight. And they didn’t go for that maneuver; they voted solidly against it. Senator Warren L. Monroe was not in favor of it, and I don’t think Senator Harvey R. Humphrey was.

Anyway, the defeat of that bill caused more racial tension in this state than any single action that I am aware of. There was a *bitter* hatred created here. I was angry. I made a public statement that the Republicans acted irresponsibly. I said that they shouldn’t have allowed even the governor’s maneuver, if it was a maneuver, to do that which was right. And if there were three of them that were willing to go for the bill, they should have gone for it despite what Governor Sawyer said. In fact, I was more interested in calling his bluff, and getting the bill that way, than I was in going through the maneuver. And I got a lot of heat from my Republican friends for that statement. Later I got a lot of respect for it, too, because they knew I meant what I said, and in a way I did put principle above party, because I was consistent.

I did have a commitment from Mr. Keller that he was going to blast the governor, which he never did. Generally speaking, though, most of the time I worked well with Mr. Keller. I did help in some way with getting him a license to practice law in the state of Nevada. I thought that if he was not competent, that was up to the bar association to say so, and if he was competent, then there was no reason why

he shouldn't. And they never did prove he was incompetent, so they finally did license him.

During this time Bill Horgan became aware that he had cancer. I guess it was right after the '61 session, and I've been the chairman of the advisory committee since 1961, after he resigned.

Then the world kind of changed in civil rights. We did go back to Hawthorne and we did have another hearing down there, completely transcribed. We found a menu in the Chinese restaurant that was especially for Negroes. When a Negro would come in they would hand him a different menu than anybody else. Coffee cost \$7.50; orange juice, \$10.00; ham and eggs, \$10.00. It was fantastic, we have photostatic copies of that menu. An interesting thing developed though. We did talk to some of the merchants around town and they said the only reason that they discriminated was because the El Capitan did and because they were so powerful, and that if the El Capitan would, you know, change a little bit, they would be glad to open up. If they were sure that El Capitan wouldn't take economic reprisals at the bank or something with them, they would be willing to open up. Everybody was fearful—Negroes were afraid that they were going to get maltreated by the police, and the small businessmen were afraid of the El Capitan. The El Capitan was afraid that they'd lose business if they let Negroes in because they had so many southern patrons.

I wrote a report and said that Hawthorne was ruled by fear, and the newspapers picked that up and it became a very famous statement. Hawthorne people accused me of saying that they ruled with fear, and I did *not* say that, I said that the city was ruled by fear. It did stimulate a lot of action by the chamber of commerce down there because they said their image was shattered, but they got busy and improved the city. It was at this hearing

in Hawthorne that Woodrow Wilson and the Reverend Donald Clark, both Negroes from Las Vegas, Les Gray, Bill Horgan and myself, Elwin Robison, the lawyer, and Phillip Hammer from the Civil Rights Commission in Washington went to the El Capitan for lunch, and we were refused admittance. Mr. Hammer told us that that doesn't even happen in Mississippi to the advisory committee. So we were pretty unhappy. We even telegraphed Senator Bible that we thought that they ought to maybe shut down the ammunition depot until the city became American in its equal treatment to all its citizens. No response to the telegram, but I think we made the point.

Come 1965, the famous civil rights act of 1964 by the federal government was under the belt, was passed; we took the tack that we would try to get civil rights administered in the state of Nevada at the local level and that we would put teeth into the equal rights commission's law. I thought it would go through with a breeze, but it developed some very interesting opposition. Governor Sawyer took a very soft line on civil rights in 1965 and proposed a soft bill. Lieutenant Governor Laxalt had just been defeated for a senatorial campaign by Negroes primarily, on the Westside of Las Vegas. He'd been through an equal opportunity conference that our committee had held in Las Vegas in which he was subjected to intensive questioning by Negroes. He had been through one in Reno which we held, a mayor's conference. And the only thing we had going for us was the idea that maybe the gambling people did not want the federal government as the first line of investigations in the civil rights matter, so I proposed a very strong bill.

Eddie Scott and I were there right at the beginning of the session. We worked for about thirty days while they were getting tuned up down there, talking to each other. We began

to get a little bit of progress. Eddie scheduled a couple of meetings, and I continually talked to Mr. Laxalt. We began to get a feeling that if we began to get some communications, maybe we could get the good bill done, and we noticed that the judiciary committee was beginning to really go to work on that strong bill, not the governor's bill at all.

The Negroes on the Westside had had a special meeting. They called the governor down. Governor Sawyer went down, they told him that his bill was absolutely unacceptable. So he withdrew his support of his own bill and didn't give active support to the new one; he just didn't say anything. But Mel Close, who was chairman of the judiciary committee, began to do some very able and capable legal work on the bill, and it was constantly being debated inside the judiciary committee of the assembly. It was very good strategy to have it there rather than over in the senate.

As it came along, one time a draft was brought out to Eddie and I to take a look at, and we decided we needed some help. We called Las Vegas and got Earl White, who is a Negro attorney for the Southwest Gas Company, and a member of our advisory committee at this time. And the NAACP flew him up to Carson, and he went through the bill with a fine tooth comb, made some recommendations for some minor changes, and gave his approval to it. And that, at that point, was what became the final bill, exactly.

At this point I asked for some help from Jim Anderson of Las Vegas, who is a master lobbyist and strategist, to come up for the final day to help us in the strategy of lobbying this through. Then the stall came on—great big old stall, I don't know what happened. Eddie Scott and I were sitting one day in the senate after everybody had gone home, and were discouraged as could be. Tom West came in. He was a citizen in the community, quite

interested in the bill, and he was mad. You see, we had been sitting for three or four days watching on television the Selma, Alabama, situation with young people being beaten by billy clubs from police on horse-back. We were all in a state of shock and anger. And Tom was pretty angry, and he says, "By God, somebody's going to have to do something about this and bust this thing loose."

I went home and I didn't sleep well that night. Incidentally, in this session I was chief lobbyist for the Nevada Council of Churches, appointed with credentials, and we had been holding weekly meetings up at the University on Saturday noon as a report back on legislative progress to a group of interested citizens including ministers in Reno, and professors from the University. I thought through a statement on Selma and I went in and I typed it out. It was a letter to the editor, and I sent it in to the newspaper. It was a very strong, logical statement of why should we have freedom in America. Why should we be fighting in Viet Nam if we don't have freedom in America; a very strong advocacy of the civil rights bill. It came out in the papers on Friday of that particular week, and Saturday I went into the meeting at the University pretty angry. And I laid it on the line; I said that I thought we could get the bill if we could get the governor, and the governor was right in the middle of an important week. He was getting ready to go to Washington and talk about Viet Nam when he didn't know anything about it, and we had more problems in Nevada. Some of his good Democratic people who were in the meeting called Dick Ham, who was up in Winnemucca, and Dick Ham got ahold of the governor. The next thing I knew, the governor's trip to Washington was cancelled; he was going to stay home and mind the store.

Eddie and I and some other people scheduled a civil rights rally—a prayer rally—

meeting on the capitol steps for Wednesday and it ended up Thursday. We did that. The press gave us a bad time—thought it was phoney. Then I went downstairs and I talked to the governor and told him that I thought we might be able to make it. And he said he could commit to me seven votes—Democrats. If I could get two Republicans, we'd have the bill. I don't know whether he was serious or not, but I took it as a challenge. And I told him what we wanted to do was to, you know, allow him to provide his leadership. So we scheduled a civil rights rally for the next Monday on the capitol steps and I told him that he would be a speaker; Lieutenant Governor Laxalt would be a speaker; I would be a speaker; and we'd have some music from the choirs of the Negro churches in Reno.

Then I called Woodrow Wilson on the phone and he got on the plane and came up, and he and I went into the small anteroom off the senate and had a heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Laxalt. Paul Laxalt all through this had been kind of neutral; he hadn't committed himself one way or the other. This time he was much more amenable to getting something done, and I told him that the climate in Nevada had completely changed because of the Selma thing; people were angry. The psychological moment had arrived. We told him he had lost his last election. If he was ever going to run again, he might as well do something, that this bill was reasonable, was on sound principles and was a conservative bill. So he asked Woodrow what he thought and Woodrow told him that we had to have it. The Republican party's whole future was at stake, that the aspirations of Negroes had to be fulfilled, that this was a logical and reasonable way to do it.

And so the governor turned to me, and from his legal mind he shot a question at me, he said, "Clyde, would you ever vote for a bill that would force intermarriage?"

And I shot right back at him, "Governor, I would never vote for one that would prevent it."

And he turned to Woodrow and he says, "Well, you've got your bill." And he said, "What do you want?"

And I said, "Exactly the way it is."

Then he said, "Incidentally, Woodrow, I want you to stay because I want to have a press conference at two o'clock this afternoon. I'm going to announce it, and I'm going to support it. He picked up the phone and called up George Abbott and he set up a deal at his house. They had to get the cameras and everything over there. He went out in the lobby and he invited all the Negroes that he could find over to his house about three o'clock. He called Coe Swobe, who was the floor leader of the Republicans in the assembly, and told him they were going to go on the bill. He didn't want any amendments passed; he wanted it exactly the way it was. To make sure that we get the sequence of events right, this happened *after* the rally on the capitol steps at which Governor Sawyer made a statement that he was cynical, he was pessimistic, he had never gotten the civil rights bill he wanted and didn't know whether he was going to get one, but he hoped so.

Laxalt made a statement where he said the time had come. I wrote his speech. I made a statement which I'll give you for the files.* So Lieutenant Governor Laxalt called a press conference and announced his support for the bill. It went to the assembly as it was, even though somebody tried a lot of amendments. It didn't work. They got none of them. So it came to the senate out of the judiciary committee and nobody thought we

*See Mathews papers, University of Nevada Library, Reno.

were going to make it there. They thought we'd be killed in the finance committee because there was \$38,000 a year for the support of the commission. But they didn't know what we knew.

We had had some very strong support from the business community. One of the people who was helping us had been talking to Wilson McGowan very strongly and so had the lieutenant governor. And the opponents of civil rights were dumbfounded when the bill came out of the finance- committee and it had the money in there. Senator Fransway, who was probably the bitterest opponent of civil rights in the state, actually had gotten the weekend delay to try to maneuver. But on the morning that this legislation, the whole bill, was to be considered by the senate, I wrote him a letter. He had always claimed to me that there was no problem in the state, that it was all imagined in the minds of Negroes. And I wrote him a letter in which I gave him fact, figure, name, date, and serial number, and I staked my word of honor that there was a problem. And I had it sent to him by the page ten minutes before he was to get up to make his speech against the bill. He read it and he got up to make his speech—and half way through it he just quit and sat down.

Senator Slattery, I had a commitment from him. You see, in 1963, he had bitterly attacked Paul Laxalt on the floor of the senate because he thought that Mr. Laxalt was going to go for the civil rights bill in 1963, because he came down on the floor and made a speech in favor of it. Senator Slattery attacked with extreme emotion and bitterness. And I had told Mr. Laxalt at our meeting with Woodrow Wilson that I would try—that I had a commitment from Senator Slattery. And this is what it was—Senator Slattery said to me that he could not vote for this bill because of his political stand on civil

rights, but that he was not going to fight us; he would not vote for it, but he would not fight us. And I had a commitment from him that he would not even attack Lieutenant Governor Laxalt if he came out for it, and when I had that commitment, I knew we were home free. I told Lieutenant Governor Laxalt I had the commitment from Slattery that he would not attack him if he came out for it, which enabled him to move.

And so Senator Slattery got up that morning and he said that he was a long-time opponent of civil rights, and he didn't believe in it in principle, that he was going to vote against it, but he wasn't going to speak against it, and he wanted to commend Eddie Scott, Jim Anderson and Clyde Mathews for the masterful way in which they had lobbied this bill, and he sat down.

The truth of the matter, for history I should say that I immediately borrowed five dollars from him to go have dinner because I didn't have any money that night. And instead of doing that, he took Eddie and I out and bought us steak dinner, which is an interesting sidelight to political battle. By this time he really didn't want to get involved because he knew he was going to have to run in Washoe County under reapportionment this next time, and he did not want to have the emotional anti-civil rights image that he had when he was in Storey County. We knew that and we allowed that.

That became the law, and the vote, actually, was eleven to seven and one abstention. Governor Sawyer produced his seven and I produced my four. So it was quite a historic thing. The governor had a special signing of the law down in his office, and people from all over the state came, and we all got pens, and he gave all the credit for it to Charles Keller, and Charles Keller wasn't even at the session! Politics are interesting.

I think I ought to mention one other thing that happened on the 1965 act. I have already mentioned the fact that there was a meeting of the finance committee with Wilson McGowan that surprised everyone. Eddie Scott, Jim Anderson and I were also invited to appear before the judiciary committee in the senate to testify in behalf of the act. Now this was after Paul Laxalt came out in favor of it. And we were requested to bring to that committee a list of the differences between the Nevada law and the federal law. So I drew up a list, and when Jim Anderson, Eddie Scott and I came down that morning from Reno in the car, I gave each of them a copy of the list that I had drawn up and they agreed that these were the differences. Fifteen minutes before that meeting I got a call from Paul Laxalt and he said, "You go tell Jim Anderson to tell the governor that if any Democrat opens his mouth to argue this bill in that committee, it's dead, because we'll argue it, and its got to go through that judiciary committee without argument." And I went and told this to Jim Anderson, and Jim Anderson about blew because he felt that this was going to kill the whole thing, that it was a political maneuver to give the Republicans an out. It was political, but it was a maneuver to shut Snowy Monroe up, and I don't know what happened but there weren't any arguments in there. There were a couple of questions, only two or three questions; I think the whole thing took five minutes. They all knew the differences in the act anyway. They had one question that had to do with women, I think—I forget even what the question was. My recollection is that Snowy Monroe did ask one question, Carl Dodge asked one question, and then somebody excused us. We all walked out. And two minutes later, they all came out of the meeting. I'm trying to think which one it was—I don't know whether it was Slattery or

whether it was Titlow—that looked over at me and winked. They all came out smiling. Anyway, that directive from Paul, I was convinced, was simply an attempt to keep Governor Sawyer and Snowy Monroe in line in there, and they didn't want either one of them pulling the rug out from under the votes that they already had. We already had our commitments, and he committed himself to seven, and they wanted it kept that way. Also, they didn't want any future political statement made of what happened inside of that meeting. They just didn't want any talk. You'd be surprised what, sometimes, people say happened in a meeting.

Speaking of Paul Laxalt's attitudes on civil rights, I think I have mentioned that I had analyzed him as a very capable and very charming young man. He grew up in a very small town with very provincial attitudes and had a tendency to verbalize clichés concerning the race problem. This was the condition when I first dealt in the legislature with Paul Laxalt. Since that time I have come to know he has an operating procedure where sometimes when you are talking to him to sell an idea or a program, he will reflect back to you the arguments that he has heard against it, and are not necessarily his own opinion, but to find out how, in a confrontation that you might have with these opponents, you could stand up to it. There might have been, I'm going to give him the benefit of the doubt here—there might have been some of that in my conversation with him originally on civil rights. But, as you know, in the Goldwater campaign, Paul, early in the whole conservative thrust during those years, aligned himself with the Goldwater thrust. He has since told me that he disagreed with Barry Goldwater in many areas, but he had agreed with Barry Goldwater's opinion that the civil rights laws were unconstitutional. I

do not know how much influence on him a man like Slattery had in arguing because this was the tack and basic argument that Senator Slattery always threw up when it came to civil rights, the idea that it was a special privilege legislation. My argument was always the opposite, that it was to overcome the special privileges that the majority enjoyed without equity or without justice.

The campaign for Senator with Howard Cannon certainly had a great deal to do with the change of attitude towards civil rights with Paul. I, personally, found a great problem with regard to Paul's attitude toward civil rights when he ran for the Senate. I did vote for him, though, and I told him in a letter that I voted for him, not because I agreed with his position on civil rights but because I disagreed with Howard Cannon on almost all other issues, that in spite of the fact that civil rights was central in my thinking, I would have to balance all of the other issues and I did vote for Paul. Maybe that letter opened some doors of communications, because I got a very friendly response from Paul; he said there was not another vote cast for him in that election that he appreciated more than that because he knew that we were at the opposite ends of civil rights in many areas, even though, I think, fundamentally, within the framework of civil rights we probably were in agreement on some basic issues. One of them being that both of us held the conviction that the best way to achieve the goals of civil rights legislation or the civil rights movement, was voluntary. And that all of the civil rights legislation that I ever participated in lobbying for in the state of Nevada was primarily based upon reasonableness and conciliation, rather than enforcement. I think, maybe, history has tended to bear out the, at least partial correctness of that position, because even though we now have enforcement provisions

in the civil rights act, they are very seldom used or are necessary to use, and that still the efforts down the line are with trying to get people together and to talk to each other, and to come to reasonable solutions.

I do not believe that Paul Laxalt was bigoted; I never did believe that he was a man with great prejudice. I did feel that, on the surface, he tended to accept positions that most bigots and most prejudiced people take, but I never did feel that it was deep-seated. There was another component in his personality that spoke to me in ways that most prejudiced and bigoted people did not speak.

I think I have mentioned that we held a mayor's conference on equal opportunity in Clark County, in Las Vegas, in 1962. He did agree to come down and to be on a panel on the civil rights legislation, and the Negro people from Westside [Las Vegas] really verbally attacked him, even including Woodrow Wilson, who was a Republican and rather respectful of Paul. They hammered him for forty-five minutes on the open floor with very direct questions. Paul's position that day was that he did not feel that we had the statistical data available in the state of Nevada to prove that discrimination was a major problem, and they attempted to break his position down on that. One of the most telling blows was made by Bryn Armstrong that day, who said that civil rights was not a numbers game, and that if one child was denied the right to equal education, a law that prevented that would be worth it, just as our whole legal system is based on the idea that, to protect the innocent—and that it wasn't a numbers game, it was a matter of principle. I think that that meeting was a part of the attitudinal changing of Paul Laxalt. I think one of the most telling blows was a letter that he received from an Anthony Lewis, who was a schoolteacher in Reno, which was published

in the newspaper, which attacked him as being paternalistic and with southern attitudes, long outmoded and outdated. I don't know what effect that had except that Paul went to bed for three days with a pain in his back. Some of his very closest friends were very upset with the attack. I sensed a difference in attitude when he came back to the legislature, that maybe there had been some thoughtful consideration done. And I would imagine, knowing Paul the way I know him, that it wasn't what Anthony Lewis said that bothered him, that it was that Anthony Lewis felt that it was necessary to say it that bothered him. Paul probably analyzed himself in saying, "How have I failed to communicate my genuine and real concern for this problem so badly that this man, who is an intelligent, educated man would find it necessary to write this letter?" And I think it's that kind of thought process that would go on in Paul's mind. I think, also, that he would assess the political mood changes in the country and in Nevada, with regard to civil rights. And as any politician knows, if he is not flexible and capable of changing his mind, he is not going to last very long in politics, which is a prime requisite.

So for the next two or three years, Paul and I carried on a dialogue, constantly during the legislative times and other times, where I would reflect to him what I felt were the true, deep-seated, just positions of a conservative, and he would reflect back to me what the arguments were on the other side, and we would go at it. He tried to shift a little bit in 1963. I know Mr. Keller and James Anderson had been on the phone to him at night, early morning, and weekends, and at one time I think he agreed to try to see what he could do to pull that bill through the senate. And the one Monday morning that he came down off of the rostrum and made a speech from the floor was the time that Senator Slattery

attacked him so viciously, and he had to withdraw from the attempt. His commitment, I think to him and to Charles, was only to attempt it. And if the reaction was such that it made it impossible for him to continue it, that they would recognize that, and they did; they released him from any other responsibility in the matter. They only asked that he try it, and he did try it, and he got a terrible blasting which his political antenna told him he just better stay out of it.

At the mayor's conference in Reno, held about six months after the one held in Las Vegas, he gave some welcoming and opening remarks to the conference at the University, remarks that some Negroes felt, were still, of the paternalistic and southern attitude. I didn't read it that way, but they did. And their reaction to it was extremely negative. I think that their minds also functioned in the climate that could not recognize change when Paul tried to make a slight degree of change. And so I sat down after that meeting and wrote Paul a personal letter, as a friend, and let him have it, right from the shoulder, that this was where he was wrong, and the reason was he was failing to communicate. I even wrote out paragraphs for him for the future that he could say what he was intending to say in a different way that would communicate. And his reaction was—I got a phone call as soon as he read the letter and he was madder than hell, which I guess has to happen. He said, "By God, if they can't understand English, then I don't know what to do, and I'm not going to speak any more to those things."

Well, he cooled down after that. My guess is that major contributing factors to the real support of the 1965 act came about with the things I have just told you, and the Supreme Court decision that accepted the civil rights act of 1964 as constitutional. The beginning national sympathy, and public opinion shift

to be in favor of civil rights, the whole Selma mess, and—and I want to emphasize this—the 1965 civil rights act in the state of Nevada was lobbied different than it had ever been lobbied before. Eddie Scott and I and Jim Anderson finally used a completely different approach.

I guess I had as much to do with designing it as anybody. We went down there and presented ourselves as consultants, and I came with credentials from the Nevada Council of Churches, and we became kind of experts. Now Eddie was the “bulldog” that was the watchdog over every jot and comma and title in that bill as it went through the judiciary committee, and I was the one who was constantly talking to Paul. But I am personally convinced that what generated the climate in which that bill passed was Selma, Alabama.

There was a psychological shift in this whole state. I told this to Dick Ham, to Governor Sawyer, too, that there comes a time, for every major project, if it's right, a time when it comes to what's called the fullness of time. And all of a sudden, here in the state, there was a shift of attitude and the psychological moment had arrived. And if we were ever going to have a civil rights law, we had about two weeks to get it across. Now they had not become sensitive to that—neither Dick Ham nor Governor Sawyer. But when they felt the pulse around after that, I know they found out the same thing I did, and that's why they began to move a little differently. It's made it possible for us to move a little differently. I think the maneuver I talked about with getting Senator Slattery to agree not to attack Paul Laxalt if he came out for civil rights was an important strategy. And I think that when Senator Slattery got up and said that he wanted to congratulate those who had lobbied this bill, Clyde Mathews, Jimmie Anderson and Eddie Scott, for the manner in which it was done—I think he was sincere

about that. I also think that he was looking forward to his election in Washoe County as a senator, but I do think he meant it.

I think the saddest night I ever saw in the legislature was in 1963 when we had tried everything that we could think of to get a civil rights bill, and I gave up finally and went home a week before it was dismissed, and Eddie Scott didn't. On the final night he was standing over in the corner all by himself, and they adjourned *sine die*, and they did not have a civil rights law, and I think that Frank Johnson even wrote about that in the newspaper that the saddest thing he ever saw was the look on Eddie's face. And I really kind of think that there was an emotional feeling there that everybody felt that way to Eddie Scott, and I think that maybe it had a little bit to do with getting the thing passed in 1965. There was a kind of a feeling that maybe they had let Eddie and the Negro people in the state down in 1963. I think there was just a kind of a feeling that there was something they could have done in 1963 and didn't, so they had to do something in 1965.

It finally came to the place where I wrote most of the material that Paul Laxalt put out on civil rights. Some of the campaigning material for 1966, I wrote that. I wrote his speech on the capitol steps the day that we had the big rally for civil rights in 1965. And I think that when he began to hear the arguments for civil rights in conservative language, that had something to do with the changing of his position. And that's what I tried to do. (For what it's worth, since I've been here in the OEO office my directives from him have been aggressively pro-minority.) He wants to solve that problem. He's pragmatic about the solution of it. He doesn't want to argue philosophy any more—those days are over. He's made speeches in the Westside of Las Vegas, one of which I wrote. He's made

statements; he's doing things in his own office; he's made a great push for minority hiring within state government—he wants that problem solved.

Mrs. Laxalt is one of the most gracious ladies, and I have never seen a bigoted gesture or attitude toward minority people any time I've ever seen her in public. She is concerned about the poor people in the state, and she can get emotional about the haunted look that she sees in the eyes of some of the children, and is solidly in favor of a workable program to solve the problem of poverty in minorities in the state of Nevada, and I think she might have had some influence on Paul's shift also.

I think the most committed thing that he has done to demonstrate what he thinks is when he went down to Las Vegas and got on television and asked for houses for those Negro schoolteachers. This was this last summer, 1967. The Clark County school people went all over the country recruiting Negro schoolteachers, and when they got them there they couldn't find places for them to live. And he was mad—he was terribly angry. He tried to solve it with voluntarism. And he couldn't get any solution from the real estate people—real action that really meant anything. So one night he just got on the plane and went down to Las Vegas and got on television and told what the problem was, and gave a phone number and he said he wanted anybody that had an apartment or house for rent or for sale to call that number, and they got sixty phone calls in an hour. Really, politically, that took a lot of guts.

I cannot also help but believe that Paul's being a Basque doesn't influence his sensitivity and feeling towards minority people. You can't talk to Indians, or Serbians in this state, like the Bastas, or the Basques, and not know that they sometimes in the past in growing up have experienced the harassment of the majority,

and they know a little bit about how it feels. I don't think anybody can have complete empathy with the Negro people who is not a Negro; but if you have had some of it, you can have some idea what it's like.

LOBBYISTS OF MY ACQUAINTANCE

In lobbying down in Carson I've met some interesting people who are lobbyists—Wallie Warren, very smooth professional lobbyist, sometimes in favor of civil rights, sometimes opposed to it, depending upon who the people were he was working for, what their position was. In '61 he was opposed; in '63 he was opposed; in '65 he was in favor of it. And I think that's because in '65, the Sierra Pacific Power Company was in favor of it, and that probably was because Eddie Scott worked for them, and they happened to have Fred Fletcher for a president. Wallie never got into an argument on this issue. Wallie Warren works very quietly, Very professionally, and he just lines up his votes on his side, day by day—gets the commitments and never really gets into a hassle with anybody else.

Howard Gray—he had never been in favor of civil rights—another professional who'll never get into an argument about it. He never favored it, always felt that it was unconstitutional, always felt that it was special privilege legislation.

Ollie Thomas, I used to think was opposed to it, but he always told me he wasn't—that he had no position one way or the other. He never functioned in the field down there on those bills. I never caught him doing it, but one way or the other, I always thought he was on the other side, but he told me that he was not, so I presume he was not.

Lou Paley always said he was in favor of it, and I caught him fighting it. The labor people in the 1965 session spent a great deal of money

bringing in outside witnesses to oppose the apprenticeship section of the 1965 act. They lost, but there hasn't been a great deal of compliance with it even the way it's written, but they actively lobbied against *that* part of the law. I think that Lou used to trade votes on civil rights for other labor legislation. He's a very effective lobbyist, but he was always telling Negro people that he was in favor of it, and I know of a couple of times that he wasn't. I'm not saying that he always did that.

Norman Biltz used to come down in 1963 on the floor. I think that his main reason for coming had to do with Lake Tahoe problems and issues. I used to ask him what he thought about civil rights and he always told me about his maids. What he didn't know was that his maids used to also tell me. And while they were good maids and loyal to him, they didn't agree with his position. I asked him about Indians one time and all he could do was tell me about something that happened in 1922, of an Indian that he met in Tonopah who had a dead deer in the trunk of his old beat-up car. And the deer must have been there for ten days because it was smelling so bad that they made him move the car off the main street of Tonopah. And Norman said, "You know, people like that, they just want to live that way." And I kept reminding him, "You know, this isn't 1922." Well, all I ever got was, I think, he said, "I hope not."

Eddie Scott—one of the most amazing lobbyists that I've ever seen, because Eddie is not a highly educated man. Sometimes, I think the legislators thought they were putting things over on Eddie Scott; and what they didn't know was they never have, as far as I know, put anything over on him. When they were stalling, he knew it; when they were maneuvering, he knew it; when they were trying to trick him, he knew it—but he would never let them know he knew it. And

he's like a bulldog. When he gets his teeth into something he will not let go until that thing is resolved. He would go home at night and call a lawyer friend of his in Sacramento, and would read him the changes in the law and get a legal interpretation and come back the next day loaded with legal arguments and never let anybody know that he had done this. He would never argue in legalistic terms, he always put the arguments in his own language, and yet all the time Eddie Scott was getting some of the top legal advice in the country on civil rights every night, which the legislature people just did not know.

Eddie is very suspicious. I worked with him for three sessions. I think in '65 we worked together better than ever. And of all the single individuals in Reno, that live there, Eddie Scott's been in my house more than any other person, but to this day I do not think that Eddie Scott completely trusts me. In spite of the fact that we worked side by side, I just don't think he completely trusts any white people. His experience has been on the other side of the ledger, and he's been double-crossed more than anybody should expect at all. On the other hand, I doubt if there's any white man that he trusts more than he does me, even though I am white and I'm a Republican, I guess, and that's to be "two against ya."

I like Eddie Scott—I've been very angry with Eddie and I've been very pleased with Eddie. As far as I know I have never doubted anybody and it—personally speaking—it at times hurt a little when he would indicate that he didn't trust what I was saying. I probably went overboard at all kinds of lengths to prove to him otherwise, and probably did to some extent, but I still have the feeling that there's still a slight barrier there.

Jim Anderson, who is very skilled lobbyist for the labor movement in California, is one

of the most skilled lobbyists I've ever seen. He knows what actions and reactions are going to be. He can predict them with extreme accuracy. He knows how to ride herd on a bill; he knows how to guide it through, he knows where to put the pressure, and he knows when to put it on and he knows when to take it off. He also has a tremendous amount of guts. He can be very rough when he wants to be, and he can be very charming when he wants to be, and he can be either way depending upon which he thinks is the best approach to the situation. Jim Anderson's a man very scarred emotionally from some tragic experiences that he has related to me that I cannot communicate, other than to say that if I had been in the same position that he had been in, I'm sure I would have some of the same attitudes that he has. He is very suspicious of white liberals.

I think this is the point at which I should say that while it is true that Governor Sawyer has always had the voting support of the Negro community in the state of Nevada, and while he has always had the outward expression of appreciation of what he's done, and the outward public relations by Negroes in support of him, they do not trust him and never did. And they never felt he was sincere; they did feel that he was political. They did feel that it was easier to work with him because of the fact he was political, and because he would openly be in favor of the concept of civil rights, that it was easy to work with him that way, but they *never* accepted his sincerity at the gut level of getting it through.

In 1963, after the original civil rights bill had been defeated, and the shock of that was over in the Negro community, there was an attempt by the Negroes to find some kind of a civil rights bill that could be passed, so that if they couldn't take three or four steps in 1963, maybe they could at least take one. And Governor Sawyer lost my respect during this

time because he participated in proposing a bill that he, himself, knew could not pass—knew would not pass. All it did was to take up the time, the days, between the time he started and the time the session was over to keep the supporters of civil rights active doing something that he, himself, knew was going to lead to a dead end. I didn't like that, and the Negroes didn't like it either, because they knew it.

We had a meeting one night in his office. I was invited to the meeting, and I told him that I really didn't want to go—the Negroes wanted me to be there. And I said I wouldn't go unless Governor Sawyer invited me, himself. And so Dick Ham finally called me down, and says, "I hear that you've been saying bad things about the governor upstairs."

And I said, "That's right, and I'll tell you what I said," I said, "I've been saying I would like to see actions equal to the words that are coming out of this office."

"Well," he said, "that's not too bad. The governor would like for you to come on into the meeting."

So I went in, and they had drafted some kind of a bill with a cover sheet that gave the strategy for getting it through. And I said, "Why don't we do this right and invite the lieutenant governor?" Wait a minute—there was a day lapse in here, and when I talked to Dick Han, I said; "Why don't we invite the lieutenant governor?"

And he said, "All right, why don't we? And let's make it a bi-partisan approach, because it will never work unless it is." Everybody knew that.

And when I got to the meeting, Paul Laxalt wasn't there, and Governor Sawyer said he was running this show and he'd invite who he wanted to. Well, that irritated me a little bit, but what *really* irritated me was that

on the cover of this proposed legislation was a list of arguments in favor of it.

And Governor Sawyer said, “Now, most of those guys upstairs don’t know the difference—you know—don’t know even what civil rights are, so if we can just get them to read this cover, maybe they’ll vote for it and never know what’s inside of it. And the arguments on the first cover were not the same really, as what the legislation inside said. And it—it said to me that—you know, there is really an insincerity here. There was a kind of a maneuver here that I just didn’t like. Dave Meadows didn’t like it at all. They knew right then that this was an aborted attempt to doing anything. And that’s exactly what happened—it got nowhere.

In the 1965 session, I think I’ve mentioned that Governor Sawyer’s original proposed bill was just nothing—so totally unacceptable that nobody would have anything to do with it. He tried to get Howard Gloyd down from the Reno-Sparks Branch of the NAACP to endorse the bill, which he did, before he even met with the people on the Westside of Las Vegas. And of course, when they finally got to him, they threw the whole thing out and told him it was ridiculous.

He told me *after* 1965 that he assessed the mood of the legislature wrong. He *never* thought Paul Laxalt would go [for it], and he *never* thought that we could ever get enough votes to get a bill through with sanctions. And he was wrong, and I admired him for admitting it, because our strategy was, that we now had a federal law, let’s get it with local control and see if we couldn’t sell the gaming industry on the idea that we would have a civil rights commission that would function locally under local control. I think we sold it—there was a lot more to it—but I think that idea was bought, and I think that no one was more surprised when Paul came out for

the civil rights act than Governor Sawyer was. When Paul Laxalt went out on the capitol steps and gave his speech in favor of it he was really caught off guard, he didn’t really believe it would happen, and said so, on the capitol steps. But then the votes came, and that was it.

I think one of the most significant things that Paul Laxalt ever did was when he threw the John Birch Society out of the Republican party. I was a part of that. I went to a precinct meeting and got to be a delegate to the county meeting, and then they put me on as a delegate to the state convention, and I went to Las Vegas. I participated in the floor fight for seven solid hours to tell the people that they could not belong to the John Birch Society and hold an office in the Republican party, and to John DeTar’s credit, he gave a very rational and non-emotional defense of his own position, but the vote finally came, and they lost. And Jack DeTar and Dr. Schaefer both got up and walked out of the meeting.

It took a lot of courage, but I think it helped elect Laxalt. He could not have the governorship with any kind of a duality position on the John Birch Society in Clark County. This was what made it possible for many Democrats to vote for him in Clark County, and, certainly, I don’t think he lost any Republican votes by doing it, because I don’t think the John Birchers were going to vote for Grant Sawyer. They had no place else to go; they either didn’t vote, or they voted for Paul Laxalt, anyway. It was a very astute political move. It was genuine. He was disgusted with what he had seen at the San Francisco fiasco; (1964 Republican Convention) he was disgusted with what he had seen at the prior state convention. My good friend, Les Gray, couldn’t even get to microphone without being shouted down—unruly, undisciplined convention, and politics just will not work that way in Nevada.

One of the things that makes Paul Laxalt's spirit so interesting to me is that in the 1964 senatorial election, there were so many precincts in southern Nevada where he didn't get even one vote. In the Westside [of Las Vegas] it was 99.7 percent for Cannon. Cannon got all the Negro votes, which really is very amazing to me because Senator Cannon is not that strong a civil rights person. You know, when the big vote came on the 1964 bill, he wasn't there, and he did not come back in and cast an "aye" vote until there had been enough votes to already pass it. If it had been a tie, I'm convinced Cannon would have voted against it, but being that it was already.... When they had the roll-call vote in the Senate, Cannon took a walk, and when something like fifty votes had been counted, then he came back on the floor. Fifty votes in favor. Then he came back on the floor and then they came back to him, to vote. And he voted for it. A very interesting maneuver—very underplayed in the campaign by either side.

I don't think that the Negroes in the state of Nevada think that Howard Cannon was a great civil rights advocate. I know Eddie Scott even went out [in 1962] and supported Jack Streeter against Alan Bible, just to show Alan Bible how bad he thought he was in the field of civil rights, because Jack Streeter is an anti-civil rights man. And Eddie Scott did it as a demonstration against Alan Bible, which is interesting. Of course, they completely give up on Baring anyway.

I mentioned Howard Gloyd as the representative of the Reno-Sparks Branch of the NAACP. Howard Gloyd is a public-relations-type personality, a very good one. The only other thing that he did was to come down and be the master of ceremonies of the day that we had the rally out on the capitol steps. He pulled way back out of that when the heat came on that original governor's

bill. Howard Gloyd, I think, even came out and criticized the NAACP convention in Denver that year on television. Some of the statements made, he didn't think that they were right, and he did not endear himself to Negro community in that at all. He's been a very controversial figure in the Negro community, and by and large they do not support him. They might now. He is much more militant now.

The real race problem in Nevada, I think, is fear. I think the root of all prejudice is fear, insecurity, and early childhood education. Children are not born prejudiced, they have to learn it. They learn it from their environment. I think Hawthorne at one time was the real hard core of it. I think Reno is next. I think Las Vegas is a very interesting area. I think that there is probably a more liberal attitude in Las Vegas than any place else in the state, and yet there is also one of the toughest hard core prejudiced areas. They talk a good liberal attitude in Las Vegas, but their actions are not anywhere near in keeping with the talk or the policy. They probably work at it better than any place else, those who are really sincere. There's an effort to do something, to work at it harder there than any place else. The biggest problem today is there in the Westside of Las Vegas.

The prejudice against Indians is really different than it is against Negroes. The Indian in the old days was the atom bomb of his day. He was the fear person. In the early Reno days, they didn't have atom bombs to worry about, but they did worry about Indians. The cultural differences, and the communication—language barrier in those times—created problems that we're still working at on both sides. In Sarah Winnemucca's book, *Life Among the Paiutes*, is an example of how much the cultural difference was. One of the colonels in the army in the early days gave

Chief Winnemucca a letter that gave him entitlement to free room and board any place that he traveled in Nevada, and the ranchers could send the bill to the army. He told his people that that paper was a magic rag and all he had to do was to go and wave that in front of a white man's face, and out of nowhere food appeared, and a bed. Magic. Now that, when you think of the mind and attitudinal differences, you can see what the communications gulf would be. The first time they gave him a pot to cook in, he put it on his head for a hat. He never had seen one before, and when he found out what it was for, he laughed until he had to sit down, he was laughing so hard. He went back and told his family, and they all had a big laugh that he was wearing for a hat what was really something to cook in. Which to me shows the great security that they had among themselves, that they could laugh at themselves about something of a social *faux pas* like this, it really is great. I think that Sarah says that Indians for fifty years thought that all white people were cannibals because they had been watching the Donner Party. Now those kinds of experiences create gulfs of communication and all kinds of barriers to inter-personal relationships and cooperation.

I think that the white person in Nevada is much more guilty about prejudice or discrimination against Indians than they are with Negroes because it is an indigenous problem. With Negroes, they migrated here, and they are outsiders; and some of the prejudice to Negroes is not so much—well, it is, too, that they're black—but it's also that they're outsiders, that they're from some place else. And I think some of the prejudice in the power moves in the state against Negroes is because of some of the people during the Civil War who were in the power structure in the state of Nevada had supported the South and some of their grandchildren today are in

pretty powerful positions, and they still have the paternalistic southern attitude.

We have a very small Spanish-American population in Nevada so we cannot really assess it as a special problem. It's so small, it's just like the oriental population—the Japanese and Chinese now. The Chinese, you know, used to be the number one problem of Nevada. Incidentally, when we began civil rights legislation the only law that we ever found on civil rights in Nevada statutes was a law prohibiting inter-marriage, and something that had to do with Chinese and voting rights, which had since been repealed or ignored, I forget which.

Another item of interest to me is a kind of a “view” of Negro ministers' involvement in civil rights. From the Westside of Las Vegas there was very little. A Negro church is a kind of a tribal domain, in which the minister is a chieftain; and there are territorial rights there that have taken years to build. And because of the financial supporting structure of a Negro church, that minister stands almost alone in that church. In a sense, it's his church. The stewardship methods of the Negro church would be considered archaic with regard to the major denominations in the United States—the idea of having a memorial once a year where maybe one-half of his total income will come at one time by people just putting a certain amount of money on the communion table, or taking as high as ten or eleven offerings on a Sunday to pay the bill, are archaic.

There is a cultural difference between Negro churches and modern denominational churches, less so with Pentecostal, more so with anything else, with the possible exception of Episcopal and Catholic Negro churches. Let me give you a little insight into that: I have been into Quaker meetings and I have been in Pentecostal Negro churches. The

Quaker meeting is conducted with a certain peace and quiet of spirit. A Negro service will be highly emotional and very rhythmic, but at the *end* it will arrive at the spiritual peace and level that a Quaker church tried to maintain during the whole time.

It's very interesting; I personally enjoy going to Negro churches, and do, whenever I can, because I love the music and I love the sincerity; but I think that the idea of integration is a threat to the Negro clergy of the old traditional style. Like everything else, the Negro church is changing. Martin Luther King could have probably pastored any large, modern, denominational church, knowing all of the latest methodology, theology and form. Therefore, there has been a resistance, I think, by many Negro ministers to get involved in the idea of civil rights or integration.

The most active ministers in the state in integration were Dave Meadows, from Reno; and whoever happened to be the pastor of the AME church in Reno, and whoever happened to be the pastor of the AME church in Las Vegas. There was some involvement in Hawthorne, but beyond that, primarily the *status quo* was coveted.

Among minority people, I think the objectives of civil rights were desired, but I think a willingness to become involved in the movement was minimal. I think that the age factor was a very determining thing. The younger the Negro was, the more willing to be involved he was; the older the Negro was, the more willing he was to keep things the way they were.

I think prejudice is a two-way street. I think prejudice that is on the side of the minority person is usually based upon experience and fact, and prejudice on the majority side is usually based upon fiction, but it's there, and the end result is the same, but the reason for it is much more rational on

the minority side. However, one of the great problems in all this field is that people tend to generalize specifics. They tend to view the whole from their limited experience. And in the rush of a movement, sometimes the whole truth is really not all true.

We did a lot of work in the Indian Colony to get people to think in terms of good people, and those that we don't consider good; or sympathetic people, and those we don't consider sympathetic, rather than just "all white people are bad." I had to do the same thing in the non-Indian community: there are good Indians, and there are other Indians who just could not stand the problems, and have fallen by the wayside.

Personally, as a social psychologist, or whatever I am, I think that the simple truth of getting to know people as a solution is a vital factor in this whole idea. I heard Supreme Court Justice Thompson say that the tragic part of discrimination is it's based on ignorance. That—I don't like you, not because I know that you're bad, but that I think that you are because you're black; or that I think there's something wrong with you because you're different. Any kind of a logical conclusion that isn't based upon knowledge is an error, and prejudice is an error because it's not based upon the knowledge of a person. He says he knows a lot of people he doesn't like, but he doesn't like them because he *knows* they are bad, and to say that you don't like a person and not even know him is a tragedy.

I would analyze the prejudice in the cow counties, and the conservatism in the cow counties, as primarily being extreme provincialism, and it is a tendency to keep *all* outsiders out. I think an immigrant from Ohio is going to have a lot of trouble, as well as from Louisiana. I think that since the Negro is much more visible and conspicuous, there might be added intensity

to the discrimination. And I think we're a long ways from solving this problem anywhere in Nevada or any place else. The real race problem is ignorance. It's that we *do not* have enough social contact; therefore, we can form all kinds of inaccurate conclusions about people. And when you have an isolated community, either an Indian colony or a ghetto, people tend to forget about it because when it's out of sight, it's out of mind, it's not a problem and therefore, there is not concern, and there is no effort. There's no sense of inclusion in the community's problems and I think that the tragedy of it is that some of the greatest resources that we have in Nevada for solving some of our problems are in the minds of the minority people who live in an isolated situation, and that they need to be included in all levels of community life in order to build better communities in Nevada.

THE SUPREME COURT TEST OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS COMMISSION

I have failed to cover the [Nevada] Supreme Court test of the Equal Rights Commission, haven't I? We'll have to do that.

After the passage of the 1961 law setting up the Equal Rights Commission with subpoena power, and after the commission had been appointed, they went to Hawthorne—I think it was in 1962. They went in 1962, and I think they went again in 1964. And it might have been in 1964—I'm confused on the dates in there—but they issued subpoenas to Lindsay Smith, the owner of the El Capitan, and he refused to appear, and it finally was taken to the supreme court.

First it went to the district court in Washoe County before Judge John Gabrielli, and he declared, at that time, the law on the equal rights commission was unconstitutional. At the presentation, the attorney general's office

of the state did not really think that there was the slightest chance that they would declare it unconstitutional. And in my opinion, they might not have prepared as well as they should have, but it was declared unconstitutional. And I could *never* figure out what was going on. I couldn't figure out which side the governor's office really was on, or which side the attorney general was on, on the declaration that the law was unconstitutional.

I tried to get the United States Commission on Civil Rights to come in to the supreme court case as an *amicus curiae*—a friend of the court—and the United States Civil Rights Commission decided that, for political reasons, they could not inject themselves in the state of Nevada. And I never could figure out what *that* meant, but their chief counsel, William Taylor, did say to me that he might be able to get us some help through a member of the advisory committee in California by the name of Mike Heyman who was the dean of the law school at the University of California, one of the professors of law. I contacted him through Phil Hammer, who was our west coast representative of the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights. And he said, yes, he'd write the brief for us, free, if we'd get a Nevada attorney to argue it. And Les Gray said he'd do that, but we had to have some way to get into court.

I sent a letter to the National Council of Churches, and I got their permission to go into that case as *amicus curiae* of the National Council of Churches, with a lawyer from the University of California law school writing the brief, and Les Gray, and we finally got Bill Horgan, who at this time was not too far from death with cancer, to appear before the supreme court as *amicus curiae*.

Now while all this was going on, I was carrying on conversations with Dan Walsh, who was the assistant attorney general for the case, and he cleared up in my mind any

suspicion that I had that he was not going all out. I was convinced that he was. However, the supreme court judges welcomed the additional brief on the *amicus curiae*; Judge Thompson wanted it, and Chief Justice Badt wrote me a letter inviting the National Council of Churches to come, and I have that letter.

We did go, and we did argue the case, and Bill Horgan did a masterful job; and one of the emotional parts of it was that his wife and sons were there to see him argue the last court case that he ever had a chance to argue in public. The supreme court decision agreed exactly with the *amicus curiae*, and the *amicus* agreed with the attorney general on all but one point, and the supreme court agreed with the *amicus curiae*, but it was a double guarantee.

I know Governor Sawyer interpreted it as a political thing, and really—it wasn't that—I was very much concerned that the Equal Rights Commission be preserved. And it was kind of like insurance. Les Gray and Bill Horgan and the man from California received no pay; they did this gratis. Les's office prepared all the material, and he was there, and he did argue a couple of points. It was a very exciting experience. I was glad that we could do it, and I was glad that the National Council of Churches agreed to let us do it.

Jack Streeter had other feelings. He was the lawyer on the other side and tried to get it thrown out, tried all kinds of maneuvers, but the supreme court wouldn't listen to him. And of course they lost their case.

MINORITY GROUPS' PROBLEMS IN NEVADA

I was engaged at one time in an investigation of the jail over in Fallon. I had a case brought to me of an Indian girl who had supposedly committed suicide in the jail in Fallon. I heard all kinds of rumors that five or six Indians had committed suicide

in the Fallon jail, and this is not an Indian trait. The evidence on this girl was rather strange; the autopsy was hurried. The girl was sitting calmly twenty-five minutes before she committed suicide in the jail upstairs in the office of the police station. She had, in fact, gone to sleep in the chair. They took her down and locked her into the cell, and twenty-five minutes later they found her dead. She was hanging from one of the bed posts. The pictures of it kind of made it look like, for certain reasons, that she did not die in the position that she was found.

I tried to get the grand jury to take it up. They didn't. I went to Erle Stanley Gardner of the "Court of Last Resort." He referred it to Lamoine Schneider, who was a great authority on legal medicine. I had a letter back from Lamoine Schneider, after surveying the material, that something should be looked into, that certainly the girl was not treated right in interrogation or even in the way of handling. That's no way to handle juveniles. He did question some of the autopsy evidence. I called Dr. Parsons, who was the autopsy surgeon, and he said that he had gone mostly upon the testimony of the mortician and had not completely done an autopsy. He did an autopsy, but his findings were based somewhat on the testimony of the mortician, and that if we could get the case reopened, and if necessary, he would be willing to change his autopsy report.

So I went to a lawyer by the name of Alex Garroway, who had tried four or five years before this time to do something for the mother of the child in a legal way, I guess at the time of the coroner's jury. He had moved his offices, and I had to have the physical effects of the girl in order to get the case opened, because we wanted to run some tests upon her clothes. And he had moved his offices, and when he went to look for the

clothes, he couldn't find them—never did find them. We couldn't do anything.

The only result that ever came from that was that the police department in Fallon hired an Indian. To this day I have mixed feelings about that whole thing. It was a very strange case.

Some Indians have told me of a—way back in the twenties—of an Indian who was found dead in the jail in Hawthorne. He was taken to the Schurz hospital. In those days, they used to embalm and bury there. And just before they got ready to dress—when they were analyzing the body, I guess, or looking at it, and cleaning it up and embalming it, the doctor happened to notice a speck of something red in the corner of the man's mouth. He couldn't figure out what it was, but it made him look inside, and he thought he saw something in the back of the throat. They X-rayed it and found out that the Indian had been murdered by a long, sharp knife thrust through the throat clear back which cut the spinal cord, and then he was completely washed, and there was no outside wound. Things like that are very disturbing.

As far as I know, there haven't been any more suicides in the Fallon jail, but the fear of Indians to law enforcement in that area at that time was very intense; they had no respect for the police at all. It was one of those dead-end things where you got to the place you couldn't do anything about it. I did talk to some other policemen in the state, and perhaps, through the state-wide law enforcement agencies, some things were done procedurally to ensure that this kind of thing never happened again. I have a theory on it, but I don't think it's worth discussing.

In the Las Vegas area, the people of the Westside of Las Vegas are very fearful of the police and feel that they are brutal. I have no way of knowing whether this is true or

not true; the crucial point is that they think it is, and they believe it is, and we have to deal with that belief. We have recommended some police public relations activities on the Westside which are being carried on. I hope the situation is improving, and there is some indication that it is.

I have mentioned that we have run into a fear of the police in Elko. I think Ely is an interesting place. They are so proud of the Negro that they have out there, who is a court reporter, and they treat him kind of special.

Problems of education are of interest in Nevada. I think the Hug High School thing is evidence that we still have attitudinal problems in the Reno area. The superintendent of schools has testified in the paper that he's getting some very vicious 'phone calls about Hug High and that they don't want their children to go to school with Negroes. The old bugaboo has raised its head in Nevada, even though Nevada education has been integrated, as far as Negroes are concerned, ever since it started, and with Indians at least since the late 1920's.

In the Las Vegas area, there is still the problem of resistance of bussing of children, of the twenty-three Negroes from the Westside of Las Vegas attending Vo-tech High School, which is twenty-nine miles out of town, when there are still eighty-eight who are eligible and capable of going, but can't get there because of transportation problems. This is a problem that seems simple to solve, but which the school board in Clark County has yet to find the solution, and one that I'm working on.

Generally speaking, the prime fear, I guess, of the white population of the state of Nevada is the old bugaboo of inter-marriage, which, incidentally, Arnold Toynbee says is the only ultimate solution to the problem and has worked well wherever tried, Brazil,

Argentina, South America. Races are almost indistinguishable down there and yet they are all mixed, and it certainly has not harmed in any way the blood stock of the natives. I really think that that problem is a phantom problem, one of these fictions of the mind that people focus on to find an expression to their fear.

Some prejudice is economic fear, that the Negro's advance is going to hurt their own job. The truth of the matter is that whenever more people have more jobs there's more money, and it creates more jobs, and it helps economically rather than hinders.

The cultural differences are a fiction, too. There is no more immorality in a Negro community than there is in a non-Negro community. It might be a little more open at times, but I doubt that even. I think that there's also the class warfare that goes on between the upper class and middle class and lower class people. Negroes in the middle class seem to have more acceptance. I think one of the fascinating things is the degree of pigmentation that has a lot to do with it. After the civil rights act was passed in 1965, I got a lot of 'phone calls by people from Reno wanting to know if I knew any Indians that they could hire, because they wanted to bring the Indians into their offices first so that their people could get used to the brown ones before they had to hire the black ones. In any kind of office work, usually the lighter skinned Negro has a better chance than the darker. Any place that has a federal contract, the darker skin has a chance over the lighter because they want 'em to be visible, and when those federal inspectors come by they can see that they have hired minority.

I do know of a case where a chef from Paris that belongs to the highest society of chefs in Paris, France, and he was a Moroccan, came to Reno for a job. He went to the clubs; they didn't hire him. The employment office

tried every single place that they could find to hire this man as a cook, and he ended up as a fry cook at the Senator Club in Carson City making hamburgers, and the only reason they hired him was he was passed off as a Hawaiian.

The unions have been a pretty closed shop in Nevada. Contractors generally want people who will work; they don't care what color they are. But the union members do. And there's a kind of a family thing about unions. The father's a carpenter and he wants his son to be a carpenter, and he wants his son to be in the apprentice program. The same way with everybody—the plumbers, the painters, the plasterers, and everybody. There's a kind of an ingrown system in the apprentice program of continuation of hiring of father to son, and if there's no Negro fathers in, no Negro children get in. We do have some Indians in the trades, and in the unions, and sometimes their children can get in the apprentice program. I know of specific instances of that in the painter's union. But by and large, the skilled Negro craftsman still has a terrible, terrible time. If they're hired at all, they're last, and if they're fired, they're first, usually. But getting into the union at all is next to impossible—this is state-wide.

I have great difficulty understanding the city of Reno, whether there is a conspiracy to keep Negroes out or what. It's a very small community of Negroes. Most of them came here out of being threatened with death by the Ku Klux Klan in the South, and they've escaped and come to Reno, or they came here to visit and stayed, or something else. I know one lady who said that she came as a part of the training team for the Max Baer-Unzedun fight, and stayed because she liked it. A lot of Negroes come to Reno to visit their relatives and then stay. The ghetto situation in Reno, as everybody knows, there are pockets or

areas that are kind of dispersed throughout the city; there is no one concentrated area. But until recent times they were confined almost entirely to service trade jobs. I think the significant fact that we have no Negro lawyer, or doctor, or dentist, or professional people in Reno is significant. There are a few schoolteachers now, but the Negro in Reno is, generally speaking, of the lower class, maybe the lower middle, with a few exceptions to that. Their mobility has been increased by the law, and their access to the clubs and to restaurants and to motels is almost a hundred percent. There's been a great advance in employment opportunity, but the over-all solution to the problem in Reno is still a long ways away, as long as the community will tolerate places like Black Springs. Attitudinally, it shows that we are a long ways from solving the problem.

Personally, I think that, for example in Las Vegas, that the Westside solution is going to lie more with the Negro than with any other area. I think that what professional people there are down there, and business people there are, when they get together and pool some of their own financial resources to start businesses of their own, and they begin to have fund raising drives to support their own charities, at least on a matching basis, they'll begin to build a sense of community there that's going to be a prerequisite for the solving of the race problem in Las Vegas. It does not now exist. All the effort is toward getting the *other* community to help us, and some effort must be made by those who are capable of it in the Negro community of helping their own people. And when they do, I think they'll gain greater respect in the other community.

In looking back on the effectiveness of civil rights legislation, I think that there are two things I would like to add. I think that the whole push for civil rights legislation was primarily for the purpose of educating

the public and public officials to the reality of the problem. And I think that more good was done by getting the public to focus on the problem, than was accomplished by the passage of the law. The implementation of the law in the state of Nevada has been minimal in terms of the necessity of having court cases or assessing penalties, etc.. There has been probably a token response in some areas of civil rights to the law. And on the other hand, there is a considerable change in the climate throughout the state with regard to the rights of minority people. Anyone who walks into a casino in Reno, for example, is immediately aware that there are a great many minority people there, when in 1960 and as late as 1964, there weren't any. And while it is true that the law says it's open, I think it's also true that a lot of people changed their thinking about it.

This is going to sound strange for me to say—I really don't think that legislation is the answer to it, and I don't think that because "you can't legislate morals," because you *do* all the time. It's practically all you do in criminal law, but, you know, a law against murder doesn't prevent it either, but at least it sets the policy of the body politic that murder is wrong; it sets the standard for it. It does not prevent immorality, but that doesn't mean that you shouldn't have the law. I think that the argument that "you can't legislate morals" is not the statement of the problem. The purpose of the civil rights law is not to legislate morals but to state policy of what the public thinks is right. Now if there are penalties, that is to add credence to the statement. But no law is obeyed unless it's obeyed voluntarily, by decision. And, really, the argument that you can't legislate morals is just not the argument.

A lot of people say that the civil rights acts have all failed because they didn't stop discrimination. I don't think that the purpose of any civil rights law was to totally

eliminate discrimination. Anybody knows better that that's not going to happen. But it does put a principle in operation in which a great deal of mind changing can happen. The argument between having law and doing things voluntarily is really not the polarity, either, because voluntarism is the only, ultimate way that anything is going to be done, even to obey the law.

If I had it to do all over, I would still have done the same thing in supporting the civil rights legislation. There is a time and a place for everything, and I think the fullness of time had come in 1964 and 1965 and as far as legislation was concerned in civil rights.

I think the problems that face America today in the field of civil rights are not the same as they were in 1963, '64 and '65. They are much different problems, the solutions of which are not the same as they were at that time. And I do think there has been progress. For the record, in December of 1967, the unemployment rate in the United States was under four percent, and that is probably the lowest point in the history of the country. Whether that can be attributed to the efficiency of industry, or the Vietnam war, or the civil rights laws, or the poverty program, I don't know. I don't think that anybody can say, because it is probably a combination of all of those things.

The civil rights legislation was a beginning; it was a baseline for the building of a sense of community in America that includes people of all races and creeds and colors on the basis of mutual respect. I think that the law is the baseline for it; it certainly is not the ultimate, over-all solution of it. The problems that face America today, in terms of civil rights, have much more to do with alienation of people than they do with the legal question of civil rights. The mobility of people—who pull out of the roots of their native environment and

move somewhere else, take a long time for people to get to know each other and to find patterns of feeling that they belong. And the real solutions of the civil rights problems in America today have to do with making it possible for everyone capable of finding a standard of life that is acceptable to their needs, and which meets the requirements of the needs of the individual. A part of that is related to people knowing each other. The big problem in America today is the vast majority of white people do not know any minority people, and the vast majority of minority people don't know, really, any majority people on any kind of an in-depth basis. If the statement was true that "some Negroes are my best friends," then probably we have come to as close a solution of this as you will ever find—if the true meaning of friendship is what's talked about. If you are talking about a surface thing, that I know he's a friend of mine because when I call him "Bill" he smiles at me, we're not there yet. We might be at the first step of it. When we get to know each other as persons, then the surface things like color, and national origin, are irrelevant. We're not there. But, I think civil rights legislation had a lot to do with setting the baseline for it.

THE OFFICE OF ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY

In November of 1966, right after the election, some of my friends in Reno encouraged me to apply for the job of state director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. I had thought of it prior to the campaign.

I had not participated out in front and actively in the campaign, although I had done some public relations work, on a paid basis, for Mr. Laxalt. I gave away a few pens, I think. I didn't feel that, being the immediate past president of the Council of Churches, and the pastor of the Colony Baptist Church, I should be in the forefront of a political campaign. I had given a blueprint for victory to Paul two or three years ago, which ultimately was adopted and followed.

During the campaign, Mr. Laxalt made a couple of statements about poverty that were in error, and I called him on the phone and told him whoever was writing his speeches was not accurate, and they should stop it, or change it, because he was killing himself. He was talking about the "dole" and he was talking about "welfare," and I told him that

all the programs were educational, and that if he was going to say anything about it, he should say, "If we're going to have a war on poverty, the programs should be educational programs," which they are, and which he did—he changed the tactic.

I sent a resume down in the latter part of November. I was asked for some additional information the first week of December, which I provided; some of my friends got very active in the promotion of the position. I had heard a rumor that I was one of the top considerees. I had heard that I would hear around Christmas time, and I hadn't. I planned to go to San Francisco for Christmas, which I did, and while I was gone, apparently the governor tried to get ahold of me and couldn't find me. I came back and was talking to a friend, and he said, "Hey, the governor's office is trying to get you."

I said, "Call them and tell them I'm home." And within an hour, I got a call from him and he asked me if I would accept the position, and I told him I wanted to think about it a while. I waited about thirty seconds and I

told him “yes.” We worked out some of the small details, and I was officially on the job on January 20.

I think that I ought to state why I made the decision to take this job. Motives are never singular. I had been in the Reno Colony for twelve years, and while I had not achieved my original goal, I came to the place where I believed that it would be achieved whether I was there or not. I came to the place where I felt that the people, themselves, were capable of achieving the objectives that we had all originally started out to do.

I had been there for twelve years; my family had grown. The financial needs of my family at that time were in great excess to the financial income of that particular position. We originally moved over there for \$3,000 a year, and I remember the first year’s fuel bill was \$500. We went in the hole the first year, and in the twelve years, I guess we put \$10,000 of our own money into the whole operation, and borrowed most of it to do it. We lived the first two or three years, all of us wearing rummage clothes, and there are certain psychological effects that had on the whole family, especially children. But I think that they did marvelously with it.

I felt also that my own skills had increased, and my own earning power therefore was greater, and the time had come to bring those two things closer together. I also felt that there was a need for a whole new change of program. The Reno Colony was in a state of absolute flux for the last five years I was there as to what the long-term prospects of that Colony were. And whether or not the Colony Christian Center and Baptist Church should be institutionalized, or be a catalyst agency for transition, could never be made because we didn’t know what was going to happen. It assumed the role of the catalyst agency for change, not necessarily for movement from

the Colony to some place else, but there was serious consideration given to selling the Colony and moving. Well, the decision was finally made that they wanted to stay there and to make that Colony one of the best subdivisions in Reno. That required an entirely new approach to the Christian Center program, one that I felt that I could do, but not one that I necessarily wanted to do. And I felt a whole new approach [was needed] to an over-view, where the Colony Christian Center perhaps didn’t just serve the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, but that whole area of town. I think that was motive.

You know, to be very candid and very honest, in the last four or five years, I thought that my capacities for achievement perhaps exceeded some of the opportunities for it in that area. Maybe I had fulfilled that job. And the last thing, candidly, I think the opportunity presented itself to change, from the governor. I liked him very much, and I felt that I really would like to do this. I think it presented an opportunity to do what we had learned to do in in the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony on a much broader basis, statewide, a chance not only to get the Reno Colony off the ground, but maybe all the Indian reservations off the ground. And my directive, to this day, from the governor is to maximize all the state resources that we can possibly marshal to the solution of all the problems of all the reservations. He has great hopes for the Indian people, and I think, real appreciation for their problem and for them as persons. I think probably if there is any great political asset that the governor has, it is a sense of appreciation of people; he is a people-centered person.

I think that the other thing that I should say was that this was not the only offer that had come. I had turned down two or three opportunities to move to other churches,

and I had even turned down, twice, another Baptist church in Reno. Some of those came early in the twelve years and some of them later. I had a very serious consideration for a federal job, of being one of the Republican representatives on the equal opportunity commission of the Commerce Department. I don't know how real that was, but I was at least sent an application, which I filled out and put it in my drawer, and to this day it's still there, because I got all ready to do it and then decided that I really wasn't quite—I didn't really feel that the Colony was at the point where I wanted to leave. Two years later, I had come to the place where I did feel it, and beyond that, I don't know any more motives.

I came down on third of January and had a discussion with Bruce Parks, who had served on the previous administration. He was very cordial and very helpful. He showed apparent appreciation of the appointment, that somebody who was sympathetic to the problem was appointed. Our relationship in that interim period, of him giving me knowledge, and getting some knowledge of what was going on, was very, very cordial. Mr. Parks had to preside over the birth of the department and the growing pains of it.

The level of the programs in the state were: very good in Clark County, very poor in Washoe County, not too good in the Inter-Tribal Council, minimal in the rural counties, but at least they had all been funded somewhat—a beginning. I did go over to the regional office in San Francisco, and ran into a stone wall in the federal government, with the view by some individuals in that office that we were right-wing Republicans, the devil incarnate, we were nothing but obstructionists, and we had a hard time even getting the office refunded. They didn't believe the governor was sincere because of a couple of campaign statements that were later

changed. The first couple of months around here were very unpleasant. We didn't pay too much attention to that, other than that we did get refunded.

I spent the first month or two traveling around the state getting to know the people in the programs and what they were. I was faced with the problem of developing a budget for this office for submission for the year, meeting with the legislature, which was fairly hostile, and having only a staff of two.

The Rural County Community Action based in the same office, the director of which, Mr. Russell McConnell, was very hostile to me—he was a carry-over from the previous administration, and couldn't get the message that we were going to have the best poverty program in the states. I think, in the first three or four months, the continual tension time there, there was a growing deterioration in his emotional stability. We were trying to promote greater effectiveness and efficiency and equality in the programs, and more money, and really get them off the ground. For some reason, he never got the message. His board decided to terminate his employment in May, and that was a very tense time, but it was done by the board. They hired a new man, who has got some new staff, that's done a rather good job in getting the preliminary work done for really getting at the poverty problems in the fifteen rural counties.

So the beginning of the program here, as far as the emotional climate was concerned, the first few months were rather rough. However, towards the end of the legislature, they began to come through for us—I knew all of them, 'most all of them, which was a real advantage. I got all the support that anyone could ask for from the governor's office, and the legislature began to sanction what we had proposed. For the first time in the history of the poverty program, we had legislative

approval for it. The program actually had existed without legislative approval; it existed on a legislative technicality that was used after the previous legislative session. But now we had legislative sanction for the program and money. We had generated a good climate among the legislators in favor of the program; we had committed ourselves to dealing with some of the problems that they thought were serious, and we had full backing from the governor's office.

So the first six months of the year was actually used in terms of trying to establish rapport with the various community action programs. We assisted Washoe County in getting a new director. I met with the federal task force from the President and opened up the funding levels for Washoe County from something like thirty to \$300,000 a year, which is now up to almost \$450,000. We vigorously fought for a Head Start program for the Inter-Tribal Council, and were successful. Even though we wanted it year around, we only got it for two months, but at least we got that. We promoted some money from the Labor Department for the InterTribal Council. The governor even personally talked to Sargent Shriver on the 'phone in support of the Inter-Tribal Council's program for Head Start. We got down and we got to know the people in Clark County. We began to work with the regional office in having statewide CAP, which is Community Action Program, conferences, and we began to get to know each other. We began to help in some of the training of the Community Action people, and opening up coordination communications. We began to become related to all the branches of state government that are relevant to the poverty program, began to gather in-depth data and statistics on what the problem in Nevada really was.

One of the chances of fate that proved to be most helpful was that my OEO predecessor had hired the United States Research and Development Corporation to do a \$5,000 analysis of the War on Poverty programs within the state. And just before he went out of office, I listened to the proposal and agreed to go ahead with it. Mr. Robert Clampett, the president of that company, became the chief consultant to this office. He did a thirty-day study throughout the state and presented us with a three-volume report, with recommendations. He was most helpful in terms of setting up the office and structuring it, and working out job assignments. He gave us the basic information that was needed to know what was the present level of operation, efficiency, the kind of activities that were going on in all the Community Action programs in the state, with some very useful long-range recommendations.

As a result of the assistance of United States Research and Development, we were able to begin to establish some rapport with the regional office and the national office. They were helpful in getting a contact between the governor and Sargent Shriver with regards to the Indian Head Start program. Mr. Clampett was the assistant inspector general for the Office of Economic Opportunity, and Bill Haddad was the inspector general prior to starting their own company, the United States Research and Development Corporation, so they knew all the people in OEO. While I have indicated that we began with a feeling that we were looked at by OEO negatively, through some of the cross communications opened up by Mr. Clampett, we have begun to establish a working relationship with the federal people. As a result of that, it made it much easier for me to get some sense of what the situation was in the state. I will attach some

of the material to this report for the files for historical purposes.*

We decided to view this office in its coordinating function, and to play the role of the coordinator at the state level to serve the Community Action programs, and to really make them effective and to make them work. My job, primarily, is to advise the governor on all activities of OEO in the state, to make my recommendations for his approval or disapproval of all programs. As of this date, we never have disapproved of any. My job is also to be his liaison between the governor and the federal OEO, and the governor and the Community Action programs. I do letter writing, memo writing, speech writing, 'phoning—all kinds of liaison relationships here.

One of the recommendations of United States Research and Development was that there be established a human resources council at the cabinet level in the state with me as chairman. The governor followed through and did this last summer. I am chairman of that council; there is also Mr. Barrett from the Budget administration, Mr. James Wittenberg from Personnel, Jerry Dondero from Employment Security, Dr. Carl Harris of Health and Welfare, and Clark Russell of Economic Development.

Our major concern at the beginning was the increased employment of minority people in state government. I think within three or four months there was something like a thirty percent increase in the employment of minority personnel. While number wise this is not maybe too significant, percentage-wise I think it's very good. It's continuing to this day; in fact, there's a campaign within state government to recruit minority personnel for employment.

We employed Mr. Willie Wynn as the assistant director, a Negro young man who

at that time was working for Sears and Roebuck, who in the past had worked for department stores in Reno, and was the pastor of a Pentecostal church, a very likeable, very capable young man. He has been in charge of the Las Vegas office that we opened in August, having direct liaison with the Clark County Economic Opportunity Board program, and is our eyes and ears in Clark County.

One of the first things that we tried to do down there was to assist the Community Action Program with their public relations. I did go down and talk to Tom Wilson of the *Review-Journal* to get agreements to print the positive publicity things that they were doing. There was a difficult problem with Catholic Welfare. It appeared for a while that they were harassing the program. But as an alternative to that, they were funded by Vocational Rehabilitation to do a rehabilitation program down there, which they, as far as I know, have done very well. It did relieve a lot of tension.

There are still great problems in the Community Action program such as a lack of communication between the people and the staff; and within the staff, a lack of understanding of the real problems, a continuing high influx of minority people from the South moving into Las Vegas at a rapid rate, in fact almost faster than you can take care of the existing problems. Something like 30,000 Negro people live in the Las Vegas area, which is a fantastic rate of growth.

We have discovered that one of the major problems is that the educational systems in the southern states are so poor that the young people can graduate with very good grades back there from high school, who upon any kind of testing, test out at about

*See Mathews papers, University of Nevada Library, Reno.

the third or fourth grade level in the school system in Nevada. This is not to say anything against them; it really has a lot to say about the system of education. So a great deal of the emphasis has to be on training and re-training. We look at the people who come as a great resource for the state, and probably one of the greatest under-developed natural resources in the state of Nevada are under-educated and under-employed minority people. The philosophy of OEO is not to give people money to overcome the poverty, but to increase their skills so that they can increase their income, and to provide services that will allow them to work, child care centers, Head Start, all kinds of services that will make it easier for them to find and to hold a job.

The funding level is up about a million dollars this year, through some concerted efforts of ourselves and the local Community Action Program. A federal task force sent out by President Johnson met with the state people in the spring, and as a result of that, the Washoe County CAP moved from the \$30,000 a year level of funding to almost a half a million dollars at the present time. The Inter-Tribal Council has moved from—oh, about a \$150,000 level to around \$750,000.

At this stage I would like to say that I think that Clark County was the first program to be funded. They moved through the program development stage into the program implementation stage into the place where they are really operational, first, and they are far advanced. The other Community Action Programs have been moving in the program development area. Washoe County moved through that system very fast, and there was a considerable amount of upheaval because of the rapidity with which they had to move. There was some terribly negative publicity in the newspapers last summer, most of which has been overcome at the

present time, and they are getting operational with, I think, excellent speed and quality; The Rural Community Action Program is just flow coming out of the program development stage and will be in the implementation stage within about sixty days from this date, which is January 19, 1968.

We have worked hard and consistently in trying to upgrade the quality of all the programs, and with the help of Western Center for Community Development of UCLA, which has a contract with OEO, we have participated in the coordination of training activities for OEO people. We had one conference here in Carson City to train and plan for a whole training program of non-professional aides, taking people at the lowest levels in OEO and giving them training to upgrade their skills in analysis, judgment, and communication, coordination, self-confidence, etc.. We have had three such conferences in the state with, I think, a high degree of success. We have also held one session for professional personnel for training and planning; and on February first, there will be a statewide Community Action Conference to assist in the in-depth training of boards and decision-makers of the staffs. I think there is a real contribution here.

I think one of the most significant contributions made by the state has been the stance of the governor, who has been sympathetic to the program. He supported the legislation nationally—he wrote a letter to Senator Clark and to Representative Perkins supporting OEO and asking for more flexibility in funding. He also worked with Walter Baring in encouragement of a positive vote, and Mr. Baring did vote for the OEO Act in its final form, one of the few times in recent years that he has supported an administration program.

The most significant thing that has happened is that we have continued a relationship with the United States Research and Development Corporation. They had recommended way back in the spring that we consider the idea of having a “model state.” Nevada is a large state in area, but small in population; it’s the assessment and judgment of everyone involved in government that it’s still in the manageable stage. And while planning and coordination has never happened anywhere in history to any effectiveness in the implementation, especially at the federal level, it is felt that in Nevada there is an opportunity to really do comprehensive environmental planning and implementation, coordination.

Recently agreements have been made where the governor is going to participate in the “model state” concept. This hasn’t even been publicized yet. And there will be a new agency of state government called the Comprehensive Environmental Development agency, using the latest techniques of technology, including computerization, skill banks, cross reference of employees, so that any employer in the state of Nevada can push a button for a particular job classification, and the computer will kick out all the names and phone numbers of everybody in the state who has those qualifications. We are also going to be funded for the development of highly intensified skill training centers. Some new techniques have been developed where they can teach basic education on three to four grade levels in eight weeks. We’re all very excited about that. The federal government’s excited. The governor has established a relationship with Richard Cornuelle, who is the executive vice president of the National Association of Manufacturers, and we’re going to marshal all of the private sector to focus on the problem of the poverty people. The

federal agencies such as Housing and Urban Development, OEO, Health and Welfare, and Labor will be pouring in additional money to Nevada, a kind of a statewide crash program. Already there have been photographers from *Life* magazine here to do a story on what’s coming. It’s the governor’s intention to make Nevada the laboratory of state government, and become the “model” for state government in the fifty states. I’ve been at the center of this development and have spent a great deal of my time and efforts on it, and we’re excited about it.

In summary, I would say this has been a year of learning and, as the phrase goes, “getting your feet wet,” getting to know what’s going on, serving in every way we could. We’ve done a multitude of things in coordination between state departments. We have been a referral office for all kinds of people who just call, needing information, and we’ve made an effort to get the right information to them without the run-around. We’ve had the “hand holding” role, between people and groups who have been meeting at cross purposes. We have certainly been in a lobbying role for selling OEO and getting additional money and funds and programs. But over all, we have been in the process of developing a state plan, where we hope that within the framework of the length of this administration we can be well on the way to solving some of deep-seated problems that the poor have in the state of Nevada. We have been informed by knowledgeable people that we have one of the best operations in the United States in this office, in the over-all view.

I’ve had to travel extensively. I’ve probably spent twenty percent of my whole time in Las Vegas this year, and I’ve been to Washington three times this year, and to San Francisco a multitude of times to meet with the regional office of OEO. We feel that we have spent

the year in building a team and in building relationships; we have accomplished a great deal. But what we have really accomplished that's the most significant is pinning down and organizing and finalizing the long-range plans. We have an excellent staff. We have done it without hardly any personal publicity, by design, and that's unusual for me because I'm probably as well-known as anybody in the state, in some ways. But we've tried to promote the local operations.

Expanding a little on the educational problems in Las Vegas, I was the chairman of the Nevada Advisory Committee of the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights (and I still am) when that committee was actively functioning; that was when there was no state commission. We've backed off now and let the state carry the ball. But in the beginning, I'd like to describe an overview of what I found throughout the state and then some specific examples. You would never find anyone who would admit that discrimination was a problem—"just doesn't exist in our area," "we don't have any problems," and, of course, these are the white people. They just had the philosophy that people were where they were, and what they were, by some kind of either fate or will of God, and that it was not because of any policies or because of the structure of society or because of the nature of the people who are in control. And yet, we went to Reno, we went to Elko, we went to Hawthorne, and we went to Las Vegas, and we heard testimony in every place indicating serious problems, indicating a great desire upon the part of Negro people and Indian people really to change their conditions, that they were *not*, they were not contented, they were not apathetic, and they were not lazy. A great misunderstanding and a misreading between the minority community and the majority community. By and large, I analyzed

it to be basically—the root of it was a matter of oversight—out of sight, out of mind, and a lack of familiarity with each other. They just didn't communicate to each other, therefore they didn't know each other, and because they didn't know each other, they were, on both sides, capable of believing the traditional historical lies about each other that have been passed down from generation to generation. A willingness to believe them, and a kind of unwillingness to take the risk and take the chance of really getting to know each other, because they might have to change their minds. I guess I have always taken the tack that a great deal can be done through public relations, and that's why I insisted in the 1963, and eventually the 1965, civil rights law in the state, that they have that whole section in there that would promote mutual understanding and to foster mutual understanding. And one of the things I was most distressed with in the Sawyer administration was they never really did do any of that, and I'm still not too pleased, because I don't think enough of it is done.

Specifically, when you get down into Clark County, there's all kinds of problems—Clark County still goes on the neighborhood school concept, that children should go to school in their own neighborhood. There is no hot lunch program down there, and, for the poor, this is a terrible burden on some children. The really under-nourished and under-privileged children do not even have the advantage of the one hot meal a day that is to the advantage of all the children in the Washoe County schools. There has been the hassles of the bussing of kids to get a racial mix in the schools so that all children can benefit from the sharing of knowing each other, and the sharing of talents that each other have, and the cross-cultural fertilization that comes from this kind of thing. They do now bus children. They have

done a tremendous job down there in the upgrading the quality of the level of the teachers that teach primarily the under-privileged children.

To give an example of the attitude, the Vocational Technical Institute is built twenty-nine miles from town. Maybe by 1975 it'll be, you know, right in the middle of the whole area, or maybe by the end of 1980, but for right now it's twenty-nine miles out of town. It was only in the summer of 1967 that they bought their first jet engine to train airplane mechanics with, and they were still turning out airplane mechanics who only worked on piston engines and there just isn't any need for them. We did hear a lot of testimony about minority kids who were counseled away from anything other than the trades or the vocational methods, and then there was not even the opportunities for going to Vo-Tech because there is no bussing. Even today, there are eighty-eight children in the Westside of Las Vegas who are capable and able and eager to go to Vocational-Technical Institute and can't get there because they have no transportation. So far, the Clark County school board, primarily one person, has blocked any attempt to bus.

Over all, I would say the total attitude of the city of Las Vegas has changed 250 degrees in the last six years. The present superintendent of schools is very active in trying to promote community relations, and very active in this whole solutions-conference approach to the minority problem, which I think is very effective. It's the kind of thing that I wanted the Equal Rights Commission to do, and they never have, but the educators picked up that ball and ran with it, and I think they're doing very well.

The newspapers in the state have a very cynical attitude towards minority problems. They always present the problem in a very

cynical way—not that they choose sides, but they're very pessimistic on both sides. They're very suspicious of motivations all the way around. I have seen some reporters moved emotionally to change their own viewpoint. I remember one reporter one night cried with Eddie Scott when we didn't get the civil rights bill in 1963. Eddie was sitting in a chair over in one end of the assembly when they were adjourning, crying, and one of the newspaper men started to cry, too. Incidentally, he's now the chairman of the Gaming Control Board of the state of Nevada. And there have been instances—Cy Ryan one time felt kind of guilty that he had put on a bulletin (a news release) where he felt that he might have sided with the Negro people more than he should have. I didn't think so, but—there has been a cynical approach to it. I think of the irresponsible approach sometimes' when there is great publicity, red-inked headlines in Las Vegas, on the riots and exploitation of sex, murder, and violence; which doesn't do much to keep things calm in Las Vegas.

They always gave us (OEO and civil rights) good publicity in terms of pictures, but not too much publicity in terms of in-depth reporting of findings of what we were, what we had found, or what we had done. We were usually headline hunters—different kind of head hunting, I guess. I remember in Hawthorne, when I had talked about Hawthorne as a city that was ruled by fear because everybody was afraid of each other. Negroes were afraid to do this or that, because they didn't know what would happen; businessmen wanted to open their doors, but were afraid to because they didn't know what that guy would do; and the top guy was afraid to open the doors because he thought he would lose all his customers; and it was as if—everybody was afraid. Well, I made the statement, and the headline hit the paper,

“City Ruled by Fear.” It implied that I meant that the power structure used fear to run the town, a kind of terroristic approach, which was *not* implied, or, in the total context of the report, it couldn’t even have been deduced in any manner whatsoever. But it was a rather effective way to shape up some people.

Probably the best thing we accomplished in this office before I resigned to run for Congress was the training program we put on in 1968 with state government to increase the hiring of minority people. Dr. R. T. Williams of the Western Center staff of UCLA, the groups who had the contract with OEO for training agreed to and got permission to train state administrative personnel in attitudinal change to enhance the hiring of minority people. I had a direct order from the governor, Paul Laxalt, to design an approach that would actually accomplish this purpose. Governor Sawyer had done little, but he had talked a lot.

This was not easy. Discriminatory attitudes exist within state government and especially in Carson City and they don’t die easy. First we designed a program to have a two-day training session at Stead, with a speech from the governor, the attendance of Bob Robertson, the governor’s chief assistant, two days of small-group confrontation between top administrators and poor people. We recruited one-third of the group from the Washoe War on Poverty Program.

Then we had a meeting with the governor and all of the cabinet. He told them he wanted it. Then we met with a committee of some cabinet people, some poor people, some trainers and staff. It almost blew up at this point but it didn’t. We had the sessions at Stead and I think we had great success. We followed this with a session in Las Vegas with secondary administrators and then one at Stead for the northern counterparts.

All in all, I do think attitudes were changed, however painful and on all sides—not just one way. And as a result there has been a great increase in minority hiring. Again it took a lot of guts for the governor to do what he did. He caught a lot of heat but he did it anyway. A lot of credit goes to Western Center people, especially R. T. Williams, and Pete Lopez, to State Personnel people, Jim Wittenberg and Charles Keever and a great deal to Bob Robertson. Naturally I was the pusher. This whole project took nine months from the beginning conception to completion.

A personal evaluation, which I think is important in this study, would be that I am still an optimist. I have long since learned not to expect too much too soon, but I still expect progress, and I still see it happen. But it does not happen without deep commitments by people who are working in the field. You simply cannot give up, and sometimes you might take a position that later you become convinced was wrong, and later history demonstrates you were right in the first place. And so, to those who read this, I would say that, up to this point, all the time and all the effort, which might have only produced insignificant progress in some ways, was worth it; while the other side of it, I think there has been some dramatic advances in certain ways.

Do I miss the Sunday pulpit? Well, in a way, yes. I’m now teaching the adult Bible class at Community Baptist Church. You know, the first six months that I was here, in the OEO, I was still carrying the administrative load over there at the Colony Baptist Church and Christian Center, and actually helped a great deal with advice and policy decision until the new man arrived; and I preached every Sunday until the new man arrived; and I preached every Sunday until the first Sunday of June last in the Colony Baptist

Church. I preached twice in the Community Baptist Church just last summer, and twice at the Incline Village Presbyterian Church. I've spoken twice this last year at the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School. I gave an hour and a half to the American Association of University Women at the University of Nevada last Saturday. I do like to preach, and if it doesn't happen once in a while I probably will try to make it happen. But I see the Gospel primarily as action, and sometimes preaching is one of the poorest ways of achieving.

CONCLUSION

With regard to awards, in 1964 I was the recipient of the Human Relations Award from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People branch in Las Vegas. I think I received a plaque from Channel 8 [KOLO-TV station] for one of the persons who appeared to promote gracious living in the City of Reno. When I left the Reno Colony, I was given a nice luncheon by the Ministerial Association, and a nice dinner by the Indian people with a beautiful picture—a hand drawn one by one of the Indian artists. I honestly feel that the chance to serve, and the chance be called upon to do something, is an honor in itself, and serving for six or seven years as chairman of the Advisory Committee to the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights is an honor. I should say that Grant Sawyer offered to appoint me to the first Equal Rights Commission, and I refused that. I felt that being chairman of the advisory committee was kind of a conflict there. I don't know whether he thought so or not, but I thought that I refused graciously to give him more freedom, and our committee, probably,

more freedom. There were different little things that we could do.

Plans for the future—in the next sixty days I'm going to be heading a feasibility study for the governor, in cooperation with the United States Research and Development Corporation, into the possibility of having a statewide manpower corporation to operate pilot demonstration, skill-training programs. The United States Research and Development Corporation would like me to work for them under the governor, and I don't know whether I'm going to do that or not. My own future plans, without that consideration, are to continue in this office.

I honestly have considered politics, either on the state level or on federal level. I have a lot of friends who keep telling me they want me to run for governor some day, and I haven't turned that idea down, but I think, realistically, it would be next to impossible. I might consider the Senate someday. Incidentally, one of the oldest political strategists in this state told me in 1960 that I'd end up in the United States Senate—my good friend, Wallie

Warren. He and I have been on opposite sides of the fence about as many times as we have been on the same side.

This part is being added after everything else in this study has been completed because it happened after the study was completed. But it is important so I am putting it in here. In the summer of 1968, I ran for Congress.

For years I have been philosophically opposed to Walter Baring. I have seen what his policies do to people. It isolates people from people. It makes people selfish and hateful. It is fraught through and through with pride and paternalism. It divides rather than unites. I almost ran against him in 1966, but I decided the time was not right. I didn't vote for anybody. I am a Republican, always have been, but I appear to have the image of a liberal because I am always involved in what the liberals are involved in. Even though I am a conservative, however, I don't believe in conserving evil. I am viewed as a liberal on civil rights, Indian problems, poverty etc. But Walter Baring is so far to the right, I get angry. He was against civil rights, he has racist attitudes expressed openly, even when done unconsciously. I think his patriotism is phony. Not that he isn't a patriot, but the way it is stated and displayed by him is shallow and stupid. He lives in the past and is a disaster, as far as I am concerned as a congressman from Nevada. He is powerless and rather a joke in Washington. His henchman, Charley Bell, is the real congressman and a bitterly despised man in Nevada. To Walter's credit, he does have a staff who solves peoples' individual problems for them on occasion and they do answer his mail. He calls them "the little peoples' problems," as if his voters were some kind of small children, and it makes me sick. For awhile I did not believe that this was enough, though, to challenge him.

But then I made up my mind that a realistic man, who knew the problems of today, and could deal with them, a man respected in Washington by those who knew me, could not only answer his mail but had the brains and the guts to represent Nevada.

One night in my hotel room in Las Vegas in January I decided to run. Really, I ran to express a point of view—to help Nevadans see a better way than the Baring way. I guess it was my way of preaching.

I wrote the governor a note and asked him what he thought. The next week I went to talk to him. I told him the Republicans had to run a strong man, that we couldn't do it with the Ralph Kraemers, the Carlton Adairs and not even the George Von Tobels. It took a vigorous moderate not a carbon copy of Walter Baring. He told me he didn't think that Walter could be beat and that I should wait to see what the Demos would do in a primary. I later sent him a note that said if I ran and was successful, I promised him I would never run against him for public office. I never asked for a commitment of support.

Now two things, 1) I was under the Hatch Act and could not do anything publicly. 2) My good friend Les Gray was going to run for the Senate and he wanted someone to run strong against Baring and keep him away from Bible. That helped influence me. But I had three motives. 1) I couldn't stand Walter Baring. 2) I wanted the Republican party to unite behind a strong candidate and stop supporting Baring. 3) I had thought about being governor some day. So I nosed around. I talked a little to the Hughes people. I talked to some Stardust people and I talked to my friends. While I had no commitments, I was not discouraged.

Finally, I talked to George Abbott. He was enthused. I finally wrote him a letter and stated seven conditions upon which I would run. He indicated, okay.

Before the state convention I talked to the governor again. By this time Dick Ham had announced on the Democratic side. He said to wait to the last minute and see how strong Ham was. If Ham could win in the primary, we could win easily in the general. But he really thought I should wait and take on Mike Mirabelli for state treasurer in 1970. So I explored some more. I went to the state convention. I was on the platform committee and I wrote the plank on welfare and helped on civil rights.

One point here I want in writing: I stated in the platform committee the following. I said, "One trouble we Republicans always have in this area is that we sound mean, when we aren't mean. Our approach is different than the Democrats, much more geared to the dignity of man, but the way we say it gives us a mean image. I believe we can say what we intend, express our compassion, make our point and not sound mean." The press quoted me as saying I was only concerned about our image, which was certainly not true. The plank passed anyway.

Next I checked on money. I called the area director of OEO who is a Republican, to check and see if there was any outside money to go against Walter. He had been ill and I got him at home, I told him I would need about \$25,000. He said, okay, he would try, and to call him in two weeks. I told the Hughes people I could not go without them. In fact, I wrote a good letter to Bob Maheu. Some people told me it was a classic letter. One of the agreements I had with George Abbott was that I would not have a strong opponent in the primary. At the state convention Bob List popped up as a possible. I asked I. Lee Potter of the Republican Congressional Committee and he said someone in the governor's office told him Bob was the one. Every time I have checked that out it has been denied. I called

Abbott and I talked to List. List finally told me the governor had talked him out of it or at least discouraged him. I believe that. About this time I decided maybe I was getting too ego-involved. Maybe I wasn't the best man. So I went to Woodrow Wilson in Las Vegas and asked him if he would run. He said some people had talked to him, but the answer was no. I went to Chic Hecht and asked him. He said no, but if he changed his mind he would let me know in plenty of time. I checked with Bob List. He then announced that he would not run. I asked Les Gray if he was going to switch and run for Congress. He said no. I asked the Fike people. They said no. I asked the Raggio people. They said no. Then I started getting rumors. That Frank Bender would run. That Senator Bill Farr would run. But I checked them all out and they were just rumors.

I talked to Paul again. He still said it would be next to impossible, that I had to have the money in the bank, not to spend one dime of my own money and if I had the guts it was up to me, but to let him know in plenty of time.

So I talked to my old friend Ed Manville of Reno. He said he thought it was a great idea, that he would give me money and he thought I was a man of great talent and could withstand the rigors of Washington. A friend of mine approached Harvey Gross. I waited to hear from my OEO friend. I got a maybe from the Stardust. I got a maybe from Hughes. I got a yes for the general if Dick Ham lost, a no for the primary from Lou Paley, with no strings attached. So about the first of June, I told the governor I probably would.

Then Dick Ham called me and asked if I was or not; the stories had been in the papers that I was thinking about. He was going to put in a candidate if I wasn't going to file because he couldn't beat Walter unless there was a Republican primary. I told him I would run and beat either Walter or him.

So the plan was I would not have a primary. I could spend the summer getting known and getting ready for the general. Harrah's said to come and see them after I filed. So the day drew near. I called George Abbott and asked him on Tuesday, July 9, if he had gotten someone to file and then shut up. I was to pay his fee. This would force our names onto the primary ballot and is a common practice. The man says, "I file" and you never hear from him again. George said he hadn't but he would.

Now, the problem was money. I felt I had to have at least \$25,000 when announced. I figured on five apiece from the Stardust and Hughes, with no primary. I planned on getting a good finance chairman, and a good staff and do the normal fund raising things. So I called OEO again. I couldn't get through to Horan; I tried for three days. I asked the governor for some help and he said to get it from those who were pushing me so hard. The truth is, I was pushing, no one else. Everyone else was willing to help but no one, no group pushed me. Finally OEO called, they said Horan was busy, that he would call me the next day, but that he said to tell me he had what I wanted. So I called George Abbott. I said I was going to go and wanted to know, in view of the fact that the central committee was meeting on Saturday July 13, if I shouldn't announce on Friday the 12, rather than wait until the 17, because I could then speak to the group and would not have another chance. He agreed. So I announced and resigned on the 12. Because of the Hatch Act I was really in a bind and had been very faithful up to this point of working full time and then some for OEO and only took a little of my own time to explore this up until I announced.

That night a friend of mine, an old lady with vast mining claims in Nevada called me and asked me how much I needed for the

campaign. I told her about \$50,000 for the primary and \$100,000 for the general. She said she was getting a couple million the next Monday on a mining deal and would give it to me! She is still waiting and so am I. But it went on for a month that way. The company she had a commitment from backed out. Finally, Larry Horan called to tell me that what he had for me was that if Rockefeller was the nominee of the Republican party, his people were interested, otherwise not. The Rockefeller people actually contacted me and offered all kinds of help except money.

So I went to the central committee, delivered my speech to a warm reception, went down and filed on Monday and paid my own filing fee. I then called George Abbott about the other guy to file. He told me to call Ralph Kraemer, that he was working on it. I called Ralph, and asked him to get some young Young Republican in Las Vegas to file, I would pay his fee. And he said okay. Then I heard Chic Hecht was going to file. I couldn't believe it. I called Woodrow Wilson to find out. He called back and said Chic was being pressured, but he wouldn't do it. The next day Slattery filed. He had been to the central committee meeting, heard my speech, got up and left. I didn't think too much about it.

Anyway, the rest is history. I am enclosing the clippings I have from the campaign. They tell the story.* I can only add a little. I spent \$2,300 and two and a half months' salary. I took in about \$1,600. I supported Richard Nixon. Chic Hecht later told me he had about fifty calls urging him to run. I heard that Joe Conforte was a major contributor to Slats, from some pretty reliable sources. I don't think Harold's Club helped him. I do think

*See Mathews papers, University of Nevada Library, Reno.

Walter Baring had a hand in him getting in the race. The governor did tell me he would do what he could and, of course, after the primary would go all out. The press was very good to me. Bill Laub did help me get some free radio time in Vegas. Hank Greenspun did give me three articles in the paper, free. I did go to Baring's stronghold in Vegas, the V.F.W., and my answers to their questions were so good that they said they wouldn't ask me any more.

I did have about \$100,000 pledged for after the primary. I really got mad at Slats only once in the race, and that was when he said, "He carries the good book in one hand and deceit in the other." I do not know the inside story of a lot of what happened when I announced. I do know I gained stature in the party. I do think I could have won with another \$5,000 worth of TV the last week of the campaign. I do think Slats won on name identification only. I feel complimented that Walter was afraid of me and not Ham, and I got more votes for less money in a state-wide race than almost anybody. And I am glad I did it. I did learn a lot. Ideals and positions do not win elections. Organization, name identification, money, work, staff, consistency do. People care less of what you believe than that you believe it sincerely and consistently and are strong in your convictions. Look at the difference between Bible and Baring on positions. Look at votes. Slats did know more about campaigning than I did. I was depending on a staff. He was a senator and he could and did use that power.

I worked hard. I went to every gathering I could find. I spent a lot of time writing my own speeches and press releases. I did everything I could have done with what I had and my family was just great as were my friends. I probably came across best election night on TV when I conceded. I really told it the way

it was and I was most appreciative of the kind words of Guy Shipler. I told Bob Carroll on Channel 2 that what I had learned in the race was to "never run against a camel driver." You see, they get too well known. I then went to work as the assistant state coordinator of the Nixon-Agnew campaign in Nevada. Oh yes, Willie Wynn was appointed to take my place in OEO. I recommended him.

I see a lot of possibilities in the future—I think that Latin America holds some real opportunities if we can accomplish in the United States the solution of the problems of the American Indian; I think some of that knowledge and skill can be transferred to the development of Latin America. And there *is* a possibility there. I would not be adverse to being the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the United States if the Republicans should get in on the Presidential race. I certainly think that this past year has increased my administrative skills on a larger, on a higher level. I have been pestered to death to get a Ph.D. by a friend of mine, and teach what I know in terms of social psychology, and other things I would learn. That's not outside the realm of possibility. I wouldn't turn down a possibility of a high administrative job within the American Baptist Convention, and very bluntly, I have some very strong reservations about competence at certain levels and feel that the crying need in churches today is increased competency. The old saying goes that, you know, incompetency might be dedicated, but it's still incompetency.

I would like to, in closing, give credit to the three greatest molders of my thought, I think, in life—my father; my philosophy professor in college, Dr. Arturo Fallico; and the greatest theologian that I have ever known, at Berkeley, Dr. John Bailey. My father, for his sense of being a servant; and Dr. Fallico, for opening up vistas of possibilities of

truth, and action, and sensitivity. Dr. Fallico is an expert in the philosophy of history and also in the esthetics, and I think he did as much as anyone else to give me an increased sensitivity, generally; I think my father did it with sensitivity to people and to maybe underprivileged people; and I think Dr. Bailey opened up the whole realm of theology in such a creative and exciting way that I felt increasingly free.

I think that theologically the reason I am a Christian— and I have studied the Oriental and the Moslem as well as the major philosophies—is that Jesus did not want to die. He prayed all night to escape it, and not out of fear because he knew about the after life, but rather because human life has value in itself. He did not resign himself to death but rather he offered himself, if in some mysterious metaphysical way, it would bring freedom to man. Willing to die for his friends, yes; wanting to die, no. To Him death was not escape or release but rather in his case an opportunity to share, and to stand, undaunted, unafraid, and victorious.

The best sermon I ever preached in the Colony was on an Easter Sunday when I preached upon the subject, “He broke the Cycle.” I showed where that while it is true that nature is a parable of life, man is not caught in an eternal cycle of birth, existence and death, but rather because Jesus broke that cycle we can have birth, existence, life and life eternal. And you don’t have to die to have the qualitative Eternal Life of God in you, but rather you have to come forth from your shell and with trust in God live a life that is both creative and free; and it never ends. Even the old time Indians who understood cycles very well, they understood what I was talking about. Other favorite sermon topics were on the “Fruits of the Spirit” as found in *Galatians V*. My missionary concept was that the mission of the church was to co-create

with the Spirit of God the fruits of His spirit, love, joy, peace, goodness, kindness, gentleness, faithfulness, patience and self-control. I think that there is some evidence that we did that to some degree in Nevada.

My own feeling is that the ultimate salvation of a human being is to develop the kind of courage, or faith, which I think are the sane words, that allows a person to face reality, no matter where, no matter when. And I tend to think of God in terms of the living reality, unlimited in terms of space, eternally present in the sense of time, and that the ultimate good is to have a positive creative relationship between God, and yourself and your fellow man. And I think that probably the closest picture of God that we can find is in the very best in man, and sometimes even in what we call the very worst in man, that even the person that we judge to be the worst has within him all the potentialities of the glory that is God.

And in my own philosophy of life—I think that simplicity is of one of the high priority values. I think the bane of mankind is to complicate the obvious, and one of my own techniques is try to keep focus upon primary objectives, with a minimum of effort, really. I think that when I described how I worked in putting the Council of Churches together and didn’t do a lot of politicking, a lot of letter writing, a lot of useless preliminary agreement seeking, but simply concentrated in getting the group together that made the decisions, and my job was to keep them focused on the objective of building the Council of Churches, and to let the spirit move within that group to the place where the decision was, you know, just became an obvious, automatic result of that process.

I have a great optimism for the future and probably a great fear. I believe in freedom; I do not believe that we live in a pre-determined universe. I believe we live in a universe of

infinite possibilities, but I do not believe that we live in a universe of infinite probabilities; and I think that whenever quality judgments are made, that progress results. I think that mankind makes decisions within the framework of infinite possibilities. I think there is a great deal of difference between life and existence; I think existence is more like a rock, and life is more like a saint. I think that the basic differences between people is qualitative. And I think probably the basic difference between mankind and God is a qualitative difference in the depth of what you would call holiness, or healthiness, or wholeness. I think that there is spiritual progress when man decides correct values. I do not believe in a hierarchy of values, but in a galaxy of values.

While I do not believe that any values are absolute unto themselves, they are always related with each other, and that in a given situation, values assume a different priority—this is to say that I am not a Platonist. While I believe in ideas, I don't think that they are frozen ideas, but living ideas that are capable, of growth and development and applicability to the situation at hand. And while I think Aristotle had something to say in terms of goals, the form and the word ontology, I do not believe in the rigidity with which his philosophy has been expounded and also of St. Thomas Aquinas, which was a rehash of it.

It seems to me that it's wrong to think of people in terms of stereotypes and in terms of conformity. I've used the illustration, if everybody was like Albert Schweitzer, then Albert Schweitzer couldn't have been himself. And for reasons in the wisdom of God, we live in a universe in which supply and need can flow, that while in certain times in a human beings life he needs and can receive, there are other times when he can give. And if it was that everybody had everything they needed in an idealistic situation, then the

value of sharing or giving would not exist. I do not believe in a perfection, or a utopia, in which the concept of service does not exist. Therefore, I am a developmentalist and a process person. But I do not believe that process is inevitable in itself. I believe that which accomplishes process is the righteous motive of God moving inwardly within humanity, trying to relieve suffering. I'll give one personal illustration of how I arrived at one, I think, critical theological position.

My mother passed away when I was seventeen. She died of cancer. If someone was to ask me the question, "Why did that happen?" my answer would be, "Because man has not yet found how to cure it," not that "God had willed it," because I don't believe that. Maybe, in the nature of things, you could get a secondary or third way of saying He did, but not in the negative sense that many human beings would react. And if you asked me, "Why was it that penicillin was invented?" I would say, "It was probably the culmination of the history of mankind's prayer to be saved from pneumonia. If you asked, "How did Salk finally conquer polio?" I would say, "Because of the universal wish in the minds and hearts of parents that their children would not have to suffer this, and we live in such a positive universe that eventually one person, in the fullness of time, came to the point where he possessed the power of concentration, and dedication, and knowledge, and skill, that he produced the answer to the prayer."

And I think the future will depend upon the choices of men, which in one sense are the responses of God. And I think the best is yet to come.

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